

The American MERCURY



13114

THE SOUTH FACES DISASTER

OLIVER CARLSON

300,000 MURDERERS

J. H. WALLIS

Studies in Sex: A History

Don't Be a Lawyer

Persecuting the Common Man

The Congressional Heritage

Stephen Crane

Washington: City of Pandemonium

Soviet Education Turns Right

Bricklayer in the Snow

Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk

The Truth About Colds

Sherlock Holmes vs. Arsène Lupin

HAVELOCK ELLIS

ANONYMOUS

G. K. CHESTERTON

ERNEST BATES

FORD MADON FORD

ERIC MARSDEN

ADOLPH E. MEYER

JOHN FANTE

ALLEN CHURCHILL

JEROME W. EPHRAIM

FLETCHER PRATT

THE LIBRARY

ALBERT JAY NOCK

BRANCH CABELL

WILLIAM McFEE

E. F. BENSON

EUGENE LYONS

The **MAYFLOWER - NEW YORK**



Café du Parc

A rendezvous of conviviality
for
Luncheon . Cocktails . Dinner

Write for descriptive booklet. Address Manager, mentioning *American Mercury*.

Overlooking

CENTRAL PARK

... all the advantages of what is considered one of New York's finest locations ... on wide Central Park West, facing the Park ... are enjoyed at The Mayflower. Quiet, residential ... a retreat from the noise and bustle of more congested areas ... yet exceptionally convenient to all business, shopping, art and theatre districts. An ideal place to live for a day, a month or on a yearly lease.

Single from \$3 a day, \$75 monthly
Parlor, Bedroom & Bath \$150 Monthly

Serving pantries ... Electrical refrigeration
Also unfurnished apartments

The
MAYFLOWER
NEW YORK

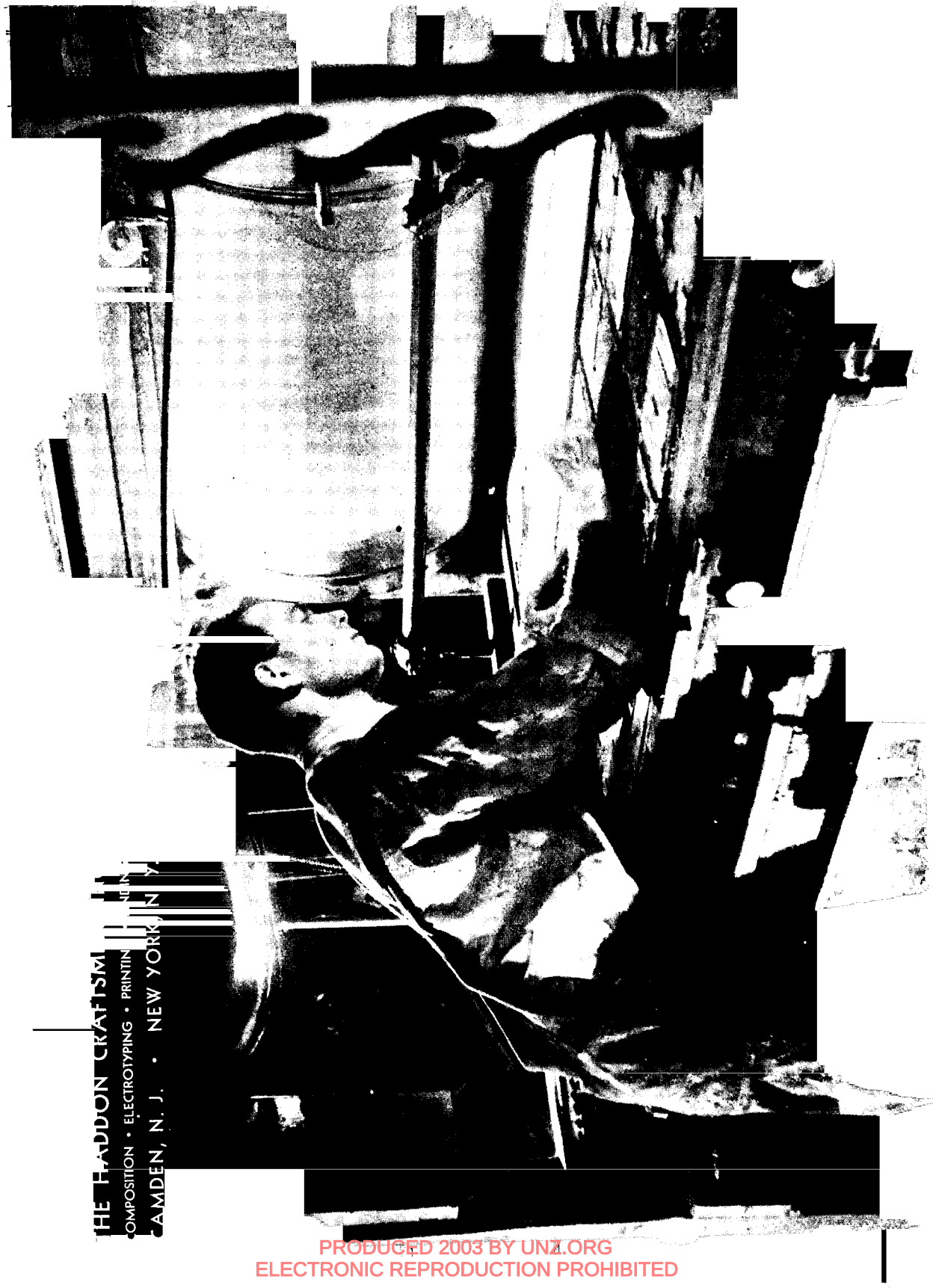


15 CENTRAL PARK WEST, 61st to 62nd Sts.

Theodore Badman, Managing Agent
Walter J. Weaver, Manager

THE HADDON CRAFTSMAN
COMPOSITION • ELECTROTYPE • PRINTING
CAMDEN, N. J. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The MAGAZINE of WALL STREET

Offers You an Original Source of Information

— on *Investments*

— on *Important Events*

JUST as THE AMERICAN MERCURY brings you a brilliant, critical and entertaining picture of the world we live in—so *The Magazine of Wall Street* offers you intelligent and profitable counsel on the worlds of industry and investment. Every second week it comprehensively covers—

—Significant Industrial Developments

The Magazine of Wall Street sees industrial trends in the making—interprets them so as to keep you in touch with what all of industry is doing—through important and interesting studies of major and minor industries—and by timely analyses of individual companies.

—The Trend in Domestic and World Commerce

How is business in England, Egypt, Siam? Do these countries offer new outlets for our products? Do new home tariffs affect American business? Intensive research and fact-finding by our economists result in many timely and interesting features.

—Profitable Investment and Investment Suggestions

Our advice as investment counsellors is recognized as being the soundest available. Our record for 1935 shows 1896½ points profit, as against 20 points loss. We are constantly reviewing bonds, preferred and common stocks—tell you when and what to buy—when to sell.

—The Prospects for Credit, Currency, and Finance

If credit expansion will result in inflation, you will want to be among the first to know it. If higher commodity prices will increase living costs—if cheaper money will reduce your income—The Magazine of Wall Street will help you plan against it.

Invest \$1 in a five-issue trial subscription now. It will bring you our current issue by return mail—and the next four big 35c issues all immediately on publication. Worth \$1, don't you think, when it may prove to be the most profitable one you've ever invested? Fill in and mail the coupon herewith today.

The MAGAZINE of WALL STREET
90 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send me the next five issues of The Magazine of Wall Street beginning with current issue.

Name

Address

City State

AM

FREE with new subscriptions at this time—our valuable year-end analysis and forecast

**WHICH INDUSTRIES TO BUY
FOR 1936 PROFITS?**

Subscribe now to be sure to receive your copy.

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XXXVII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
145

January, 1936

THE SOUTH FACES DISASTER	13114	Oliver Carlson	I
300,000 MURDERERS		J. H. Wallis	9
STUDIES IN SEX: A HISTORY		Havelock Ellis	14
WASHINGTON: CITY OF PANDEMONIUM		Eric Marsden	22
TACTIC. <i>Verse</i>		Margaret Marks	29
DON'T BE A LAWYER		Anonymous	30
STEPHEN CRANE		Ford Madox Ford	36
AMERICANA			46
BRICKLAYER IN THE SNOW. <i>A Story</i>		John Fante	50
THE CONGRESSIONAL HERITAGE		Ernest Sutherland Bates	56
ENTITY. <i>Verse</i>		Bernice Kenyon	66
PERSECUTING THE COMMON MAN		G. K. Chesterton	67
PORTRAIT OF A DAY		Randolph Bartlett	72
SOVIET EDUCATION TURNS RIGHT		Adolph E. Meyer	82
SHERLOCK HOLMES VS. ARSÈNE LUPIN		Fletcher Pratt	86
SUMMER STORM. <i>Verse</i>		Elisabeth G. Van Tine	93
THE CLINIC:			
The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk		Allen Churchill	94
The Publishing Business in China		John A. Kunau	98
St. Elmo's Fire		Charles F. Talman	100
Lost: 50,000,000 Acres		Lester H. Hartwig	102
The Truth About Colds		Jerome W. Ephraim	104
THE EVICTION. <i>Verse</i>		Mildred Boie	107
THE LIBRARY:			
The Inevitable Rarely Happens		Albert Jay Nock	108
Romance and The Novel		Branch Cabell	114
The Ideal Wife of a Genius		William McFee	116
Archaeology in Literature		E. F. Benson	119
Barbusse Looks at Stalin		Eugene Lyons	122
Briefer Mention			124
THE CONTRIBUTORS			127
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS			iv
RECORDED MUSIC		Irving Kolodin	xiv

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Paul Palmer, *Editor*

Gordon Carroll, *Managing Editor*

Laurence Stallings, *Literary Editor*

Louis Untermeyer, *Poetry Editor*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America, Canada, \$5.50; other foreign subscriptions, \$6.00; all rag edition, \$10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication Office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York.

Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1936, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without permission.

The Way Forward

The Brookings Institution concludes its three-year study of the fundamental factors governing economic progress with a volume that points the way to successively higher living standards for the American people.

INCOME and ECONOMIC PROGRESS

By Harold G. Moulton

Walter Lippmann says: "Incomparably the most useful economic study made in America during the depression . . . it may be fairly said that no one is qualified to discuss contemporary American affairs who has not mastered the analysis, the argument and the conclusion."

David Lawrence says: "The findings, embodied in a book that bids fair to be the talk of the country, are comparable in value with the famous work of Adam Smith in 1776." 191 pages \$2.00

Earlier Volumes of the Series

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO PRODUCE

By Edwin G. Nourse and Associates

"Should be read by everybody except technocrats."—*The Annalist*. 608 pages. \$3.50

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO CONSUME

By Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton, and Clark Warburton

"No man can consider himself intelligently informed who does not read this volume and keep it conspicuously at hand for reference."—*Review of Reviews*. 272 pages. \$3.00

THE FORMATION OF CAPITAL

By Harold G. Moulton

"An epoch-making study."—*The Nation*. 203 pages. \$2.50

Special price for the entire series, \$10.00

The BROOKINGS
INSTITUTION
Washington, D. C.

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE.

By Lin Yutang. Reynal and Hitchcock
\$3 5½ x 8¼; 382 pp. New York

Here is a truly brilliant study of modern China, written by an intelligent native who examines in turn every phase of life as it exists today among his countrymen. Separate chapters are devoted to Chinese people as a whole: character, mind, and ideals; the part played by women in society; the political, social, literary, and artistic life; and the art of living as practiced by cultivated Chinamen. Particularly brilliant is the section entitled "Ideals of Life", in which the author analyzes the various Chinese philosophies, including Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, and humanism. Outstanding, too, is the epilogue—in which Mr. Yutang gives a frank, unbiased appraisal of his country, with its present cultural collapse, its inferior leadership, and its pathetic desire to escape from the grip of "the octopus Militarism". Yet China, if she is to be saved, must save herself: Western panaceas, the author believes from first-hand examination, will never do for a country of such ancient traditions and lofty ideals. A beautiful book, written in a prose which is seldom surpassed by native-born Englishmen, profound, tolerant, wise, and above all urbane. There is an index.



GERMANY TODAY AND TOMORROW.

By Henry Albert Phillips. Dodd, Mead
\$3 5¾ x 8¼; 339 pp. New York

Believing that governments and their minions are nearly always opportunists, Phillips has gone to the German people to seek material for this study of the Third Reich. It is largely a social chronicle, and problems of government are allowed to enter only insofar as they affect directly the lives, happiness, and welfare of the German masses. The author presents, in order, the workers, women, Nazis, Jews, and outstanding leaders in the country today; he discusses the



Check List of NEW BOOKS

German's passion for parades, his attitude toward paganism in religion, and his resentment of outside hostile criticism. The book is free of the hysteria one usually finds in contemporary studies of Germany. Hitler, says Phillips, is anything but an illogical demagogue. The bulk of Jewish exiles is made up of those who had excellent reasons for getting out, or who were put out for the same reasons. The lower classes in Germany are faring better than the lower classes of all the Allied opponents. Prison conditions are exaggerated. The horror stories were written mostly by incurable militants who invited such persecution as they may have received. "Today there is a strikeless, trade unionless Germany, with fewer labor troubles than in any other country in the world." This is a vastly different picture of the Third Reich from the one currently painted by the American daily press. There are a number of photographic illustrations and an index.



LIKE A MIGHTY ARMY.

By George N. Shuster. Appleton-Century
\$2. 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 286 pp. New York

"Nazism," writes Mr. Shuster, "is, racially considered, the creation of poor white trash, from *der Führer* himself on down." It is a repudiation of the Semitic tradition, which is claimed to have weakened both the military power and Nordic ambition: the Semitic tradition, however, is inseparable from Christianity, so that if Nazism is carried out Christianity must be supplanted. These are the conclusions of an unusually broadminded critic of Germany's religious policies under the Hitler regime. Siding neither with Protestant, Catholic, nor Jew, Shuster presents a dispassionate picture of religious conditions as they exist today in the larger cities of Germany, and gives his own interpretation to the Jewish persecutions. He suggests that it might be well for us to ask our governments to underwrite an international treaty recognizing freedom of the religious conscience as an inviolable right accorded in international law. The book is written in a close-knit, epigrammatic style, and the material is both interesting and illuminating. There is an index.

(Continued on page vii)

-and forever
by
ESTHER MORGAN McCULLOUGH

A distinguished first novel by a capable and eloquent novelist from whom we expect much will be heard.

The treatment of the theme is vigorous and different. —AND FOREVER gives us, in four cycles, the life of a remarkable woman. Charming, unafraid and thoroughly powerful, it is a book which we think will appear on most best-seller lists.

Handsomely decorated and bound, —AND FOREVER is a book which the publishers are proud to present to the reading public.

OUT NOW!
\$2.50 at all bookstores

GOTHAM HOUSE
NEW YORK

The New
RANDOM HOUSE
authorized edition of
HAVELOCK ELLIS'
Studies in the
Psychology of Sex

Comprising in four volumes (totalling 3000 pages) the entire contents of the original 7-vol. edition, with a new Introduction by the author. Ready early in February: Price \$13.50 on orders received before publication, \$15.00 thereafter.

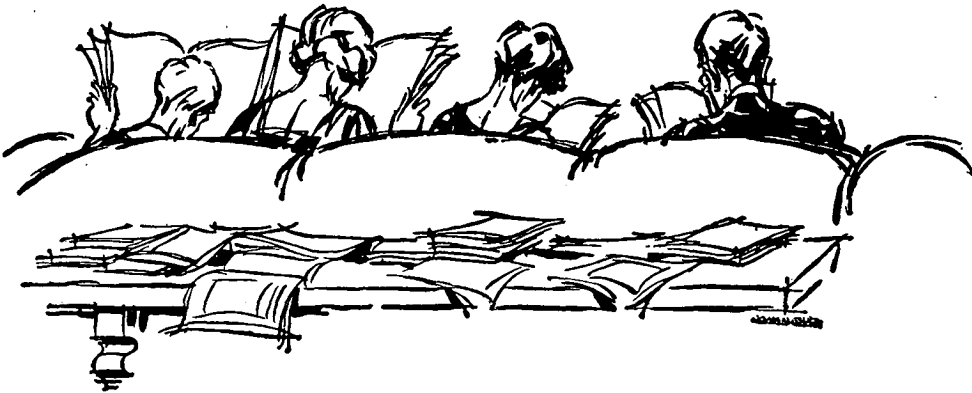
Mail coupon below to any bookseller in America or:
RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 St., New York, N. Y.

Please reserve for me _____ sets of STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX, at the special pre-publication price of \$13.50 per set. You are to send me a bill when the books are ready.

Name _____

Address _____

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



MAGAZINES at a Vast Saving!

THE highest order of entertainment for the whole family! Where else will you find so much that will please and instruct for so little money? And the magazine offers below (made by special arrangement with the publishers) effect real savings for you. There are no restrictions to these low prices.

They apply to new as well as renewal subscriptions. The magazines may be sent to different addresses if you wish.

The Mayfair Agency is a division of Harper & Brothers, publishers since 1817, assuring you efficient, reliable service. Mail your order today to secure prompt delivery of first copies.

American Mercury	Special Price	You Save
with Current History	\$6.00	\$2.00
with Foreign Affairs	9.75	.25
with Forum	8.75	.25
with Harpers Magazine	7.50	1.50
with Mid-Week Pictorial	7.00	2.00
with New Republic	9.50	.50
with Saturday Review of Literature	8.00	.50
with Scientific American	8.75	.25
with Survey Graphic	8.00	—
with Yale Review	8.50	.50

YOU MAY ADD ANY OF THESE

American Boy	\$1.00	Literary Digest	\$3.75
American Girl	1.40	McCall's	1.00
American Home	1.00	Mid-Week Pictorial	3.25
American Magazine	2.50	Nation	4.75
American Mercury	5.00	New Republic	4.50
Atlantic Monthly	3.75	News-Week	4.00
Better Homes & Gardens	.85	New Yorker	5.00
Boys' Life	1.00	Pictorial Review	.90
Child Life	2.75	Popular Mechanics	2.25
Collier's Weekly	2.00	Popular Science	1.35
Cosmopolitan	2.50	Reader's Digest	3.00
Current History	2.75	Redbook	2.25
Delineator	1.50	Review of Reviews	2.50
Esquire	5.00	Saturday Evening Post	2.00
Foreign Affairs	4.75	Saturday Review of Literature	3.00
Fortune	10.00	Scientific American	3.75
Forum	3.75	Scribner's	3.75
Good Housekeeping	2.50	Survey Graphic	3.00
Harper's Bazaar	4.00	Time	5.00
Harpers Magazine	3.50	Vogue	5.00
House & Garden	3.00	Woman's Home Companion	1.00
House Beautiful	3.00	Yale Review	3.50
Ladies Home Journal	1.00		
Liberty	2.00		

OR any other magazine or newspaper at the regular subscription rate.

USE THIS TIME-SAVING ORDER BLANK

The Mayfair Agency, 51 East Thirty-Third Street, New York City

AM 1-36

Please send the following magazines for one year. I am enclosing check for \$.....

MAGAZINES DESIRED

SEND THESE MAGAZINES TO

Kindly use your own stationery if you require more space.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page v)

I WRITE AS I PLEASE.

By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster
\$3 6 1/2 x 9 1/2; 349 pp. New York

The *boyar* of the New York Times foreign staff here sets down the comprehensive chronicle of his reportorial days in Europe, and particularly in Russia, written, as he declares, "without fear or favor". Being in the main a straightaway job of reporting, it suffers in the respect common to such writing; but Duranty has succeeded in the primary task to which he set his hand — an account of the rise of the Soviet Republics. Whether the narrative of this vast upheaval is stimulating or otherwise depends upon the political beliefs of the reader, and his credulity concerning events which are, first and foremost, spun of futuristic material. Duranty, it appears, is loath to set forth his own credo in direct words; in one place he assumes the role of interested spectator, in another he indicates that he might well be a convert to the stupendous vagaries which well from the Kremlin's brain trust. But the bulk of his wordage is applied to painting, for the American reader, the portrait of Russia, as it was and as it is. To this extent, he has done a first-rate job, and at the same time managed to maintain his highly amicable relations with Moscow. There is an index.



THE MAKING OF MODERN IRAQ.

By Henry A. Foster. University of Oklahoma Press
\$4 6 1/4 x 9 1/4; 319 pp. Norman, Oklahoma

Iraq has always been a strategic center of imperial conflict and power. The land is closely associated with the origins of human culture. Judaism and Christianity had their beginnings in the vicinity, and recently a very promising political experiment had its beginning there too, with the admittance of this Moslem state to the League of Nations as an independent power. Mr. Foster's book is a history of post-war Iraq, from the time of the revolt of the desert tribesmen of Arabia under Lawrence, through the years of British protection, on down to its emergence, in 1932, as a sovereign state. The book emphasizes the many splendid Arabian qualities which the new situation may be expected to bring out. It calls attention to the "pronounced renaissance of

(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)



WORLD'S GREATEST

Oriental and Occidental
Privately Printed Books
in English, on the

SEX and LOVE RELATIONS of MANKIND

AMAZINGLY ILLUSTRATED

BY THE GREATEST SEXUAL ANTHROPOLOGISTS OF
THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT

Some of the Recent FALSTAFF Private Publications For Adults

1. THE EROTIKON The most amazingly illustrated cultural erotic work ever issued in America portraying the strangest phases of the erotic life of savage and civilized races.

The '1001' Strangest Sexual and Amatory Curiosa in the Erotic Life of Men and Women across the ages. Curious Racial—Erotic Photographs and illustrations—500 in color!!!

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE

2. Strange Sexual Practises of All Races in All Ages, Primitive and Civilized, by Dr. Iwan Bloch—Germany's foremost Sex Anthropologist and Physician.

DR. IWAN BLOCH'S ETHNOLOGICAL AND CULTURAL

3. Sex Life in England Illustrated as revealed in its Erotic and Curiosa Literature and Art through our own day with Joyce's Ulysses; Lawrence's Lady Chatterley's Lover, etc., with 169 Rare Erotic Illustrations in Color by England's Greatest Masters of Erotic Art: Hogarth, Beardsley, Rowlandson, etc. Fraxi's Million Dollar Private Collection was used by Dr. Bloch.

4. Magica Sexualis Illustrated Exotically Esoteric Sex Sciences and Immemorial Arts of Love of All Lands, by the World-Famous French Savants—Dr. Emile Laurent and Prof. Nagour.

INCOMPARABLY—THE GREATEST WORK IN ANY LANGUAGE ON THIS SUBJECT—SCIENTIFIC AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES IN

5. Illustrated Japanese Sex Relations

2 vols. de Luxe. Thousands of staggering unfoldments not found in any other work. Hidden sources in life and letters have been ransacked by the foremost native and European authorities and eye-witnesses of the incredible practices in Japan.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES ON THE

6. Sexual Relations of Mankind Including Oriental, Occidental and Savage Arts, Rites, Customs of Love, bewildering discoveries and disclosures derived from his vast travels and practise in strange lands, and his ingenious life-long researches, by Prof. Paolo Mantegazza—Great Anthropologist—Founder of Italian Museum of Anthropology.

Prof. Paolo Mantegazza's CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES

7. Savage Arts of Love Illustrated with hundreds of authentic photographs of the love life of all Savage Races.

If you are a serious adult and want free illustrated literature fully describing the above and other erotic masterpieces

— PLEASE MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE —

or use your own stationery, giving your age, and mention Dept. 171-A. If you send in this coupon, we will inform you how to get, absolutely

FREE SEX ANATOMY AND TECHNIQUE
227 Photographs and Illustrations

and the Natural Method of Birth Control, Illustrated.

FALSTAFF PRESS, Inc., Dept. 171-A, 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me marked "Personal" and in a sealed envelope your FREE Illustrated Literature on Books on the Sex and Love Relations by Authorities of World Repute, and how to get FREE the above mentioned books.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Age.....

Note: Falstaff Literature will be sent to mature people only. If you are not a serious adult do not send in coupon.



Not just for a season or a year, but for all time—

Life With Father

by Clarence Day

The *New York Times* summed it up this way: "The theory is bruited about that Father will one day be regarded as a classic. Nonsense. He already is one."

We speak of a classic as a work of literature that is handed down from generation to generation—a book that can never die because it deals with eternal human emotions. *Life With Father* is such a book. Its values are so basic and simple—its appeal so universal—its scene so timeless—that it must go on always finding new friends.

It is a book about family life, about a strong man and his gentle wife and their young sons. It is at once tender and robust, and thousands of readers say it is one of the most enjoyable books they have ever read. It is a book, said the *New York Herald Tribune*, "for anyone who ever had a father or a mother"—which is certainly inclusive enough!

Published August first, already in its 108th thousand, it is now selling better than ever. Have you read it? You will some day: why not buy your copy now?

\$2.00 • at bookstores everywhere

The American MERCURY

THE SOUTH FACES DISASTER

BY OLIVER CARLSON

THIRTY million Americans, occupying a territory embracing one-fifth of the United States, are face to face today with a life and death problem. It is — cotton. The present crisis is the logical outcome of the unwitting co-operation between ignorant political rulers, inefficient agricultural leaders, and highly competent cotton engineers. Unless the problem is solved, and speedily, we will witness within the next decade the complete economic annihilation of the South.

Domination by the United States of the world's cotton market is a thing of the past. The monopoly enjoyed by American growers since the days of Thomas Jefferson is ended. Within the span of a few years the tide has turned: the world is ceasing to pay us tribute. While the wizards in Washington, D. C., have been pegging the price of cotton well above the world level and furthering campaigns to plow under and reduce the volume and acreage of American crops, the dominant importing countries abroad have turned elsewhere for their supply. The steady inroads which foreign planters have made upon these markets long considered exclusively American,

promise to accelerate in the near future. The lack of an adequate supply of hand labor to pick the cotton has been, perhaps, the greatest deterrent to an even more spectacular rise of foreign production. But this handicap has now been negated by the invention of a successful cotton-picking machine. As a result, overwhelming competition will come from Egypt, India, China, Russia, Brazil, the Argentine, and above all, Australia. Soon — dangerously soon for the Southern States — the center of gravity of the world's annual cotton supply will have shifted to the Antipodes.

The solution of this problem is vital to America. Unless both cotton planter and federal and state governments engage in a widespread and thorough-going campaign to utilize the latest technological equipment, as well as to reshape and modernize the whole agricultural set-up, economic disaster is inevitable. There is no use in moaning over markets already lost. The best that can be hoped for is to stage a lengthy, but losing, fight to retain some small measure of the cotton kingdom within the confines of this country. Hence America, and the South in particular, must immediately set

I

about an imperative reconstruction of its agricultural life.

The time for experiment has passed. It is as surely antiquated as the political bombast (sound doctrine at the time) of Senator Hammond of South Carolina who, in his famous speech of March 4, 1858, said:

Would any sane nation make war on cotton? Without firing a gun, without drawing a sword, should they make war on us, we could bring the whole world to our feet. The South is perfectly competent to go on one, two, or three years without planting a seed of cotton. What would happen if no cotton was furnished for three years? . . . This is certain: England would topple headlong and carry the whole civilized world with her, save the South. No, you do not dare to make war on cotton! No power on earth dares to make war on it! Cotton is King!

Senator Hammond's colleagues cheered this triumphant prophecy lustily; in every town and hamlet of the South the ringing phrases were quoted again and again. The consciousness of an overwhelming monopoly—at that time the United States was producing approximately ninety per cent of the world's cotton crop—caused Southern planters and politicians to feel that the destiny of civilization rested with them.

The war did come, but the world failed to topple in accordance with the Senator's predictions. Instead, other countries, such as Egypt and India (and even Australia), under the stimulus of abnormally high prices, increased their cotton fields many-fold. To be sure, the South regained its hold upon the monopoly within a few years after the close of the Civil War, but never again was that monopoly so complete as it had been in the late Fifties. For as the number of cotton-producing countries constantly increased with the years, production and export volume in the United States registered only a slow growth.

When the World War began, the cotton-importing nations (exclusive of the United States) were consuming approximately sixty-two per cent of the American crop. The tremendous demand for cotton during the period of the war sent prices soaring, which in turn stimulated the output in Asia, Africa, and South America. During the post-war decade, foreign production outpaced the American, while the total world consumption reached a new high. The determined struggle of the forty-seven foreign cotton-producing countries to break the back of the South's monopoly neared its objective during the 1924-25 season when, for the first time, the total acreage sown by these nations exceeded that of the United States; and by nearly 1,000,000 acres. Since the average yield per acre, however, was higher in our fields, American growers still retained the lead in production—but it had fallen from ninety to fifty-five per cent of the world total. From then on it was a nip and tuck battle.

And at this point the political busybodies blundered into the fray. Their contribution was to prove a deathblow to the South and a godsend to foreign growers. For it is precisely during the past ten years that the American decrease has been greatest: the following five-year table tells the sad story of our declining production:

*World Production of Cotton
(in thousands of bales)*

	United States	Foreign
1931-32	16,877	9587
1932-33	12,961	10,652
1933-34	12,712	13,173
1934-35	9576	13,029
1935-36*	11,378	13,984

* Latest government estimate.

Foreign production has increased since 1931 by nearly 4,500,000 bales, while American production has decreased by more than

5,000,000. Though still the greatest single producer, the United States finally lost its century-long hold on the cotton monopoly in 1933-34 with the advent of the New Deal and the fumbling Brain Trusters.

No matter how provincial and narrow-minded American cotton planters may be, they know full well that their crop is one which, more than any other, has been dependent upon a world market. Since the days when Eli Whitney's cotton gin laid the basis for the South's greatest industry, from sixty to eighty per cent of the crop has been shipped abroad. Prior to the World War the United States, in a very true sense, actually paid its debts abroad with cotton. Year after year, the world paid tribute to our cotton fields to the tune of more than five hundred million dollars. Great Britain alone, in the course of the past hundred years, has bought over ten billion dollars' worth of cotton from the United States.

The change in the annual volume of cotton consumed in the United States itself during the past twenty years has been slight, despite population increase. American mills use about 6,000,000 bales annually. But world consumption has grown steadily during this same period, rising from 10,939,000 in 1918 to an all-time high during 1933-34, when 19,624,000 bales were consumed. In no other basic commodity has there been such an increase during the same period. In fact, shrinking rather than expanding markets have been characteristic of post-war economy. And yet, in the face of this favorable situation, not only did the United States fail to register a substantial gain in cotton exports, but to the contrary allowed these new markets to be seized by others. The net effect of increased foreign production and decreased domestic production has brought about the drastic curtailment of our exports. They are literally melting away.

Germany, which normally purchases between 800,000 and 1,000,000 bales, bought only 376,000 last year; and according to W. A. Leonard, the American consul at Bremen, purchases for the first seven months of 1935 amounted to only 160,000. Meanwhile, German imports of Brazilian cotton soared from 12,540 pounds in 1933 to 99,022,440 pounds in the same period. Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, Poland, and Czechoslovakia — the largest importing nations — have reduced their purchases from the United States and expanded them elsewhere. Brazil has tripled production within five years. China has doubled its volume in the same time. Russia, where the crop was negligible from 1917 to 1925, has staged a tremendous comeback: five years ago it produced 1,843,000 bales, this year its total yield will exceed 2,300,000. Mexico has doubled its acreage in the past three years. Every cotton-growing country in the world is exerting intense efforts to increase production. That is, every country except the United States.

While foreign governments during the 1934-35 season were subsidizing growers, and cotton acreage was increasing by more than four million acres, Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal experts in Washington managed by law, by threats, and by fines to compel a million American growers to plow under the amazing total of 15,000,000 acres of fertile land.

II

One single factor has been responsible for the collapse of the South's great cotton industry. Its name is — politics. Nothing else can be reasonably blamed. There has never been any lack of land; no country in the world (except Australia) possesses such a vast contiguous area highly suitable for cotton production. An adequate labor sup-

ply (heretofore a serious handicap in many countries) has never been a major problem in the South. Not only have American planters been able to procure the much-needed labor supply during cotton-picking seasons, but they have also been able to hire workers considerably more efficient than those of other nations. Researches made in forty-seven typical cotton countries during 1929, according to Professor J. T. Saunders of the Oklahoma A. & M. College, reveal that

the average acres of cotton per agricultural worker in the United States are about thirteen. In the Southwest cotton-growing area, the acreage runs much higher, sometimes averaging for whole counties as high as sixty to seventy acres. In seventeen representative cotton-producing districts of India, the average area of cotton per agricultural worker is about 1.8 acres. In a representative province of China it averages about .4. In the Turkestan area of Russia before the war, the average worker had charge of .7 acres of cotton. In eleven districts of Egypt, the latest available statistics indicate the area per worker is exactly that of the figure quoted for Russia. In Brazil the average acreage per man in twenty-one cotton districts was 2.4; while in Uganda the average worker took care of one-half acre.

Furthermore, the good work done by our experimental agricultural stations has given the United States the highest yield per acre of any country except Egypt. India, which ranks next to the United States in volume of production, has the lowest. For over thirty years it has averaged ninety-nine pounds per acre. China's output has been only slightly higher. But for the United States the average has been over 190 pounds.

Still further, adequate means of transportation (so essential for a bulky commodity), both from the field to the gins and from the gins to the textile centers of the world, have favored American producers. It has always been possible to deliver cotton

from Texas, Mississippi, and Georgia to Liverpool, Havre, Bremen, or Yokohama for comparatively low costs. To this day, backward transportation facilities remain a decided handicap to India, China, Russia, most of Africa, and parts of Brazil.

The South has thus had the benefit of many distinct advantages over competing countries. Accordingly, the reason for the present debacle can be found only in the fact, unfortunate but all too true, that inept American political leaders have, by shortsightedness and sheer stupidity, done their utmost to cut off foreign markets from Southern growers, while foreign governments have eagerly taken advantage of the situation to increase their crops to the limit. Yet the fact that politics and economics are more closely intertwined today than ever before is still not understood by the sophomoric statesmen now entrenched by the Potomac. Back-slapping, flag-waving, and the mouthing of political bromides may still elect a man to office, but they are no longer of any value in coping with the economic realities of modern life.

The general post-war breakdown of capitalist economy gave rise to new schools of political thought, each of which tried to forestall its own country's collapse by resorting to a more or less sharply defined nationalism. At the moment when the productive forces of the world are obliterating boundary lines, and as new means of communication and transportation overcome the barriers of time and space, the governments of the world erect new and artificial obstacles. England abandons its traditional policy of Free Trade. All Europe is fortified by tariff walls. Quota systems are established. The franc, the lira, the mark, the pound, and the dollar are inflated, deflated, and reflatd to stimulate the channels of trade. From September, 1931, to May, 1932, according to a report of the League of

Nations, no less than 272 measures were enacted by the nations of the world to restrict international trade. "This mad rush toward economic suicide went forward at the rate of more than one decree, law, or edict a day, and the process has probably continued to this moment."

The New Deal statesmen of today, like Senator Hammond in 1858, seem to be laboring under the erroneous impression that the world must have our cotton, and will pay any price we choose to fix. World prices mean nothing to them. The lesson of Britain's futile attempt to do the same thing with crude rubber a few years ago has been lost on the Brain Trusters. They have even failed to profit by the example of the Republican blunder in October, 1929, when, with disastrous results, the cotton price was pegged. The only result of that maneuver was to make foreign buyers restrict their orders and turn for help to other cotton-producing nations which immediately, smelling potential profits, increased their planting. What nation, in its right mind, would not? The opportunity was too golden to be missed. Low-priced alternative crops, such as coffee in Brazil, were replaced by cotton. W. L. Clayton, head of the largest cotton-exporting house in the world, posed the problem in this fashion:

If the State of Texas, with about forty per cent of the cotton acreage of the United States, should attempt, irrespective of any action by the other twelve cotton states, to fix and maintain an artificial price for Texas cotton, all informed people would agree that such a course would end in failure. Yet the United States, which occupies much the same relative position in the cotton world as Texas occupies in the cotton South, has been attempting since October, 1929, to do just that.

To those who argue that American cotton is merely sharing the fate of all other products at the hands of foreign buyers, it

may be well to emphasize that our foreign customers have been *increasing* their purchases of many American-made commodities at the same time that they have been *decreasing* their purchases of American cotton. On nine articles of export alone, American foreign trade increased by about fifty per cent, or \$350,000,000, in 1934 over the previous year. But such facts evidently have little meaning for the rampant New Dealers. That they are quite satisfied with the results achieved is obvious from this passage in the Agricultural Year Book for 1934:

Up to the present the American cotton policy stands justified by the results. . . . We must not permit an increase in foreign production to stampede us back into over-planting. Our cotton policy has succeeded thus far because it operated to make an adjustment to the demand. That is the formula for its success in the future.

Southern planters, ginner, brokers, and manufacturers naturally do not share this optimistic point of view. They are thoroughly alarmed as they see their foreign markets grabbed from under their noses. While American fields are plowed under, Brazil, Mexico, and Peru enjoy an unprecedented cotton boom. The governments of these countries actively promote the cultivation of cotton: American banks and business firms are providing the needed capital to build gins, warehouses, compresses, and oil mills. American gin manufacturers have sent their most alert salesmen to South America and Australia: sales to Brazil alone show an increase of 500 per cent in 1934 over 1933. Thus, while the New Deal politicians, Pollyanna-like, let us know that all is well, American bankers, manufacturers, and agricultural experts invest their money and their brains in the newer cotton countries of the Antipodes. They know when the ship is sinking.

Two humble inventors from Texas, John and Mack Rust, have invented and perfected a cotton-picking machine which will vastly change cotton culture here and abroad. I described the machine for *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* in the issue of February, 1935, and ventured to predict that it would revolutionize the industry as completely as had Whitney's cotton gin at the close of the eighteenth century. Commercial tests made during the late fall of 1935 have indicated that the prophecy was not an idle one. It has been demonstrated that the machines are field-worthy; they have fulfilled every claim made for them. Southern planters are demanding the machines for this year; the company is preparing to go into large-scale production.

Foreign producers have long known that if a successful picking machine were developed, they would be enabled to break the back of the South's stranglehold on world cotton. Thanks to the political myopia of American statesmen, however, that monopoly has been broken without such a machine. The advent of the cotton-picker now will serve to accelerate the growth of South American and Australian cotton culture to an unheard-of degree. Letters from all over the world poured in upon the Rust brothers and the writer as a result of the article in this magazine, and representatives from more than a dozen countries came to America to examine the machine. The big battle for the cotton markets of the world is about to begin.

III

Great Britain's stake in the cotton industry is, in a sense, as great as our own. Well, what have the English done about it? Leading cotton merchants and manufacturers there have long recognized the economic and commercial instability of the business.

From the inception of the industry itself, England has been dependent upon foreign countries for raw material. Lancashire, with its 800,000 textile operatives, lives almost entirely by its ability to transform cotton into yarn and cloth. Raw material is its very breath of life. The failure of Britain to possess the means of direct control over this product so vital to the well-being of millions of its inhabitants, caused the government to create the Empire Cotton Growing Committee. A corporation was set up under the joint auspices of the government and the manufacturers, to which, immediately after the World War, the government made a grant of £1,000,000 so that work could get under way. The spinners, in turn, agreed to pay a voluntary levy of six pence on every bale of cotton imported into the United Kingdom, so that the corporation would be able to continue its work. A few years ago, by act of Parliament, the tax was made compulsory. It yields an annual income to the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation of approximately £100,000.

This sensible attempt of the government and the textile interests to secure economic self-sufficiency yielded tangible results in short order. The experts of the committee turned to Egypt, Uganda, Nigeria, the Sudan, South Africa, and Australia. Nothing was done in India, as its cottons were too poor in quality for use in the Lancashire mills. Patriotic appeals, free land and seed, bonuses—these and a score of other devices were used in the campaign to free Britain from the yoke of the American planters. Within fourteen years Egypt had doubled its production and attained maximum output. Production likewise was stepped up in the other African possessions, but this increase was seriously affected by such factors as unfavorable climate, inadequate and costly transportation, lack of man power, or the need for stupendous ir-

rigation projects. Africa, the British now realize, will never be able to meet the demands of the mills of Lancashire. They must look elsewhere for an adequate supply of cotton. But where?

The answer is — Australia. According to its Official Year Book, the Commonwealth possesses 587,000 square miles of potential cotton land, which translated into acres amounts to 375,680,000. This represents fully twenty-five per cent more than the acreage of the American belt. Australia has ample rainfall for cotton culture, but fortunately there is little or none of it during the picking season. The actual cost of transportation from Sydney and Melbourne to Liverpool is only slightly higher than from American ports. And, as Richard Harding, secretary to the British Cotton Delegation to Australia in 1922, points out:

The difference between the seasons of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres gives to Australia an advantage that more than compensates for her heavier freight expenses. As the Australia crop ripens some six months after the American crop, it arrives in the United Kingdom when the English market is more or less depleted of cotton, and consequently benefits by the carrying charges that have to be paid on American cotton.

Australian cotton lands lie near the coast. The transportation system is among the most modern in the world. Good roads are plentiful and the large-scale use of motor trucks is an established fact. The cotton lands (unlike many in the American South which have been worn out through long years of careless cultivation) are new and fertile; nor are they covered by heavy forests and jungle vegetation. All that is needed, in most cases, is to plow the land and plant the seed. Long, low, rolling hills alternating with endless miles of flat, level prairie make an ideal area for large-scale mechanical farming. Nor must we forget

that Australian lands are cheap, absurdly cheap. In Egypt, cotton acreage averages nearly \$700, in the United States it varies from \$100 to \$500; but in Australia, the very best cotton land can be obtained for \$35, the average price being from \$5 to \$10.

The reader may ask why Australia's cotton production has been so small when so many factors were highly favorable. The answer is — high picking costs and lack of man power. More than half the population lives in a few large cities, the rural element numbering less than three millions. Because of this shortage of farm labor the cost of picking cotton represents from fifty to sixty per cent of the total cost of production. (In the United States, picking represents from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the total cost.) Thus, the President of the Queensland Cotton Board points out "how important the perfection of a mechanical picker would be to those who grow cotton under conditions such as these. A mechanical picker which would pick satisfactorily here for 1 d. (2¢) per pound would revolutionize the industry, whereas in the United States it would be a complete failure." This fact will be more completely realized when one bears in mind that the demands of the laborers in Alabama, Tennessee, and Arkansas in the fall of 1935 was: one cent per pound for all cotton picked. The prevailing rate varies from one-half to three-quarters of a cent. Australian pickers earn from three to six times as much.

Every serious student of the world's cotton markets knows that Australia will soon be the outstanding threat to the South. Professor Saunders, discussing this problem before a conference of growers in Dallas, Texas, last year, declared:

If greater mechanization of cotton production comes in the future, Australia offers better opportunity for keen competition with the United States than any other region.

Australia has an extensive area, probably greater than our cotton area, where distribution of rainfall is not greatly different from that in our Southwestern cotton region. Distribution of temperature is more closely like that of our Southwestern area than it is in any other cotton country. Furthermore, Australia is the only area where the human resources for using complicated power and picking machinery will compare with those of the United States. All other areas have peasant or peon types of cotton farmers whose illiteracy is rarely under seventy per cent. Not so with the Australian farmers—they are even better users of the combine harvester than American farmers. . . . Undoubtedly, the recent legislation looking toward establishing self-sufficiency in Australian cotton has more real dangers in it for us than most of us think. Australia has the human resources, climate, soil, and topographic basis for profitable cotton production. We are now giving her the golden opportunity to prove the merits of her cotton resources.

Thus an almost immediate revolution in cotton production is at hand: the mechanical picker, when introduced in Australia, as well as here, will destroy the American small producer, wipe out the Southern tenant farmer, mechanize the entire industry, cut production costs from fifty to eighty per cent, yield enormous profits to its first users, and throw millions of the South's most helpless population out of the only employment which they understand.

IV

What is the South to do? Abolish the system of tenant farming and share-cropping? That system of land tenure, itself the product of the primitive technology of cotton culture, is already doomed to destruction.

Introduce a rapid industrialization? That, too, is already well under way. But the process of training and absorbing the millions who are being cut off from the land is one that may require decades. It may never absorb more than a fraction of those who will flock to the industrial centers. Give land to the landless? The land itself is of little value when so much of it is sub-marginal, worn-out soil. And the natives to whom it would be given know next to nothing about modern agriculture, nor are they supplied with the essential tools. Institute a balanced economy? That such a balance is needed is undeniable. But what constitutes it and how it can be achieved are questions not easily answered.

Certainly the dependence upon one crop—cotton—has been disastrous. The South produces too little wheat, too little corn, too little milk. Fruits and vegetables, which should be plentiful, are found in relatively few sections. The diet of the average Southerner is notoriously inadequate. Nowhere else in the country is buying power so limited. Nowhere else has so little been done to educate the mass of the people to a need for more and better homes, more and better clothing, more and better food.

The crisis in cotton has already become so deep and profound that the whole nation feels the effects of it. Fundamental readjustments are needed, not political patent medicines. These readjustments can and must be made. They must be made soon. Unless that be done, the misery and degradation of the South will be a festering sore upon American economic and social life, poisoning the entire country.

300,000 MURDERERS

BY J. H. WALLIS

AS FIRE is the hope of American architecture, so is murder the hope of American manhood. As from the welcome and beneficent ashes of a million hideous homes and tenements, the phoenix of Beauty may some day arise, so from the sacrifice of a million murdered citizens we can hope for the flowering of a More Splendid Race. We are a wise and farseeing nation; comprehending the benefits of murder, we move quietly and secretly to foster it. We say: "Murder—murder—is our plan for racial betterment. Other nations may have their own systems, but ours is murder. It is the American system. It is the best." And so we drown the country in blood and crime, that the Union may survive.

Plain run-of-the-mine, common, or garden shooting of one citizen by another remains the rule, but the freedom to kill, the gift of liberty and license, one and inseparable, now and forever, produces many interesting and exceptional kinds of murder, each a richness to bolster public enthusiasm for our program. What luxurious, voluptuous, uproarious, tantalizing banquets for the eye and mind our American system provides for the sensation-hungry millions! . . . Mass or plural murders, axe murders, murders for a fee by hired assassins, murders for insurance, murders by the insane, and murders by the drug-crazed. Lynchings, murders by Negroes, Tong murders, parricides, matricides, fratricides, and infanticides. Pois-

onings, garrotings, stranglings. Murders by clergymen, murders by college boys, murders by boys who had not the benefit of college. Perfect crimes, imperfect crimes, and thrill murders. Torch murders, with bodies soaked in gasoline and set afire in cars, trucks, orchards, bungalows, mansions, or furnaces. Murders of love, murders of hate, murders of perversion, cult murders, hex murders, torture murders, and mystery murders. Murders of prisoners and of prison guards, murders of soldiers and sailors and aviators. Thrills, thrills, thrills—vicarious horrors and terrors for the armchair reader. Hangings, electrocutions, and executions by lethal gas. Dismembered bodies found in crimson trunks and suitcases, bodies in sacks dropped in front of police stations or in rivers, bodies dumped on the highways from speeding cars. Bodies buried in cellars, in coal bins, in gardens, in reservoirs, in cornfields, in culverts, in fresh cement, in desert pits, in lakes, in trout streams, even in cemeteries. Unidentified skulls in crocks and jars, headless torsos, torso-less heads, arms and legs in barrels and boxes, bones, rags, hair, teeth. . . .

We boast all these, and more, because, in developing a eugenic program, we have wisely rejected sterilization. For sterilization kills only one bird, accomplishes only one object. It eliminates the unfit and improves the race, but it does not entertain, divert, distract, satisfy, or soothe the masses. It creates no lurid headlines, no

thrilling newspaper stories, no stirring pictures for the public prints or for the silver screen. But murder, on the other hand, is exciting, stimulating, diverting, enthralling. It provides magnificent still and motion pictures, and the most satisfying of news articles. It is not only more entertaining than sterilization but in the long run it is cheaper, which is something. The American method eliminates both the immediate undesirables and their potential descendants; sterilization eradicates only the posterity of the unwanted. Therefore it can be said, openly and at once, that the murdered dead of America are the undesirables. Of course, mistakes occur, due to the informal method of selection, but all in all, most of the victims must be unwanted or we would not encourage their liquidation.

You ask, then, who are the murdered dead? We find that, in general, they are bootleggers, rum-runners, vice lords and lesser dealers in crime, dope peddlers, robbers, yeggmen, pimps, counterfeiters, racketeers, assassins, political strong-arm men, professional killers, gun molls, gangsters, gunmen, criminals, and Public Enemies of every kind. To be sure, some of the victims were kind to their mothers; some even loved flowers and spent thousands of dollars in aiding crippled children. But it is plain that most of the murdered dead comprise the unfit whom we seek to prevent from breeding.

The homicide rate in the United States for 1933 (the last year for which figures are available), according to the Bureau of the Census, was 9.6 per 100,000 population — the highest in history. That is, 12,124 homicides were reported in 1933. Ninety-six out of every one million Americans were murdered in that year. From the legal standpoint, some of these were murders in the first degree, some in the second

degree, some only manslaughter. But to the layman, they were murders. The victims of them are now completely eliminated — dead — despite legal classifications.

In England and Wales, on the other hand, the homicide rate stands year after year at 0.5 per 100,000 population. In 1933 the number of slain was 210, and the murder rate was one-nineteenth the American. Our rate is seven times that of Canada, six and a half times that of Australia, ten times that of New Zealand, twenty-four times that of Ireland, four and a half times that of Germany, four and a half times that of Belgium, five times that of Switzerland, twenty-four times that of Holland, and nearly four times that of Italy. These statistics are proof of America's complete triumph in the field of blood and brutal death.

Yet the victory is even greater than the figures reveal. The Census Bureau catalogued 12,124 homicides in 1933, but these constituted only the known cases. Certainly there are many more murders each year than the bureau concedes. Numerous deaths reported as due to accident, suicide, and disease are really killings. And then there are the disappearances. . . . Five hundred persons drop from sight each year in New York City alone. How many of them are murdered? If the New York rate were maintained for the whole nation, there would be approximately 9000 persons lost without trace each year. How many of them are slain? It is valid to say that our eugenic program, considering these additional factors, accounts for a total of 13,000 murders annually.

Public-spirited citizens are continually pointing to England's low murder rate. They declare that in England punishment for murder is almost certain, while in the United States most killers go free. They

are fond of comparing the records of London and New York City, or London and Chicago. Here is a comment typical of those who do not understand our own American program, an editorial entitled "London Killings", from the New York *Telegram*:

Every murder committed in London last year was solved, and the guilty one in each case was convicted, or killed himself. Of eighteen murderers of persons over a year old, eleven were convicted and seven executed themselves.

In New York there were, last year, 399 murders as compared with London's eighteen. And no murderer here, so far as is known, troubled to kill himself. That would have been a silly thing to do with conviction statistics what they are. This newspaper in a study early this year found that for 1928, nine out of eleven murderers escaped conviction. Perhaps when New York is as old as London we shall convict all our murderers also, unless we are all killed off before that good day arrives.

This comment is but one from a great many that could be cited as mistakenly upholding the English record. The unreasoning Anglophile might emphasize that in this twentieth century we have had approximately 350,000 murders in the United States to about 7000 in England and Wales. He might become mathematical and calculate that, allowing thirty years for the life expectancy of each murdered person, our American slayers have destroyed 10,500,000 years of human life. Sweet years beneath the sun. The Anglophile might hold that America's murder loss in thirty-five years—about seven times our death list in the World War—was a frightful indictment, while the almost negligible British figures were a credit to law-abiding John Bull. But what a gross misapprehension! Our 350,000 murders indicate success in our definite eugenic program, while Britain's miserable 7000 means that the

British, having recently rejected compulsory sterilization, possess no program at all. They are just drifting. . . .

The confidence engendered by our American system, under which men, women, and children kill, has produced a fine flowering of murder, a varied blooming garden of slaughter, a rich red flora of blossoms of death. But because of a noisy minority of citizens who demand suppression of murder, our government cannot pay special, public honor to killers. In fact, to placate the minority, the government finds it necessary to inflict some penalties. Thus a number of our murder operatives are cast into prison, and about one in a hundred is executed. Our killers, however, understand the situation, and accept it without complaint. They are ready to assume, and do assume, the slight risk of their business, just as window-cleaners assume the risk of theirs.

II

Since only about one in a hundred of our murderers is executed, and relatively few are imprisoned, where are the killers—the great majority of them? They are at large. They are out in the world, as free as any of us. They mingle with society, and conduct businesses. They go about their affairs—these men and women and youths who have killed—they eat, drink, sleep, love, and marry. They contemplate other killings, if they wish, and make preparations. And there are thousands of them. In 1924, Judge Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago set the figure at 135,000. Here is how he reached his conclusion:

Eight thousand, five hundred unlawful homicides a year for twenty years, or 160,000 in all, is a conservative estimate. The killer is usually between the ages of 18 and 65, with an expectancy of life from twenty-

five to forty years. Inasmuch as, according to the United States census of 1910, there were confined 15,000 killers in different prisons of the country, there cannot now be confined more than 18,000. Making due allowance for deaths among them, that would leave at the very least 135,000 crimson-handed women and men alive at large.

To realize the prevalency of this invisible class it is only necessary to consider that we have unconfined in the United States more killers than we have clergymen of all denominations or male teachers in our schools, or all lawyers, judges, and magistrates put together, and three times the combined number of our editors, reporters, and writers, and 52,000 more slayers at large than we have policemen.

There never was anything like this condition in any other civilized nation operating under an organized government.

Judge Kavanagh said "at the very least" there were 135,000 murderers at large. But he was estimating conservatively. Assuming that the murderer's average life expectancy is thirty years, it is obvious that there are today at large at any given time thirty yearly crops of killers. We have now 13,000 murders annually, but, as some killers are pluralists, we may reasonably estimate that the present annual crop is about 12,000. In the years behind us, however, the rate was lower and the population smaller. If we estimate the average of the thirty living crops of killers at 10,000, this would make 300,000 murderers alive at any time, and at all times.

These 300,000 are all at large except for the relatively small number in prison. Judge Kavanagh set this figure at 18,000. Let us see what the situation is today. In 1932, according to the Bureau of the Census, the total of men and women brought to state and federal prisons for homicide was 3736. In 1931 the number was 3804. More recent figures are not available. The average length of sentence for men is about twelve years: but they don't stay in

prison that long. The male killers with definite sentences discharged in 1931 had served an average of 71.1 months; those with indeterminate terms, 64.9. In 1932 the average for the two classes was 64.3 months. It is therefore safe to say that American killers who are imprisoned serve an average of about five years. In 1931, 137 murderers were executed; in 1932, 128. Thus, if 3800 killers are received in American prisons each year, only 130 are executed, and less than 3700 serve the average term. By employing the figure of 3700, we find that there must be at all times in prisons about 18,500 killers. So of our 300,000 living murderers, 281,500 are at large. This figure represents considerably more than 0.2 per cent of our population.

At a prizefight there may be an attendance, say, of 30,000. If it is an average crowd of Americans, sixty of them are murderers. Going to and coming from the fight, being jostled in the crowd, one probably sees, perhaps rubs elbows with, one or more men who have killed human beings. Walking about the business section of a large city for an hour on a week-day, one very likely sees 10,000 people. If they are a fair cross-section of the American population, twenty of them are murderers at large, free of all restraint.

There is an additional factor which Judge Kavanagh apparently did not consider: there are at large, in addition to those who *have* done murder, a greater number who *will* do murder. Under the established American system, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of children will get their pistols a few years hence and go forth to slay. You ask how many? The figure, computed on the same basis, is 483,000. Or .38 per cent of our total population. In the prizefight crowd of 30,000 there are, then, 114 persons who have not yet murdered, but who will murder. In the

10,000 people one sees when walking for an hour in the business section of a city, there are thirty-eight whose fate will be to kill a fellow human.

But there is still another class. How many Americans alive today will meet death by murder? The answer is 523,000. In our prizefight crowd of 30,000, 126 men and women will be murdered. In that 10,000 seen on the streets, forty-two are doomed to the American slaughter.

Tabulating our statistics, we have:

Killers at large today	281,500
To-be-killers at large today	483,600
To-be-killed now living	<u>523,900</u>
Total	1,289,000

This is about one per cent of the total population.

III

By permitting the virtually unrestricted purchase and possession of pistols, we Americans make murder simple and attractive. At close range, anyone—man, woman, child, idiot, moron, white, black, yellow—can point a gun and pull the trigger. It is far easier to kill a person with a pistol than it is to serve the first ball in the service court during a tennis match.

Firearms are absurdly easy to obtain in the United States, although in most of the benighted and backward foreign countries the privilege of purchase is a rarity. Of course some of our states forbid anyone to possess a pistol without a permit; but such licenses are generally not difficult to obtain. New York State has such a law, but in New York City alone, in 1928, permits were issued to 32,400 persons; and in 1931 the Police Department estimated that there were at least 150,000 pistols in the hands of gangsters.

If the people of the whole country possess pistols in the same proportion as New Yorkers, there are approximately 3,500,000 usable weapons of this type in the nation. And they are used. About two-thirds of all American homicides are due to bullets. Of the 12,124 murders recorded by the Census Bureau three years ago, 7863 were by firearms. In England and Wales only thirteen per cent of the murdered are killed by this method.

There is some agitation against pistols in America, largely on the part of a noisy minority opposing murder either through ignorance or because of selfish interest. Police officials, who do not understand eugenics, frequently declaim against firearms. For instance, on August 4, 1931, Edward P. Mulrooney, then Police Commissioner of New York City, said:

Guns in the hands of gangsters is one of the biggest police problems, if not the biggest police problem with which we have to contend. The use of guns in crimes is on the increase and we must have the co-operation of Washington. . . . The indiscriminate sale of guns must be stopped.

Naturally, the life insurance companies are opposed to pistols. Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, the statistician, publishes each year an article setting forth the homicidal doings in the United States. In one report he said:

The first step toward a deliberate reduction in the homicide death rates is decidedly more drastic regulations of the traffic in firearms and the possession of firearms by others than public officers, or private persons under proper rules and regulations.

Now of course the federal government could, if we wished it to, restrict the possession of pistols to the army, the navy, and the police. But that would mean the collapse of our great racial improvement program.

STUDIES IN SEX: A HISTORY

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I was a youth of sixteen (the year was 1875) when I formed the resolve to undertake the study of sex; I can still recall the moment and the spot at which the inspiration came to me. It was in Australia, where I had lately arrived, and in the neighborhood of Sydney. Like many other boys of my age, brought up in a good and religious home protected from the world, I was much puzzled over the phenomena of sex. I had already acquired a sceptical outlook; I viewed with contempt the hypocritical, ultra-Puritanic, sentimental, or obscurantist teaching, supported by the most varied theories, often fantastic, put forward by the few writers who at that time ventured even to touch on the subject. Where could I find real help and guidance in this difficult yet so vital field? I was already in wide touch with the cultural and scientific literature of various lands. But the answer to this question, so far as I could see, was: Nowhere. I determined that I would make it the main business of my life to get to the real natural facts of sex, apart from all would-be moralistic or sentimental notions, and so spare the youth of future generations the trouble and perplexity which this ignorance had caused me.

It may seem an ambitious project. But I was not moved by ambition in the ordinary sense. No thought of worldly success entered my mind, nor had my resolve anything to do with the question of earning my living. As to that question, indeed, I

was still in the dark; I knew I had to earn my living, I still did not know how I should do it. The study of sex never appeared to me as a path to any money-making profession. In those days I should have been foolish if it had so appeared. I can honestly say that no dream of the reputation which one day—long afterwards, it is true—was to come to me, ever entered my head. The field was unpromising, and I myself—with no prospects, no background, no equipment—could scarcely be considered anything but unpromising.

Yet, unpromising as everything was, my resolve stood firm. Soon it appeared to me that the necessary portal to the study I had in mind was a medical training. That realization also scarcely seemed helpful. I had no taste or desire for the ordinary physician's life, and no financial backing to support a medical student's long course. As I look back, I cannot understand how I could have formulated such a program. Yet the gods proved to be on my side. From totally unexpected sources I received the aid necessary to enable me to enter a medical school and I fulfilled the whole course, very leisurely; for in addition to the routine studies imposed, I was enlarging my literary interests and activities, as well, of course, as following the tracks which seemed to lead to my main goal.

Even before entering the medical school I had determined that the preliminary step in approaching the facts of sex life was a study of the general facts of sex difference

quite apart from the central impulse: the study of secondary and, as I found it necessary to term them, tertiary human sexual characters. At an early stage I began to explore these characters, to collect data, to sift and analyze them. It was the more necessary since, even on so simple and ever present a subject as this, there was no general agreement: the majority of people seemed to regard men as somehow superior to women; a minority held that men and women are really just alike and equal; there were comparatively few who held that men and women are unlike but equivalent, with neither sex superior. The latter, however, was the result to which, it seemed to me, the facts pointed. In 1894 I brought out my book *Man and Woman*, in which this matter was investigated more thoroughly than ever before. While I privately regarded the book as the necessary preliminary stage of my main work, it had also a completely independent existence. It has several times been revised and enlarged, and in its seventh and eighth editions (Boston and London, 1934) it has at length reached, so far as I am concerned, its final shape.

Even before the publication of *Man and Woman* a new factor came, at all events for a short time, into the scheme of my life-work. John Addington Symonds, distinguished as critic and historian, with whom I was in friendly touch by correspondence on general literary topics, suggested to me in 1892 that we should co-operate in a book on sexual inversion. He was not at the time aware of the task I had set before myself, or he would, as he told me later, have considered his proposal an impertinence. He had, however, already printed privately two small books dealing with the matter, one on Greek pederasty, the other on the modern problem of sexual inversion. He knew at that time far more

about the subject than I did, as I had never been specially attracted to it, while he felt personally concerned in the problems involved, and had come into close contact with many inverters. I agreed to the co-operation, feeling it an advantage to be associated with an author of recognized distinction who knew so much about this subject, and, at Symonds' suggestion I drew up an outline of the volume. This he accepted, although, as he pointed out, I had assigned the chief part to myself; that, however, seemed inevitable, since it was on the scholarly and historical side alone that Symonds could properly enter. But before we had time to make progress with the work, or even had any opportunity of meeting, Symonds, attacked by influenza, died suddenly in Rome in April, 1893.

Two results, however, followed this attempted co-operation: I had been led to place the volume on "Sexual Inversion" at the head of the series of *Studies*, where it was definitely out of place, and, as I was using much of Symonds' earlier material, placed by him in my hands, I felt bound to add his name to my own on the title-page. When completed, three years later, the volume was at once translated into German by my friend Dr. Hans Kurella, who had already translated other books of mine, and was published in Leipzig in 1896.

I had not yet found an English publisher, though I had approached several in London; they were all afraid of the subject, though one at least said he would have been glad to accept the book if he had not the privilege of being an English publisher. I had also sent the manuscript to Williams and Norgate, a firm of repute who issued scientific books, and were thus the sort I desired. They, quite properly, submitted the manuscript for the opinion of Dr. Hack Tuke, editor of *The*

Journal of Mental Science and one of the most distinguished alienists of the day, who had been an intimate friend of Dr. Symonds, John Addington's father, and knew of the son's interest in the subject of inversion. It also happened that Hack Tuke was a friend of my own, and that indeed I cherished an affectionate regard and esteem for him. He had been helpful to me; he had welcomed my co-operation in his *Journal* (to which I continued to be a constant contributor for some twenty years after), and we were in frequent contact. But he belonged to an eminent Quaker family, he was an old man, and while of liberal and tolerant mind his traditions were those of an earlier age. I was not, therefore, surprised, and could even have foretold that he would advise against publication of the book. It was characteristic of him that he at once frankly told me he had been consulted, and explained to me his attitude in the matter. He had no disapproval for my treatment of the subject, and he considered it a legitimate topic when restricted to professional readers. But, he said, it was impossible so to restrict it, and there were many on whose minds such a detailed discussion of the matter might have a disturbing effect; even at the best, he concluded, "there are always the compositors". I had no wish to bring forward any opposing arguments; I fully understood his attitude. I never felt the slightest resentment; on both sides the friendship remained the same, though not long afterwards his life came to an end.

II

So I had to seek another publisher. And at that time my friend Mr. Perry-Coste, who took an interest in my work, communicated to me a piece of news which he thought might be helpful. Perry-Coste

was himself a scientific worker, and carried out various instructive series of observations (one of which appears as an appendix to the first volume of my *Studies*), so I was prepared to attach value to his information. He told me that a certain Mr. Astor Singer, a man of wealth, whose acting manager was his brother-in-law, a Dr. Roland de Villiers, desired to establish a small publishing business in order to issue quietly a few high-class works, mostly scientific, to be printed at a Linotype press he had just then expensively set up. This seemed very much the kind of publisher I wanted. I sought out Dr. de Villiers and had a satisfactory interview with him. He was a large and gentle creature who entered the room with stealthy cat-like tread, but I had nothing to complain of in his reception of my visit. He agreed to publish the book, and accepted my condition that it should only be advertised in medical and scientific quarters. I had no fault to find with the fulfillment of this condition, or with any breach of financial undertakings on the publisher's part.

But we gradually realized that "Dr. Roland de Villiers" was not what he professed to be, and that we were being entangled in an elaborate mystification, though it was not till later that we learnt that this had a more or less criminal background. "Mr. Astor Singer", the wealthy principal, who was never visible, but living on the Riviera or travelling in Mexico, was a fiction. "Dr. Roland de Villiers", as the police eventually made clear, was a German of good birth, son of an eminent judge, and of the real name of Georg Ferdinand Springmuhl von Weissenfeld. He had had a brilliant academic career in Germany in science, medicine, and literature, and had married a German lady of good family. But his dubious conduct estranged his father, and after forging checks he had

fled to England in 1880 and entered on the career of swindler, sometimes on a large scale, setting up bogus companies by which he netted large sums of money, so that, though he was sometimes arrested, and even condemned to imprisonment, he was always well supplied with funds. His versatile fertility in expedients was extraordinary. He had a passion for mystification which he showed in all sorts of small ways, scarcely involving any self-interest. I have always regarded him as a man with a curious mental kink even more than a criminal, although in that latter capacity he was an amazing figure. He succeeded in duping us all.

But before the volume was actually published, on the very eve of issue, another check was encountered. Symonds' literary executor, Horatio Brown, himself a distinguished scholar and an authority on Venetian history, suddenly intervened. He had been in close touch with Symonds, and I had been throughout on friendly terms with him, staying, when in Venice, at his house on the Zattere. He had entirely approved of the German publication with the joint authorship announced on the title-page and also approved of English publication. But now, at this final moment, he withdrew permission. I imagine that the family became alarmed, and authorized Brown to buy up the whole edition for destruction. At all events that is what was done, though — whether intentionally I do not know — some copies which I later heard of in circulation were preserved. The result was that I had to go through the whole volume, removing the rather disjointed fragments due to Symonds, though retaining the anonymous histories he had supplied. Henceforth I appeared as sole author, and the volume acquired uniformity of tone and a better shape. In its renewed form the book ap-

peared in 1897. It was reviewed in medical and scientific quarters, if with no great enthusiasm, nearly always with complete approval and never with the slightest condemnation. But, unknown to us all, the police had their eyes on my publisher and were ready to pounce as soon as he offered an opportunity. His publication of a book which, it was possible, might legally be termed "obscene", evidently seemed to them a God-sent occasion.

It so happened that there was at that time a society calling itself The Legitimation League which had had some business dealings with de Villiers's printing press. The League (with which I had no connection whatever) was itself somewhat suspicious in the eyes of the police, for it existed for the purpose of advocating radical reforms in marriage and for improving the status of illegitimate children. The honorary secretary of the League was Mr. George Bedborough who, on account of his relations with de Villiers, had a few copies of my book for sale, though they were not exposed. But the detective employed by the police to attend the League's meetings, and to cultivate friendly relations with its members, became aware of their existence. He saw a magnificent opportunity for killing two birds with one stone.

One day — it was May 27, 1898 — he arrived at the League's office, purchased a copy of my book — and arrested Bedborough. Far from London, at my home in Cornwall, I heard the news that same day. Lillian Harman (personally unknown to me), daughter of Moses Harman of Chicago, a famous pioneer of sexual enlightenment in America, was then on a short visit to England. She was in sympathy with the League (I believe its honorary president), and she chanced to be with Bedborough at the moment of his arrest.

She telegraphed the news to me. Directly after, I had a letter from de Villiers to the same effect, with the addition that he had heard I also was to be arrested. A warrant had been issued for his own arrest, and he discreetly disappeared, to Cologne, he said, though it might possibly have been only to his own house in Cambridge where, as later became known, he had secret chambers constructed. Before effacing himself he authorized me to obtain legal defense for himself and my book, guaranteeing responsibility for the costs; this undertaking he faithfully carried out.

I came up from Cornwall to town, and on the advice of a legal friend (being myself completely innocent in such matters) I went to an established firm of lawyers whose conduct throughout was always sensible, and beyond criticism, though they had no very prominent part to play since the publisher had eluded capture and the author was not directly attacked and therefore not entitled to any voice in open court. Bedborough's friends entrusted his defense to another lawyer, whose conduct in the case was so unsatisfactory that it led subsequently to a disciplinary investigation by the Law Society. In the long and anxious interval before the trial, a Free Press Defense Committee was formed to gather moral support and financial assistance. The moving spirit in constituting this committee was Mr. Henry Seymour, who had no connection whatever with my *Studies*, though he has since won some distinction in another field. It was as a particularly scandalous attack on freedom of scientific speech that the prosecution aroused him to action, and he displayed an energy for which I have always felt grateful in marshalling the forces of defense. Among those who joined the Committee (most of them at the time personally unknown to me), were J. M. Robertson, Grant Allen,

Bernard Shaw, George Moore, Frank Harris, Belfort Bax, Herbert Burrows, Walter Crane, Edward Carpenter, H. M. Hyndman, G. J. Holyoake, and William Sharp, a varied and distinguished company, though not a single physician appeared among them. I should add, however, that I privately received many letters of warm sympathy and approval from distinguished alienists and psychiatrists, British, European, and American. But public support was small. Numerous public meetings were held, and never reported in the chief newspapers, while even a paid advertisement was refused by a prominent Liberal newspaper, the *Daily Chronicle*.

III

The trial took place on October 31, 1898. The accusation was, in legal phraseology,

of having unlawfully and wickedly published and sold, and caused to be procured and to be sold, a wicked, bawdy, and scandalous, and obscene book called *The Study of the Psychology of Sex, Vol. I, Sexual Inversion*; [intending, as it was further set out in an earlier indictment of the Grand Jury] to vitiate and corrupt the morals of the liege subjects of our Lady the Queen, to debauch and poison the minds of divers of the liege subjects of our said Lady the Queen, and to raise and create in them lustful desires, and to bring the said liege subjects into a state of wickedness, lewdness, and debauchery.

The "alleged libels" were duly appended to this indictment, and consisted, not in anything whatever that I had written but merely in a few details concerning early life from the histories recorded, and in these histories of inverters, I may remark, I had really toned down gross details which did not seem to me essential in a psychological study. The defense was fully prepared, a momentous fight was anticipated,

and I arrived in good time accompanied by my wife, who had throughout been my loyal and devoted comrade, as well as being specially successful in securing financial assistance among her friends for Bedborough's defense. We were accommodated in a room at the back of the court, the Old Bailey, the ancient courthouse in Newgate, and I was ready to appear if called upon by the judge.

But at the last moment, without consulting the Defense Committee or his counsel, Bedborough, feeling—naturally enough, no doubt—that he was being tried for an offense with which he was in reality only by accident concerned, and might be called upon to suffer severely in a cause he had never had at heart, had been to Scotland Yard and come to an understanding with the commissioner of police who was directing the prosecution, that by submission it would be possible for him to be let off without punishment. (It is probable that the commissioner had at length realized how formidable was the defense, and it has been stated, whether or not correctly, that the proposal for a compromise came from the police.) So, now without counsel to represent him, Bedborough pleaded guilty to the charge so far as my book was concerned (there were minor charges affecting the publications of the Legitimation League), and the whole defense collapsed.

The speech of the prosecuting counsel was almost apologetic for Bedborough, explaining that the prisoner had been to the police and proved that he "had taken no principal part in this terrible traffic", having indeed sold only three copies of the book, and suggesting to the judge that sentence should be "deferred". Accordingly, Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of London, sitting in the capacity of judge, set Bedborough free in his own recognizance, to

come up for judgment if called upon. At the same time he thought well to improve the occasion by giving the defendant a piece of his own mind:

You have pleaded guilty, and you have acted wisely in so pleading, for it would have been impossible for you to have contended with any possibility whatever of being able to persuade anybody that this book was not filthy and obscene. . . . I am willing to believe that in acting as you did you might at the first outset perhaps have been gulled into the belief that somebody might say that this was a scientific work. But it is impossible for anybody with a head on his shoulders to open the book without seeing that it is a pretense and a sham, and that it is merely entered into for the purpose of selling this obscene publication. . . . The result will be this—that so long as you do not touch this filthy work again with your hands and so long as you lead a respectable life you will hear no more of this. But if you choose to go back to your evil ways, you will be brought up before me, and it will be my duty to send you to prison for a very long term.

These remarks have always seemed to me instructive. This is the sort of man, with this kind of insight into human motives and this ability to appreciate scientific methods, to whom we give the power of pronouncing judgment on the products of the human spirit, not only the lowest but perhaps the highest products. But, beyond that, we even permit such a man to inflict punishment—heavy fines, long imprisonment—on a person concerned, even remotely, and with however innocent and even admirable a motive, in this production. It is not as though this man, Sir Charles Hall, were below the average of those in such positions. In the exercise of all legitimate legal functions he was probably above the average. He had been the personal attorney for the Prince of Wales, an honorable position, and he had not reached the age of senility, though very

soon after the Bedborough trial his death occurred. Bedborough has, as the Judge hoped, lived a "respectable" and even respected life, as indeed he had previously, but, even though allowed to go free, the prosecution was a serious blow in his career, and for some time he found it desirable to change his name and live abroad.

On my part, I regarded the attitude of the Judge, and indeed the whole case, as a decisive indication of the attitude of the English police and English courts where my work was concerned. I immediately issued a statement setting out that these conditions involved

a risk to others and a domination over myself which I at all events have no intention of submitting to. . . . The decision I have been forced to reach seems inevitable. To wrestle in the public arena for freedom of speech is a noble task which may worthily be undertaken by any man who can devote to it the best energies of his life. It is not, however, the task which I have ever contemplated. I am a student, and my path has long been marked out. I may be forced to pursue it under unfavorable conditions, but I do not intend that any consideration shall induce me to swerve from it, nor do I intend to injure my work or distort my vision of life by entering upon any struggle. . . . I insist on doing my own work my own way.

IV

Thus I at once resolved on the publication of the further *Studies* outside England. De Villiers seemed to fall in with this plan. He had already arranged to issue the next volume, *The Evolution of Modesty and Other Studies*, which was mostly ready, and he undertook to publish it in Germany. Immediately after the trial I arranged to spend the winter in Morocco, partly in order to be in an atmosphere as unlike as possible as that of the Old Bailey, and partly for the benefit of my wife's

health. During the few days in Cornwall between the trial and our departure in the Orient liner from Plymouth, I dictated from my notes the remaining *Study* (that of sexual periodicity), the only occasion on which I have adopted this method of writing.

But troubles were not yet over. The volume appeared the next year and bore "Leipzig" on the title-page. That imprint was merely a fiction. The book was really printed and published in England precisely as was the first volume. And the results were similar. The books were seized, and ordered to be "burnt". This, I was informed, meant that the copies were distributed among police officers, who thus might study them and be prepared to deal with similar books when encountered. Shortly after, de Villiers was arrested on another charge at his house in Cambridge, and immediately took poison which, it was said, he carried about with him secreted in a ring he always wore.

Even if de Villiers had survived, I was far too disgusted by the fraudulent trick he had played ever to have had any further dealings with him. I looked around for another publisher. An opening appeared with little delay. The prosecution had caused much indignation among friends in America. One of them, I think it was Dr. J. G. Kiernan of Chicago—already a psychiatric pioneer in the field of sex and one of the first to come out on my side—suggested to me the F. A. Davis Company of Philadelphia as suitable publishers for the *Studies*. Davis was an enterprising medical publisher who already had issued Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*, then the chief existing work in the field of sexual pathology. I put the proposition before Davis, and at once, without question or hesitation, he agreed to take over the *Studies*. As soon as possible, in 1901, he is-

sued *The Evolution of Modesty* as Volume I and *Sexual Inversion* speedily followed as Volume II. I was pleased to be able to affect this change of order, for, as already mentioned, I had not originally proposed to start the *Studies* with what was inevitably regarded as an abnormal subject, and to put it at the head served to excuse the not uncommon error of describing my *Studies* as "pathological". There is no real ground for such a description. It was true of earlier books on the subject of sex, notably Krafft-Ebing's in which the whole field of normal sexuality was dismissed in half a dozen feeble and scrappy pages. The original inspiration of my own work, and the guiding motive throughout, was the study of normal sexuality. I have always been careful to show that even the abnormal phenomena threw light on the normal impulse since they have their origin either in an exaggeration or a diminution of that impulse; while, reversely, we are the better able to understand the abnormal when we realize how closely it is related to the normal.

During the following ten years, the further volumes gradually appeared. They were sold by the Davis company only to professional readers, and there was never the slightest hint of any obstacle to their publication. The American public and the American authorities have, even from the first, shown a friendly or at all events tolerant attitude to my work. In 1910 I reached the sixth and final volume, *Sex in Relation to Society*. This is the largest and also in my opinion—as I believe in that of my readers—the most important volume. In the earlier volumes I had been dealing with the sexual impulse in the in-

dividual; here I was concerned with that impulse as it was woven into the whole social texture. At the end of the volume I placed a Postscript.

During the fifteen years that followed, several of the volumes were reissued in much rewritten or revised shapes. They were also translated, more or less completely, into the leading languages of the world, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, etc.

The *Studies* are now to be transferred to another publishing firm (Random House), which will issue them refashioned and generally available in four compact volumes. Thus my work enters a further phase. The pioneering stage is over. No longer is it a risky and dangerous enterprise to approach this field, with pitfalls on every side. Now the legitimacy of the field is generally accepted; everyone is free to enter it, even though still from time to time we find with a shock that the legal and police traditions of the past are not yet dead. But among the professional and educated general public there is no longer any doubt, and not merely concerning the immense importance of sex alike in individual and social life. It is today almost universally accepted, when it is not actively urged, that definite knowledge of so deeply vital a subject is necessary for all, and that without it life must ever remain perilous. Nor is mere information enough; there is always a lurking peril. With all the information available, the sexual life can never be easy. Here, as elsewhere, discipline is needed as well as knowledge, and art as well as discipline. That is the reason why we must continue to study the problems of sexual psychology.

WASHINGTON: CITY OF PANDEMONIUM

BY ERIC MARSDEN

FIVE hundred newspaper correspondents spend most of their time writing about Washington. Radios blare Washingtonia. Governmental charts and pamphlets blanket the nation, dispensing the lowdown on the New Deal. Imposing federal graphs attempt to explain how billions are being spent. Erudite magazines discuss the architectural beauties of the city on the Potomac; novelists utilize Washington as the background for glittering ladies and gentlemen of fiction; columnists and poets limn the majesty of America's political Mecca. The District of Columbia is the most debated and described ten square miles of cement and sinew on the planet. Yet Americans, the Americans back home, know surprisingly little of this, the most bizarre of capitals, which is at once their picnic ground, their battlefield, circus, pride, hope, despair, and disgrace.

To obtain even the filmiest impression of the town in these early days of 1936, one must think of wartime hysteria and frustration; of rash impulsiveness born of fear and frenzy; of intrigue within intrigue; of politicians alarmed at the threat of coming elections; of Brain Trusters pirouetting blandly as they spend billions on grandiose projects which are shelved almost immediately for newer ones; of 20,000 jobhunters cooling their heels in departmental anterooms. One must envisage public and private propaganda mills pouring forth a stream of distortions; an

army of legislators thrusting conflicting interests down each other's throats; lobbyists moving stealthily across the national stage; professors hatching fresh sociological schemes and hoping the Supreme Court will not be too cruel; relief and public works officials baiting each other and angling for greater prestige; department heads and minor executives playing the old game of office politics. . . . And for contrast, summon up a picture of threadbare civil service clerks of the old regime, hungrily anticipating the day when senility will permit retirement on a pension; Negroes — more than there are in New Orleans — dying in disease-ridden slums, while within a stone's throw diplomats and pompous ladies just arrived from Newport, London, Paris, and Moscow, Missouri, spread gossip that the Russian ambassador's wife makes her own gowns; a great government commandeering hotels, apartment houses, garages, and auditoriums as the horde of workers increases daily, even appropriating private mansions so elegant that damask walls must be protected by cellophane and barricades built around pipe organs; jobholders being pushed into nearby cities to overcome the shortage of desk space.

Think of these things: of the fresh spirit of youth and the bitterness of old age; of the excitement of wartimes; of business booming; of rents soaring, and food prices as well; of human life whirling giddily, purposelessly; of disillusioned persons

drifting into dark streets to moan of poverty; into second-rate night clubs which have grown like mushrooms, to drink there, and to laugh, for fear tomorrow morning will never come. Envisage all these things, confuse them, stir them together recklessly; imagine the fluctuant tempos, the clashing purposes and personalities, then splash the mixture across the canvas of your mind. Do this, and you will have a half-picture of what is Washington; yet still you will not comprehend the Capital of your United States.

Before the World War, when Washington was but a clearing house for America's industrial and financial interests, nine-year-old boys, myself among them, skated beside the streetcar tracks from suburban homes to downtown Keith's Theater for the Saturday vaudeville matinee. We and our parents regarded government clerks earning \$1800 a year as folk of middle-class prestige and prosperity. Rotund politicians lounged in chairs under the elms on Fourteenth Street at F, where the Ebbitt House stood, palavering with journalists to the tinkle of iced glasses. Washington was a place for good food, conviviality, ease, even a roaring night if one took into account the vice so blatant that volunteer firemen in earlier years had once to set fire to the town in order to combat it. But today all is vastly different. Of course, the city still is so hot in summer that some embassies allow their attachés the extra leave which is their due for tropical service. Also, it still is so dampishly raw of winter that countless inhabitants suffer with chronic sinus trouble. But the Potomac swamps have been filled in; mosquitoes and canal fever have been vanquished. Vice has been driven to the cover of rococo apartment houses. Where screamed the redlight district, so notorious that it caused prosti-

tutes throughout the nation to be identified as *hookers*, there now reposes the Coolidge-Hoover memorial to prosperity—a \$100,000,000 collection of classic Greek, Egyptian, French, and Italian temples, masquerading as office buildings. Inspired by the Chicago World's Fair, they are representative of America only because they are grossly expensive, inappropriate, impressively huge, and so intricate that employees every day become lost in their labyrinthine halls.

The old-time civil service clerks who, as aspiring youths, were lured to Washington by the magic phrase "government official" and what was then good pay, tend today to be hunchbacked drones broken by routine. Rapidly their supremacy of numbers is being challenged by a new army of boys and girls who entertain no illusions concerning the glories of civil service. They are youngsters out of the colleges, chain stores, and village soda fountains, come to Washington in the unprecedented peacetime expansion of government to mark time while awaiting something better. In the afternoons they skate, ride bicycles, follow the bridle paths, play golf; at night many meet at departmental dancing carousals where Dekes and former truck drivers find a common end in alcoholic gaiety. The only melancholy ones are the girls who lack beaux because there are not enough to go around. In fur coats and sheer hose these young women stroll the streets at night, limiting their entertainment to the movies and a table in a Chinese café, where they dance together, drink together, and then return to the chaste atmosphere of apartment or boarding house.

Instead of the famous old bars wherein congressmen and lobbyists swigged bourbon and rye, young persons now sip sirupy concoctions in hotel cocktail par-

lors. The lounge of the Mayflower is an admixture of pastels, white furniture, and dancing youth; the Carlton's is ultra-modernistic and more unusual than comfortable; the Shoreham's is modernistic and metallic; that of the Hamilton boasts heavy hangings, shaded lights, and a clanging piano. At the venerable Willard, where political buccaneers once bent their elbows over as masculine a bar as Washington ever boasted, debutantes now sample cocktails in a meringue of blue and gold. Only the Raleigh has failed to keep pace in this competition for elegance; its fine bar has been ripped out to make space for a glorified soda fountain.

As for the famous food of Washington, that too has changed with the years. Instead of the old Ebbitt where one played gourmet over broiled duck and champagne, or the old Shoreham where fried chicken was king, one now bolts cafeteria fare. Indeed, the newfangled cocktail rooms are more famous for their decorations than for their drinks, and the more modern hotels are more noted for their mortgages than for their cuisine. The new Shoreham, Mayflower, Carlton, Wardman Park, Hay-Adams—all have been in receivership, despite the surge of federal business which brings visitors to Washington by the thousands.

Because of the park circles laid out by Pierre Charles L'Enfant to bring eight busy streets to a common axis, because of the automobiles and the streetcars, the Capital is one of the most unsafe cities for pedestrians and its traffic as tangled as any known to man. There are more than 250,000 motor vehicles—half as many as there are inhabitants and more per capita than in any other metropolis. Nearly a fifth of the cars are driven by bewildered visitors, other thousands by possessive taxicab men who by ratio are more numerous

than anywhere in America. Diplomats glide past in Rolls-Royces. Negroes rattle by in rusted wrecks. Youngsters race around town in shiny roadsters. But the most befuddling drivers are the tourists who halt at intersections to consult maps and guides, and the taxi drivers who speed like hell once they get you inside their cabs, yet cruise at a snail's pace to avoid traffic lights when they are without fares. Ancient streetcars groan slowly over outlying hills and stall on downtown curves, snarling traffic. It is not uncommon to see them lined for block after block on Pennsylvania Avenue. When it rains the underground trolleys short-circuit, and passengers either twiddle their thumbs for a half-hour or get out and walk. The city authorities tear their hair; they issue new traffic regulations as complicated as opium dreams. They uproot beautiful trees to widen already broad streets, they install additional traffic lights. In fact, they do everything except synchronize those lights and create a single modern express highway such as one finds in other cities. Unless the pedestrian dives through traffic with only a wild hope for survival, he may wait indefinitely to cross a downtown street. Small wonder that the town's accident toll is 4000 killed or injured yearly.

Washington is so industrially stagnant that every seventh or eighth person has been a relief beneficiary; so poor that it must darken or dim thousands of street lights because it cannot otherwise live within its budget. As for its much discussed architectural beauties, Chevy Chase and other suburbs stand forth as hodgepodge collections of atrocious dwellings interspersed with shoe-box bungalows, mail-order homes designed to meet the approval of Dakota farmers, and drab row houses mindful of dingy Philadelphia and Baltimore. One can find better music and cul-

tural fare in St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Minneapolis; better food in Indianapolis and Duluth. Almost any other city has better newspapers. The circus last spring sold out all seats an hour and a half before the performance started; but the Capital's young symphony orchestra has been on the federal relief roll, and the better Broadway productions play to empty seats in the single barn-like and antique theater. A few wealthy persons who are in a position to patronize the local arts generally refuse to contribute because they are more transient than other citizens. They visit the city for only a few months each year and if artistically inclined they reserve their most substantial payments for institutions back home. Washington's splendid art galleries therefore are maintained almost entirely for tourists; the painters and sculptors generally do not progress beyond the art club stage; the newspapers fail to print adequate book reviews because publishers regard the city so poorly that they refuse to advertise. Despite fine libraries, elaborate art galleries, and six universities, the city has no culture, or cultural class.

II

Against this composite picture that is Washington background, some 500,000 inhabitants are occupied with life. More than 105,000 are government workers, who with their families comprise a loosely-knit yet clannish group of some 316,000 persons. Another 50,000 or so have been dependent on federal relief. The remaining citizens are lobbyists, real estate operators, tradesmen, attorneys, and others also indirectly dependent upon the government, living as they do as parasites upon the jobholders. There has never been any real manufacturing. It is frowned upon, for the city

is a showcase dedicated to government and visitors alone.

Because the District possesses enough Negroes to swing an election — one out of every four Washingtonians is black — a gross population larger than that of any of nine states is not permitted to vote. Theirs to be governed by a board of commissioners appointed by the President with the advice of the Senate; theirs to be taxed, experimented with, and exploited by Congress. Each legislator is a local political boss who may regard the Capital jealously because it possesses better paving than his own crossroads hamlet, or indifferently because it cannot elect or defeat him. Whenever reform lobbies attempt to inflict a model law on the nation, these congressmen who would not dare experiment in their own bailiwicks graciously allow a tryout in Washington, because the city cannot effectively protest. Washington therefore had Prohibition two years before other wet centers. More recently the Lord's Day Alliance has tried to inflict a blue law upon it, and today the nation's Drys are concentrating with the avowed purpose of fastening a model prohibition act on the District preliminary to another nation-wide crusade. Former Representative Loring Black of New York once observed that the reformers in and out of Congress were trying to convert the city into a municipal laboratory, and its citizens into guinea-pigs.

Taxation without representation, however, is the bitterest complaint. Washington, through income taxes, pays more than twenty-five states for construction of public buildings, but because it is voteless Congress forces the local taxpayers to fork out an additional \$27,000,000 annually to maintain parks for visiting constituents, provide schools for legislators, pave approaches to government buildings, and

give police and fire protection to these structures. Government property, constituting a third of the town's real estate value, is tax-exempt.

Heralded far and wide as a law-abiding city, Washington by ratio has two and a half times as many murders as New York and forty per cent more than Chicago. Contrasted to the eight American cities of comparable size, it stands second in murders, first in robberies, second in burglaries, first in grand larceny, and second in motor thefts. And this regardless of the fact that Washington has a larger per capita police force than any municipality in the country save three. A House of Representatives committee declares commercialized vice has "reached a deplorable and disgraceful state". It has been asserted by witnesses that collusion exists between the police and the gamblers, the latter being held accountable for a number of murders. Statistics disclose that the felon in Washington has a two-to-one chance of escaping arrest, six-to-one of escaping indictment, ten-to-one of escaping conviction, and fifteen-to-one of staying out of prison. Not even a Hearst newspaper campaign has been able to close permanently the famous gambling house which runs wide open at the Maryland gateway to the District, and no official action has been able to curtail bookmaking.

After Washingtonians have been gouged as to taxes and police protection, the government turns them over to the real estate speculators and food sellers for a final wringing. The influx of 36,000 or more New Dealers, who obtained their jobs through politics or academic affiliations and who are paid more than old-fashioned government clerks, only aggravates these interests to greater profits in a town where they always have regarded consumers as legitimate quarry. Food

prices are thirty-five per cent above those of two years ago; according to a recent survey, a square meal costs more only in Newark, Boston, and San Francisco. Inquiry by the District of Columbia Utilities Commission disclosed rents twenty per cent higher than the national average for urban centers — and they are still going up. Though thus one of the most expensive cities in which to live, Washington nonetheless was included in Southern low-pay territory when the NRA compacts were negotiated. Again, when so-called security wage scales were promulgated for relief workers, it was discovered that Washingtonians received \$3 less than residents of Great Falls, Montana, population 28,822, and \$15 less than those of Canton, Ohio, population 104,906.

All complaints bearing on the cost of living are serious, but housing woes cause most alarm. After all, the Washingtonian may eat oatmeal if he cannot afford the better foods which the same chain stores sell more cheaply in Baltimore, thirty-six miles away. But he can find no substitute for shelter. The realty speculators know this, and everyone from shack-dweller to plutocrat is victimized accordingly. The extortion begins with substandard housing, for which the city always has been notorious. In 1832, cholera spread from the slums to claim an awesome toll. In 1871 and 1872, smallpox originating in the same sections galloped through the District to decimate whites and blacks alike. Today Washington has the second highest tuberculosis death rate in the United States, again traced by authorities to the slums. A visiting British housing expert, incredulous, said he had not seen such quarters in New York, Paris, or even Cairo. The worst are alleys wherein 8000 or more persons exist in four-room hovels, renting for as much as

\$27 a month so that the owners may obtain a twenty-five per cent annual profit. Most of these shelters are without toilet facilities, gas, or electricity. You find them scattered through the city—within four blocks of the White House; within 300 feet of the colonial mansion where lives former Undersecretary of the Treasury Dean Acheson; in the immediate rear of the apartment for which Andrew W. Mellon is reported to have paid \$10,000 a year. They are rat-holes, focal points for crime, disease—even policemen patrol them in pairs.

Hundreds of front streets are little better. The utilities commission found it virtually impossible to discover a house “fit for habitation” by a white family for less than \$35, or to locate five- and six-room houses in neighborhoods boasting the slightest decency for less than \$45 to \$65 a month. Negroes must pay from \$50 to \$80 for comparable quarters. As for apartments, it was found that a two-room, kitchen-and-bath unit costs from \$40 to \$60, three rooms \$60 to \$90, four rooms \$95 to \$125.

Before the New Deal boom, there was not so much a shortage of housing as a scarcity of suitable homes at prices one could pay. Thousands of Washingtonians therefore have had to live in boarding houses charging \$50 a month for two meals a day and a room which may be shared by two or more persons. Other families have doubled up in two-room apartments because the landlords, owning real estate which has tripled in value through resales and successive mortgages, decided to continue profiting on inflated values by keeping prices up and buildings half empty. Today, though, while the majority of apartment dwellers live in two rooms, no housing, good or bad, is plentiful at any price. Indeed, it is not impossible that

we yet may experience the conditions reminiscent of wartime when landladies grew wealthy by renting cots in eight-hour shifts.

III

Now it would seem that these local problems—crime, police, real estate, high living costs, governmental neglect—would dishearten Washingtonians, but such is not the case. It so happens that Washingtonians just don’t care. They have no civic pride. The newspapers consider interest in local news so insignificant that such items are usually relegated to inside pages. The reason for this civic attitude is that the residents are mostly persons who have come to Washington to enter politics. Their prime interests are politics, bettering themselves, and warding off the bill collectors—and the collectors must work hard, for whereas a labor union inquiry recently established \$2056 a year as the minimum “health and decency budget” for a family of five, seventy per cent of the town’s workers earn \$2000 or less, while fewer than twenty per cent receive \$3000.

No one is worrying about such trivialities now, however, for the winter social season is on. Dowagers are buying new corsets. Government clerks are staring into the credit-shop windows bedecked with clawhammer coats or are making ready to phone the agencies where you rent them. Fashionable ladies strut in the hotel lobbies, their bosoms agleam with jewels, their eyes bright with conquest. Girls are walking their chow dogs on Connecticut Avenue in hope the news photographers will chance along. The social season has begun indeed, and little else matters for, aside from garage men and the most disillusioned of government clerks, everyone is in the social swim. It is Society of

an unprecedented brand, Society without leaders or equilibrium—the largest, motleyest yet most purposeful Society in the world. Like other metropolitan groups it has a social directory, but no one abides by it. One is eligible for Society merely by being in Washington at the moment.

Mothers, for instance, who are too unimportant for their home towns, are now flocking into Washington as they do at this time every year, registering at hotels with their daughters and being immediately seized by social bureau managers, who for a price guarantee to make a debutante of anything that wears skirts. The stereotyped plan is to arrange a coming-out party with free liquor as the attraction. A number of the guests will be undergraduates, embryo insurance salesmen in search of customers, and shavetail army and navy bachelors who a few years previously were riding plow in Iowa. It will be a mixed assemblage; but it will present an acceptable cross-section of Washington Society. The wealthy climbers employ full-time social secretaries. Poorer ones, residents or visitors, progress by learning from the society columnists and guide books that they can call on anyone without previous introduction, that these calls can be disposed of merely by leaving cards at the door, and that with this formality satisfied, one can follow up with invitations to parties. The only prerequisite for attending “at homes” is an ability to ring doorbells. Almost anyone can leave a card at the White House and be repaid with an invitation to a social function.

Hail-fellow-well-met, that is Washington’s Society. One reason is that the transient quality of the city makes it difficult to establish leaders, to decide who has a claim to distinction and who has not. Another is that people go to Washington for a purpose and seize upon Society as a means to

an end. A politician wants a better appointment, a lobbyist wants legislation, a lawyer wants clients—so after sunset they improve their relations with persons able to assist them. There, in the upper reaches, they mix with other climbers—with the crook seeking prey, the fellow eager to marry wealth, the prairie debutante, the dowager who adores to bask in the reflected greatness of the great. Lawyer-lobbyists dine government officials whose social experiences before coming to Washington were limited to Saturday night brawls. Drawing rooms echo to rhetoric and anecdotes reminiscent of the barber-shop. Government clerks and exiled provincials once each month punish their feet to the tune of cheap jazz, munch India-rubber sandwiches and lionize their section chiefs and legislators. The only requirement is a state from which to hail and a dollar for a ticket. Army and Navy sets gather at the service clubs. Congressional sets strive for the Chevy Chase Club’s assumed superiority and horsey laughter. High official sets vie with smart sets and diplomatic sets. It is a chaotic dream of social secretaries pushing morons into prominence; facile adventurers, dubious celebrities, snobs, democrats, crudity, and false sophistication.

Such is Washington in 1936, the capital of 126,000,000 people 145 years after it was founded by Congress as the only city to be deliberately conceived and delivered and developed on a definite plan, as America’s memorial to its dreams, ambitions, and ideals. Emerging now for the first time as the real capital of the country, it proceeds to take its place beside London, Rome, Paris, and Berlin.

The town has been called a merry-go-round, a sideshow, a puppet stage by the political writers; and as long as Americans insist upon showman’s qualities in

its legislators Washington will remain a circus. Others term it a battleground; and so it will be as long as the divergent ideas and conflicting interests of a nation are gathered here to spit venom at each other. Call it what you will, the whirling paradox spins on. . . . Patriotic societies and veterans' groups denouncing the Washington public schools for mentioning the horrid name of Soviet Russia. . . . Educators, harassed by Hearst, apologetically explaining. . . . A woman, so snootily wealthy she demands that all her servants be college graduates; and another advertising her children for adoption because she no longer can feed them. . . . PWA Administrator Ickes announcing he will spend millions to install plumbing in farm houses. . . . Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins replying he will spend a for-

tune to give farmers new privies. . . . A judge, wearied of panhandlers, crying against relief for jobless floaters. . . . A social swell leaping to his feet at a legation dinner to yank the hair of the woman next to him. . . . Legislators being inspired to tears by the sweep of their own oratory. . . . Old families of wealth so depleted that the government must rent their mansions, wherein Republicans in 1928 cavorted to the tunes of \$4000 orchestras playing in shifts. . . . Tired men and women meandering into drab apartments to stare at dingy wall paper. . . . More than 125,000 citizens turning out on Hallowe'en to toss confetti at each other. . . .

Calvin Coolidge, who possessed such a firm grasp on the obvious, said that the Capital should express "the soul of America". Perhaps it does.



TACTIC

BY MARGARET MARKS

A LITTLE is he victor here;
 A little is she vanquishèd;
 As she bemusèd were, she stands
 Her ground,
 Receives into her flesh
 The vulgar and unshapely wound,
 Hoarding, for reasons she knows best,
 Against what hour she also knows,
 Weapons whereof she is possessed.

Her innocence, that steely thing,
 She keeps well sheathed
 (Oh, not so soon
 Submit that singular blade to stain);
 Neither takes flight
 But keeps for flight
 Pride's lovely and undirtied wing.

DON'T BE A LAWYER

ANONYMOUS

I AM a practicing attorney in an Eastern city of 100,000 population. For fifteen years I have worked diligently, after investing substantial capital in an education, and should now be making a comfortable income. Last year I managed to clear \$40 a week. But such is the situation among lawyers in my town today that many of them would consider this a munificent wage. There are more than five hundred attorneys hereabouts, the great majority having come into the field since I hung out my shingle. They steal in silently, unannounced, like gypsies; every day or so there is a new sign swinging in the breeze. Yet only a dozen local lawyers make money—those who control ninety per cent of the sound, solvent business. The ten per cent of legal work remaining must be divided among the other 490.

The competition is terrific. Lawyers scurry about like newsboys in an effort to drum up business. Under prevailing conditions, legal ability is not a prerequisite to success; the lawyer without connections is a business-getter, or he rots in his office. The glamour of the professional career is worn and cracked, and the arts and wiles of the market place have supplanted ethics. The forbidden practices of barratry, champerty, and maintenance flourish extensively, often in ultramodern form. So boldly, indeed, are ethics flaunted that we have had in recent swift succession a receivership scandal, an ambulance-chasing scandal, and a jury-fixing scandal,

besides a series of minor eruptions. For these reasons, the integrity of the profession is constantly impugned in the Press, and I have the unpleasant feeling that the average man in my community can no longer refine his feelings in this regard. All lawyers are under a cloud; and I have heard it expressed in just that way. Yet withal, it is utterly impossible for the community to support the crush of attorneys. If the average gross income the past year were the equivalent even of my own, it would signify an expenditure of more than \$2,000,000 for legal services, a weekly burden of \$40,000. The community obviously cannot afford it.

Hopelessness has sunk deep into my profession, a feeling engendered by acceptance of temporary defeat and the most genuine apprehension for the future. "I would willingly suffer privation today," said an older colleague to me recently, "if there were only something to look forward to." But the most pessimistic of all are the newcomers.

The average young lawyer starting in business today hangs his shingle over the common entrance with a tailor, a druggist, or a cobbler. He may rent a store in a cheap neighborhood and convert it into a law office, but \$15 a month is his limit. He hires a girl for \$5 a week (or hires none at all), installs a telephone, and purchases some cheap stationery. He buys a few items of secondhand furniture and a half-dozen form books. Or he shares

space in a railroad suite with a score of other impoverished attorneys, a single girl and telephone serving all. He takes his turn utilizing these facilities, and may receive his Monday dictation on Friday. But he doesn't protest: a dollar saved is a dollar earned. He is continually on the tramp about town ringing doorbells, thus saving postage and stationery. Time, of course, is of no consequence: it is the cheapest commodity. The young barrister also puts in many a long hour discussing his financial woes with his fellows, or debating which office has the prettiest stenographer, or playing pinochle, or perhaps tackling a crossword puzzle. On various occasions, horseshoe pitching and miniature golf have emptied the law offices.

I and most of my lawyer friends would quickly abandon our practices for a salaried job, if we had the chance. Since the profession no longer affords any satisfaction other than a meager income, it is only the dearth of other employment that keeps the counselors in my town from deserting in droves. Many barely earn their keep: they walk around with nickels in their pockets. Most of them are receiving assistance from parents, in-laws, or wives. They no longer harbor any illusion about deriving a steady income from law, but live only in hope of a break, *i.e.*, procuring a steady job or a political sinecure, marrying a rich girl, or falling heir to a fortune. Recently a prominent young attorney in my town quit the profession to become a shoe salesman. Others have gone into insurance, bookselling, and storekeeping. One is now the happy proprietor of a fruit and vegetable stand.

Even laymen have become openly contemptuous of the emoluments to be derived from law. A bluff old contractor whose only daughter eloped with a local attorney informed me that he "was going

to let both of them starve for a while, and then take the fellow in hand and teach him a good trade".

II

A brief recapitulation of my own experiences will serve to emphasize the great change which has come over my profession in the space of a few years. Young men preparing for the bar, in my day, were regarded with envy by their friends and with respect by their elders. The law was a learned and profitable calling. I can recall an old barber, who, while he cut my hair, wagged his head knowingly and said: "Soon the money will be rolling in, eh?" Thus I faced the future eagerly and unafraid. When finally I was granted my state certificate to practice, my friends staged a stag party in honor of such a momentous occasion. As soon as possible, I set about opening my office. I lacked sufficient funds so I borrowed from the bank, having no difficulty then in securing endorsements for my note. The rent for two rooms in a downtown office building was \$60 a month, and I unhesitatingly signed a lease for a term of years. The stenographer, fresh from business school, cost \$15 a week, and a telephone averaged \$10 monthly. I made a down payment on \$500 worth of books, with the balance spread over three years. I invested in furniture, stationery, and a typewriter. Then I commenced my practice hopefully.

Friends and relatives having accumulated legal business against *Der Tag*, I soon found myself too occupied to worry about bills. I went after new business. I enlarged my circle of acquaintances by joining various organizations. I worked conscientiously on each case in which I was retained. At the end of the first year

I boasted a bank account of \$500, besides having made a comfortable living.

Today, however, my status is vastly different. My office expenses have decreased and I have done little instalment buying, yet, at the end of the fifteenth year my bank account is virtually at zero. I now undertake cases which I would have considered too trivial in my third year. I cannot afford to choose my work and so I am compelled to accept fees which are wholly incommensurate with the cares involved. Yet I barely earn a clerk's wage. Often I have to work at nights and on Sundays to do even that.

But the critical financial situation is not all; there is another factor, which I find equally disturbing. The practice of law in my community, as between lawyers themselves, is not at all what it was in the old days. No spirit of camaraderie animates the brethren now; many of them will run a fellow attorney into the ground as eagerly as they will their prey. Betrayals of trust are distressingly common; even small courtesies, once so graciously extended, have vanished. Since a large part of a lawyer's life is devoted to dealings with others of his profession, this new spirit takes the fine edge off a man's sensibilities. Often, indeed, I am seized by a nostalgia for other days, when a lawyer's word to his legal adversary was his bond. For example, I dare not now trust some of my colleagues to adjourn a case in which I am interested, for fear they will enter judgment against my client in my absence. The variety of such duplicities has aroused the courts, and they have lately attempted a characteristic cure. By rule, it is now required that all arrangements between attorneys shall be in writing, and recorded. Thus have familiar principles of forthrightness been relegated to limbo, where they rest alongside the

Blue Laws and other obsolete regulations.

I believe that the insecurity and harassments which have made the practice of law so dismal today are due principally to overcrowding. The right to practice law in my state is conferred indiscriminately, with the natural consequence that my profession has been made the gathering-ground for misfits and ne'er-do-wells from all walks of life. Without moral or educational background, they are not scrupulous about the methods they use, and they serve to keep the town in a veritable foment of litigation. No person may as much as stumble without an attorney counseling suit, and as a result we have gained the dubious reputation of being a litigious place. Cases are played up for all they are worth, without regard for right or wrong. Mountains are made out of molehills: it is common to sue for, say, \$10,000, and settle for a nuisance value of \$200. On the other hand, many meritorious claims are sacrificed to expediency—if the lawyer needs money he takes what he can get. Many lawyers will do anything at all to earn a fee, and I have come to expect as much. For instance, if I refuse to be bullied into accepting an unfair settlement of a case, I am quite likely to receive the threat to "tie the thing up indefinitely", or "make things hot for my client". Recently, I had occasion to represent a mill owner in a simple suit for rent against a tenant. The debt was admittedly due, and yet a local attorney, incensed because I would not, in his own language, "knock off part for his fee", interposed the novel plea that my client had conspired to ruin a valuable business under the contemptible guise of a suit for rent, and demanded, in turn, thousands of dollars in damages. His attitude was absurd, of course, and the rent was ultimately paid without trial, but the

experience caused my client some sleepless nights. Win or lose, the sharpster has a way of coming out on top nowadays, and as I look about my town I become more than ever convinced that survival is most certain for those lawyers who are willing to meet vicious competition with still more vicious practices. It is a condition fraught with serious consequences for the public as well as for the ethical practitioner in law.

III

I wish it clearly understood that I am building up no case for myself as a misused paragon of virtue, or as a legal genius, toiling unrewarded in his cubbyhole. I have no illusions on either score. I do believe, however, that I can take care of myself, even in the most sanguinary legal engagement, and that I can do so without resort to brass knuckles. I believe that both from inclination and aptitude, the law is my proper field. I chose it because the desire to become a lawyer was something which grew with me from childhood. In preparation for a legal career, I attended college, although it is not a prerequisite in my state, and spent three years at a recognized law school. My class numbered fifteen students, from all parts of the country; there was close contact between students and instructors; the study in each branch of jurisprudence was intense and comprehensive. To dispel any false notions that I am snobbishly enumerating advantages which I enjoyed alone, I may state that I largely supported myself while at school with various jobs, such as postoffice clerk, soda dispenser, and laborer in a foundry.

On the other hand, the average young lawyer entering the profession in my community today possesses no college educa-

tion; in many cases he has not had even the benefit of high school training. Only recently I tried to convince a youngster, bent on becoming a lawyer, that he ought first to attend college. He answered: "Why waste four years? There's too many ahead of me. I'll go down to Blank Law School, take their cinch course, and be out practicing in the least possible time." This, I believe, epitomizes the attitude of the majority; accordingly, the rise of the "cinch" or diploma-mill law school has been phenomenal. A Carnegie Foundation report lists no less than one hundred and seven, mostly of recent origin. My state, for example, did not contain a single law school ten years ago; now there are three booming ones. Classes are huge, and morning, afternoon, and evening divisions are offered to accommodate everybody. These institutions lack any motivating principles other than the dollar. The largest hereabouts is a converted brewery: the owners of the building were at a loss as to how to utilize it during Prohibition, but now the school project is such an unqualified success that the structure will not be reconverted. Statistics show how these three schools, operating under forced draft, have served to inundate the legal profession. In ten years, the number taking bar examinations has increased by 348 per cent, while the increase in the number of lawyers has been sixty per cent, exactly double the increase for the United States as a whole.

Bar candidates in my state are required to serve a clerkship with a practicing attorney, and here, too, there has been a change for the worse. No longer is the average clerk taken under the wing of his preceptor, given a small salary, and drilled in practical law. Clerkship can be an exciting thing, as I will vouch from my own experience, but it is also the

hardest kind of work, and therefore the average youngster today will have none of it. Each year I am pestered by an assorted lot who wish to be signed up; yet it is only the most perfunctory obeisance to an ancient rule, as most of them have no intention of doing more than appearing at the office on rare occasions.

The average graduate of a law mill has such small confidence in his learning that he is impelled to invest in a cram course before venturing to take the bar examination. At the end of a few high-pressure sessions, the student oozes law from every pore, and is ready for come what may. The mob now troops to the state capital and pushes into a large convention hall, where each candidate is handed a mimeographed sheet bearing a score of questions. Some of the questions are long and involved, others appear ridiculously simple, but the candidates have been forewarned of tricks and they proceed with caution. Cheating and copying are commonplace, and some candidates even manage to procure examination papers in advance. Recently, questions were peddled at \$50 per set.

The student who passes is thrilled for perhaps half a day, or until he sees the announcement in the newspapers: SEVEN HUNDRED NEW LAWYERS. Then his ego describes a tailspin. When he goes to the capital to be sworn in, he regrets having permitted the family to come along because it isn't a very edifying spectacle. The air is thick with upstretched hands; he repeats the oath like a parrot; he has to fight his way through a crowd to pay a fee and receive his certificate. Afterwards he is marched to another room where he is inducted into federal practice by a stern old codger who, anyone can see, is out of sympathy with the whole business. He pays \$5 for a cheap

product of the government printing office, and becomes an attorney-at-law.

IV

If I were a young attorney beginning the practice of law in my community today, I am sure I should be at my wit's end to earn a dollar. Unless I were resolved upon wholesale disregard for ethics, where could I even seek legal business? My friends and relatives may be expected to know lawyers as close to them as I; it is no longer feasible to join organizations in the hope of making connections, for they are honeycombed with lawyers. The political club which I might join not only has a counsel, but ten or twelve assistant counsels; the officers and most of the active membership are lawyers.

It is well-known that much of the ethical and lucrative practice formerly procured by lawyers has passed into the hands of others. The drawing of legal documents, closing of property titles, the management of estates, and the like, are all services now largely performed by notaries, brokers, and corporations. In the vast field of torts, the busiest tribunals, *i.e.*, the workmen's compensation courts, function largely without attorneys these days.

It is virtually impossible to procure negligence cases today without runners; and yet such business represents almost the sole remaining opportunity to earn large fees. But these cases cannot flow normally to me any longer for they are cut off at the source. By the time an injured person is placed in a hospital bed, shysters and their agents are in active pursuit of the case. They cajole and bribe their way to the bedside where they display newspaper stories of sizeable verdicts and photostatic copies of checks for large amounts. They bid against each other for the case,

and will even offer to support dependants, or advance medical expenses. One enterprising newcomer in my town has a unique method. He will dispatch this telegram:

Have lined up three witnesses who saw accident. Have affidavits from each. Not your fault. Retain me and \$20,000 assured.

How can the client help but be impressed? A singular result of the success enjoyed by ambulance chasers has been to make the competent practitioner in my town a sort of trial counsel for shysters, at so much per day. Only recently I overheard one of our best business-getters refer to the lawyer who tried his cases as "my slave, who brings home the bacon".

The unhealthy condition existing in civil practice in my community is duplicated in the field of criminal law. Steerers and fixers infest the courts and the jails, and divert work to their retainers. As for the judiciary, it too is at low standards. It is a common lament in my state that the gentlemanly and scholarly jurist of the past is being replaced in many instances by a type of man who is neither, and whose appointment is dictated solely by political considerations. In fact, a recent statute contains the blunt proviso that "all appointments [in certain newly-created courts] shall be divided equally between the two dominant political parties". While the selection of judges by politicians has never been particularly conducive to learning or honesty on the bench, even we lawyers are compelled to rub our eyes at some of the appointees. Many judges lack an educational background; they may be inexperienced, stupid, or worse. The trial of numerous cases is unwholesome and a mockery, for certain jurists hold scholarship and research in contempt, and any attempt to

impress a legal distinction is a martyr's undertaking. Most startling of all, however, is the knowledge that these same judges are filling volumes of law reports with interpretations. Their *obiter dicta* already affect our jurisprudence in an adverse manner.

As a member of the local bar association, I am often amused by the tendency of newspaper editors to refer to it loftily while attacking lawyers in general. But bar associations are not things apart; they are merely lawyers in the conglomerate. Speaking from my own experience, they must be labeled as the most futile, inept, and supine organizations known to man. I have often gone away from meetings feeling frustrated. I wonder what laymen would say if they could witness the wrangling, and hear the petty, selfish proposals that are advanced. Hours are spent in reviling "outsiders who are stealing our business", rather than exposing those practices which have brought the profession into disrepute.

Several months ago the state bar had a bill pending before the legislature which would have prohibited any but attorneys from drawing documents or giving legal advice. But the legislature, while composed predominantly of lawyers, is notoriously scornful of professional demands. During acrimonious debate on the bill, one senator thundered: "What's my profession coming to, anyway, when it has to run to us for protection like any common business? I don't need any laws to help me. When there's nothing doing in my office, I go home and hoe potatoes."

Sound advice, I believe. Decent youngsters would be better off these days if they raised potatoes instead of practicing law. There is little money in either, but at least from potatoes you derive some satisfaction, and retain your self-respect.

STEPHEN CRANE

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

IF it were desired to prove that supernatural beings pay rare visits to this earth, there could be no apparition more suited to supporting the assertion than was Stephen Crane, whose eclipse is as fabulous as was his fabulous progress across this earth. . . . One awakened one morning in the Nineties in England and *The Red Badge of Courage* was not; by noon of the same day it filled the universe. There was nothing you could talk of but that book. And, by tea time, as it were, this hot blast of fame had swept back across the Atlantic and there was nothing they could talk of in New York and its hinterlands but that book.

There was no doubt a non-literary reason for the phenomenon. The middle Nineties and the twenty years that succeeded them formed together a period of war consciousness and war preparation such as the world has seldom seen, and it came after a quarter century of profoundly peaceful psychology. From the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 to about 1895, no one thought of organized bloodshed as affording a solution for human problems — no one except perhaps Bismarck — and he regarded his army only as an instrument for policing the French. The strife of 1870-71 had for the moment exhausted the human appetite for blood in the gutters. Yet the next twenty years saw nothing, the world over, but preparations for conflict. The United States prepared and brought off a war against Spain after very nearly bringing off, over

Venezuela, a war against Great Britain. Greece prepared several wars against Turkey, China against Japan, Japan against Russia. Great Britain, after equally preparing for war against this country, over Venezuela, brought off one of great difficulty against the South Africans. . . . And all the while, in every state of the globe, went on the saber-rattling that ended in the late Armageddon. It was universal.

There was thus no man below a certain age who had not at one time or another to think of how he would behave in the case of his participation in a feast of bloodshed. For already it was manifest that in any considerable war all the manhood of the countries engaged must be called upon. And there was nothing to show him how he, the ordinary milkman or bank clerk, would probably behave when bullets were flying. There was nothing. No book; no memories; no pictures except those of poorly-invented posturings. Bewhiskered major generals had written about campaigns; historians had dug accounts of strategy out of documents; dryly admirable staff officers had recorded the movings of wedges labeled "infantry" or "gunners" here and there on the escarpments of hills or against embrasures or redans. The young officer had his nose held down, *ad nauseam*, to the ordnance orders of Grant at Vicksburg or to the minutiae of Pickett's charge. I dare say that, at twenty, I knew more about the tactics of the battles of the Civil War than did Crane. Occasionally the writers added a few

reflections as to the morale of this or that wedge of humanity on a special battlefield distinguished by concentrated shellfire, or during rearguard actions. But few had given any picture at all of post-medieval warfare, and absolutely none had introduced us behind the foreheads of the units who made up those moving wedges.

And suddenly there was *The Red Badge of Courage* showing us, to our absolute conviction, how the normal, absolutely undistinguished, essentially civilian man from the street had behaved in a terrible and prolonged war — without distinction, without military qualities, without special courage, without even any profound apprehension of, or passion as to, the causes of the struggle in which, almost without will, he was engaged. (And is it beside the mark to note that this was exactly how we all did take it twenty years later, from the English Channel to the frontiers of Italy?) The point was that, with *The Red Badge* in the Nineties, we were provided with a map showing us our own hearts. If before that date we had been asked how we should behave in a war, we should no doubt have answered that we should behave like demigods, with all the marmoreal attributes of war memorials. But, a minute after peeping into *The Red Badge*, we knew that, at best, we should behave doggedly but with weary non-comprehension, flinging away our chassepot rifles, our haversacks, and fleeing into the swamps of Shiloh. We could not have any other conviction. The idea of falling like heroes on ceremonial battlefields was gone forever; we knew that we should fall like street sweepers subsiding ignobly into rivers of mud.

It was none the less convincing that those secrets of the heart in battle were revealed by a boy hardly out of his teens — and a boy who had never seen a war. The book was a revelation so miraculous that the

more of the wonderful there was in its inception and preparation, the more profoundly convincing it seemed. St. Rumwold of Bonnington was very properly canonized. He contributed immensely to converting the heathen who surrounded his cradle, because at the moment of his birth he began the recitation of the Creed and died at its conclusion. So with Crane. . . . It was fitting that this apparently miraculous being should be the first really American writer.

II

When he descended on me in the troglodytal cottage on Limpsfield Chart where I lived severely browbeaten by Garnetts and the Good generally, though usually of a Fabian or Advanced Russian variety, I took him at once to be a god — an Apollo with starry eyes. I have never had this feeling about any other man but Hudson, and Hudson's divinity was of a more hidden, woodland order. Crane had a way of dropping lightly down the stairs that I have always envied; and I see him now, descending with accurate feet the rough stones that formed my porch — coming out swiftly, holding a long-handled spade which, a minute later, he showed that he could use as swiftly and as accurately.

Don't imagine that I had tried to impress him into the ranks of the Small Producers of the world. It was merely that someone — not myself but probably Mr. Edward Garnett — had persuaded him to plant a rose bush beside my porch — with the confident belief that it would rival eventually, in fame, Shakespeare's mulberry tree and the laurels of Dante. It perhaps will. At any rate when I last saw it, it had hidden all the harsh stones of that cottage front.

I dig back into the detritus of half-forgotten things, against which only the figure of

Crane stands out with any bright light on it. . . . I dig back in my memory to find the date. It must have been in the late Fall of 1897. The Cranes must have been married in Athens in the late Summer of that year and drifted by way of Paris to Limpsfield Chart, attracted there no doubt by the Edward Garnetts, and they must have taken the hideous and disastrous villa called Ravensbrook at Oxted, which is next door, by Michaelmas. . . . It does not of course really matter, only I was wondering why I should have had an unplanted rose bush lying about if it was not the Fall.

In any case Crane left on me an impression of supernaturalness that I still have. It was perhaps the aura of that youth that never deserted him — perhaps because of his aspect of frailty. He seemed to shine — and perhaps the November sun really did come out and cast on his figure, in the gloom of my entry, a ray of light. At any rate there he stands, poisoning the spade and radiating brightness. But it was perhaps more than anything the avenging quality of his brows and the resentful frown of his dark blue eyes. He saw, that is to say, the folly and malignity of humanity — not in the individual but in committees. For Providence has ordained that if you take four or five of the most inspired, benevolent, far-seeing, and practical of men, and form them into a committee, their enactments will make the angels laugh and ruin will stultify their achievements. The committee formed by the thirteen most distinguished men and women of France to devise measures for increasing the birthrate of that country has — perhaps fortunately — not yet succeeded in finding or propagating any pronouncements — and not only that, but the whole baker's dozen have produced only three children. . . . And when such committees expand to form parliaments, senates, legislatures, what further stultifi-

cation, oppression, imbecility, malignity, bloodshed; and from offices of War, Commerce, the Marine (whether commercial or military), or Agriculture or Music or the Arts, what corruption and foolishness. . . .

It is the province of a godhead to chastise all these, so Crane had avenging eyes. He had by then seen one imagined war; off the coast of Cuba, the makings of another; in Athens, the happenings in the rear of actual fighting. He had experienced the banalities of critics and censors of morals, and, once he had discovered with wonder that they "did not want" the presentation of truths about war, or heaven or hell or the Bowery, wrath had descended into his heart. This was a thing he never got over. He had to chastise. He had to chastise me.

After he had planted that rose bush he had to tell me that he had been privileged indeed to be allowed to visit my "bully baronial relic". That troglodytal cottage was indeed unfinished, with immense stones jutting out of it towards the south, so that a west wing might one day be added. So he had really taken it to be a relic of baronial splendor. . . . He considered that writers should not take refuge amongst relics of medieval splendor — or in what it is for the moment the fashion to call Ivory Towers. He thought they ought to face life — which was what I thought I was doing by turning some acres of sandy hillside and thistles into cultivable soil — making two blades of corn grow where none had grown before. I was at the time in a severely Small-Producer frame of mind and nothing could have been further from my thoughts than baronial relics. . . .

He continued the chastisement shortly afterwards during a whole-night sitting. It was when he had been up to town from Oxted, and Pinker had promised him, after a lean period, twenty pounds for every thousand words he chose to write. So he

had returned with hampers of *foie gras* and caviar and champagne, and desperately wanted some one to share his good fortune. So, till breakfast next morning, he went on passionately telling me that he didn't give whatever it was the then fashionable slang not to give for corner lots and battlefields; that I ruined, ruined, ruined my verse by going out of my way, in the pre-Raphaelite manner, to drag in rhymes which made *longueurs* and diluted the sense. He told me that he was the son of an Episcopalian bishop and had been born indifferently in the Bowery or in Wyoming or on Pike's Peak. There were thus no flies on him, whereas I was simply crawling with them. . . . And he produced from the hip pocket of the riding breeches into which he had changed from his town clothes, a Colt revolver, with the foresight of which he proceeded to kill flies. . . . He had spilt a little champagne over a lump of sugar on the table and flies had come in companies. He really did succeed in killing one, flicking the gun backhanded with his remarkably strong wrists. Then he looked at me avengingly and said:

"That's what you want to do instead of interring yourself amongst purple pre-Raphaelite pleonasms. . . . That's what you learn out in the West. . . ."

But even I knew that in Wyoming or Leadville or other places where you gunned, you filed the foresight off the barrel so that it should not stick in your holster when you wanted to draw quickly. . . .

He got that note out of his system on that occasion — at any rate as far as I was concerned — and found that our ideas about life and letters were pretty similar. So that I never jeered at him when — so very little later, because his life was so short — he found himself occupying a real baronial manor house on the site of the battle of Hastings, with his wife in medieval dress

and with, on the floors of the banqueting hall, rushes amongst which the innumerable dogs fought for the bones which the guests cast them. . . . And with what a crowd of retainers!

It occurs to me that all this is so far away and so long ago that the present generation may know nothing about the circumstances of Crane. . . . "The present generation" is the right phrase because they say it takes thirty years to make — and exhaust — a generation, and all this happened from 1897 to 1900, Crane having been born in 1871 and just living to see the twentieth century and his thirtieth year.

Crane, then, arrived in England in 1897 on his way to the Greco-Turkish War. He came back towards the end of the year and occupied furnished rooms on Limpsfield Chart, a breezy, uplifting hilltop completely surrounded by Fabians. He then moved to Oxted, which lies in a bottom, his house having a spring flowing through its basement. After that he moved to Brede Place. That ill-fated mansion lies also in a damp hollow. It is partly Elizabethan, partly even medieval. I had known it before Crane occupied it because William Hyde, a black and white artist who made illustrations for my book on the Cinque Ports, had inhabited all alone the room over the porch where Crane afterwards worked. Hyde was a mysterious and, with his black beard and his secret processes, a ferocious, gypsy-like figure. He was of the opinion that local smugglers objected to his occupying the place which had long stood empty and had been handy for their purposes, and he was always full of mysterious stories of how they tried to thwart him in his work. There were mysterious noises in the cellars, remote explosions, rumblings, sounds resembling gunfire. But Hyde stuck it out until he had finished the illustrations and I dare say longer.

I used to go and watch him at work and I formed a very disagreeable impression of Brede. It seemed to be full of evil influences, to be very damp, and to be hopelessly remote. You have to know that up and down East Sussex country with its deep hollows, dank coppices, and precipitous hopfields to appreciate how hopelessly remote it could seem and how full of hobgoblins and miasmas. It was, alas, not remote enough. . . .

I don't know why Crane's then advisers should have induced him to go to Brede. It was of course very cheap as far as rent went, for I believe the Moreton Frewens let him have it for nothing; but it would have needed the resources of an American millionaire or a non-depressed English great landowner to keep it up, and poor Steevie's twenty pounds a thousand words were like straws against the intolerable tide of expenses into which he was gradually pushed.

In his life of Crane, which was written ten or a dozen years ago and which, for a man who did not know Crane, was a very difficult and creditable labor of love, Mr. Thomas Beer said that Crane did not have a very tumultuous reception in England. He was wrong, for that was exactly the type of reception that poor Crane did get once he was settled at first in Oxted and afterwards in Brede. Before that he had the reception that any serious man of letters should have wanted at that date to have in England. He was, that is to say, accepted at once, on his achievements and personality, as a serious and distinguished human being by practically all the serious people in England. Obviously the steamer in which he went over was not met in Gallions' Reach by tugboats full of interviewers, nor did the Queen in a drawing room step two paces forward to clasp him by the hand. . . . But a young foreigner of twenty-five coming into a country as suspicious, reserved, and

toughly conservative as was the England of that date, and being received at once as an equal into the intimacies of Conrad and Henry James, and Mr. Edward Garnett and all the intensely highbrow Fabians of Limpsfield, and Mr. Shaw and Professor Hobson, and the more distinguished members of the Saville, the Devonshire, and the Savage Clubs, was done about as well as highbrow England could do him. And for the matter of that, he had what is called the entree into aristocratic circles which would be closed as if against the breath of infection to the most brilliant young English writers. So that, at first, I found his reflections on England a little trying because of the titled qualifications of his informants. He seemed to have been received by half the Cabinet and a perfect galaxy of Irish peeresses. And his manners were so quiet and unmarked that there was no reason why he should not have climbed to Jamesian heights and have had Lady Maude Warrender to tea on his lawn every other afternoon. It might, really, have been better for him if he had.

III

For Crane was scarcely established in his Oxted villa before the tumultuous note began. Literary London of that day — I do not know how it may be now — was filled to about capacity by the most discreditable bums that any city can ever have seen. They pullulated mostly about the purlieus of the Savage Club, but you would find them in Bedford Park and you would find them in Limehouse. And no sooner did the word go round that there was in Oxted, and afterwards in Brede, a shining young American of genius, earning twenty pounds for every thousand words that he wrote, and ready to sit up all night dispensing endless hampers of caviar, *foie*

gras, champagne, and oysters in season . . . ah, then there was tumult indeed in the twenty miles that separate Limehouse from Bedford Park.

The reverberations were terrific. London was at that time full of American reporters. It was the fat time for war correspondents and they all went through the Savage Club — to the Balkans, to Athens, to Vladivostok by the Trans-Siberian; and innumerable lame ducks, bad hats, *tristes sires*, and human detritus from New York to Tin Can, Nevada, were left by the tide between Fleet Street and Adelphi Terrace, which was the Mecca of the Bohemian out-at-elbows. And, merely to be reputed to have known that Fortunate Youth was to have parcels of that flotsam drift onto one's doorstep. I was never myself in the Savage Club but once in my life; that sort of conviviality always rather frightened me. But my brother was there a good deal. I don't think he knew who Crane was, but he knew I knew him and if dim shapes floated up to him and asked for an introduction to the Hermit of Brede, he would send them down to me. I had moved before that to Winchelsea, the next parish to Brede.

I was naïve in those days but not so naïve as to send them on to poor Steevie — but they bothered me a good deal. One hero stole two short stories of mine and sold them in Chicago as his own; another wrote articles in my name — about America — and sold them in Boston to gilt-edged periodicals. A lady from a Toronto paper was rather troublesome. She said she had heard that I had collaborated with Conrad and she did not see why she should not collaborate with Henry James or Crane if I would give her introductions. She had not found it necessary to have an introduction to me. She wore, I remember, a scarlet pilot jacket and a dun-colored tam-o'-shanter, and she said something remarkable had happened

on her voyage over. A young lady on board the boat had had occasion to go into a gentleman's stateroom to return a book and the wind had slammed the door so that she had been a prisoner all the afternoon. Wasn't that exactly the sort of story Henry James would want to collaborate on? Or perhaps better still, the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*? . . .

I avoided Brede Place during that period, but Crane used to ride over, perched on the top of one of his two enormous carriage horses which gave him the air of a frail eagle astride a gaunt elephant, and would talk with discouragement of the revival of medieval places of sanctuary. I didn't avoid Brede because I was afraid of the company there. Amongst a perfect wilderness of cats and monkeys there would always be at least one just soul who was really devoted to Steevie — Conrad, or occasionally the Old Man himself, or Mr. Garnett, or Harold Frederic, or Robert Barr, all strong and good men in their day. But I could not stand the sunlight there. It filtered down into those dank green places and was ghastly.

An Elizabethan manor's ground plan is that of an E — out of compliment to the Virgin Queen — and Brede Place conformed exactly to that plan. . . . Two longish wings, one at each end; in the center a shorter wing which held the arched porch and the entrance hall. All the mass of the building of gray stone with mullioned, leaded windows, offering a proud and sinister front to sunlight coming through lowering clouds. On the bank which supported it played all the things in the world that nobody wanted — unwanted children, dogs, men, old maids — like beachcombers washed up on green sands. And behind the façade, a rabbit warren of passages with beer barrels set up at odd corners, and barons of beef for real tramps at the kitchen

door, and troops of dogs and maids and butlers and sham tramps of the New York newspaper world and women who couldn't sell their manuscripts. . . .

And poor, frail Steevie, with all the organs of his body martyred to the waters of Cuba, the mosquitoes of the swamps around Athens, the cold Caribbean, the dusts of Wyoming or Nevada or Colorado, the stench of Bowery slums, the squalor of New York hall-bedrooms. . . . Heaven knows where he really had or hadn't been; he might, like Cyrano, have come sliding from the moon to the earth down a sunbeam. . . . Poor, frail Steevie, in the little room over the porch in the E, writing incessantly — like a spider that gave its entrails to nourish a wilderness of parasites. For, with his pen that moved so slowly in microscopic black trails over the immense sheets of paper that he affected, he had to support all that wilderness. That was the thought I could not bear.

I drove over several times, behind a pony that for some reason detested the Udimore highroad so that the driving was a weariness — several times from Winchelsea to Brede, and then turned back because I was unable to bear the prospect of seeing that little figure perched, as if at the foot of a mountain, before those great sheets, in that Elizabethan cave, with an untasted glass of very small beer, gone flat beside him.

The last time I drove that way was on the second day of January, 1900, and that time I did not see him in his work room. I was led instead by an imposing maid to a hide-hole in a summer house up the bank behind that lugubrious place. It seemed a singular spot for a consumptive to choose on a January afternoon. But when I approached him, he sprang out, his face radiant, and exclaimed:

"Hueffer, thank God, it's you! . . . I always say you bring me luck. . . ."

The luck I had brought him was that of not being the tax collector from whom he was hiding. He had the theory that if, in England, you did not pay your taxes on New Year's Day, you went to prison.

I certainly had happened upon him usually at his more fortunate moments — on the occasion of his glorious visit to Pinker, the agent; on that day when I had certainly brought him all the good wishes of the season; several times when he had received unexpected payment checks — and once that he certainly regarded as miraculous. I had been driving along the Udimore road which was unduly domed and with a glassy perfection of surface. At a little distance I saw him coming along on one of his immense horses and a second later I saw him on the ground with the horse lying on his leg. The horse's legs had shot out sideways on the treacherous surface. I suppose they were both a trifle stunned; for he said I had all the aspect of a fabulous deliverer, appearing in a dogcart and dragging him forcibly from under his horse. . . .

On that second of January, after I had assured him that he need not fear the tax collector for two or three months . . . and alas, a more grim visitor reached him before that functionary . . . on that second of January he led me delightedly into his drawing room where there was someone rather nice talking to Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Rudy. . . . It might have been Robert Barr or James or Conrad — or possibly Owen Wister. I suppose an English visitor would have reassured him as to the habits of the collectors of Her Majesty's revenue. . . . At any rate it was someone nice and probably American, and we sat and had tea and muffins before blazing logs and talked composedly about the house party which had so lately been swept out of the place that the drawing room was as yet the only habitable apartment in the house — a great room

with warm shadows and rather good bits of furniture that Mrs. Crane had picked up here and there. It might have been the tea hour at Henry James' Lamb House. . . .

But when I was getting into my dogcart on the steps before the arched porch Crane took hold of my arm suddenly; with an air of the deepest gravity, his avenger's face lit by my cart lamps against the January darkness, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Hueffer, you have been intimate with me in several places; in Limpsfield; in Oxted; in London a little . . . and here. . . . Now tell me on your honor. . . ."

He asked me whether I had ever seen him drunk; or drugged; or lecherously inclined; or foul-mouthed; or quarrelsome even. He said — and that struck me as shrewd — that we had lived in the same villages for several years; our servants knew each other. Had I ever heard a word of housemaids' or village gossip against him? In any particular or on any occasion?

Poor Steevie; poor dear fortunate youth. . . . If you nourish broods of vipers for long periods in your bosom, it is likely that you will be stung. He had been.

Of course I had never heard a word said against him. If it did not seem so fantastic I should be inclined to say that I am certain that he was as pure in heart — and almost as naïve — as his mother, the wife of a churchman.

IV

I don't know. I wonder which is the better mode of life for a writer — of the two modes followed by those two Americans in that old corner far away and long ago. There was James, with his carefully calculated life in a Georgian treasure house — with his lawns and his Ladies and his flowers and his old, mellow, brick garden walls and his smooth-running household — and

all his suavities. And with all his passionate inner life forever concealed so that you would have sworn he had never lived at all. . . . And there was Crane, forever stuffed in somewhere as waste paper is stuffed into any old drawer — in an Oxted villa, on a Cuban hillside, in a hut in Tin Can, Nevada; in an Athens hospital; in an Adirondack tent; in a New York rooming house; in an open boat; in an Elizabethan manor — and in a grave in Elizabeth, New Jersey, of all places in the world to have chosen for you. . . . But the point really was that these places were all chosen for him or dictated by circumstances. Someone took rooms for him on Limpsfield Chart — and if he had gone on living there he might have been alive to this day. Then someone shoved him into Ravensbrook, Oxted, and if he had gone on living there he would have been dead in three months. Then someone shoved him into Brede and he died of it — of that and of Havana and Athens and lower Seventh Avenue and Little Rock, Arkansas, and Lincoln, Nebraska, and the Alamo and Fort Sam Houston, where he was refused for the army . . . or so he said . . . and the Painted Desert of Arizona, and Jacksonville, Florida, and the Open Boat. . . . I don't in fact know where all he went, but I have heard him claim to have been in those places . . . not of course that that meant anything. Crane would assert that he had been in all sorts of improbable spots and done all sorts of things, not vaingloriously lying, but in order to spin around his identity a veil behind which he might have some privacy. A writer needs privacy and people talked so incessantly about poor Steevie that he had to keep his private life to himself.

No, I don't know. The main job of a writer is to write — to have circumstances favorable to his writing at the best. I suppose that if Crane had settled down in the

cottage on Limpsfield Chart he might have gone on writing till today — or if he had evolved all the hide-holes from contact with the life of Lamb House. . . . But perhaps his writing would have grown thinner.

He had a curious deference for the opinions of those older than himself and a curious necessity for their approval. So that, because he knew I approved of him and his work, he had to regard me as vastly his senior, though actually I entered the world two years and forty-five days after he did. But I wore in those days a beard and was known as the last of the pre-Raphaelites, and Crane insisted that to be the last of a race one must be tremendously aged and dim-eyed and wise. So except on moments of deep emotion he always called me Mr. Hueffer and insisted that his friends should be silent so that I could speak.

I appear once to have offended one of his Canadian friends and, as I am never tired of repeating, in almost his last letter Crane wrote to him:

“You must not be offended by Mr. Hueffer’s manner. He patronizes Mr. James. He patronizes Mr. Conrad. Of course he patronizes me and he will patronize Almighty God when they meet, but God will get used to it for Hueffer is all right. . . .” That is almost like having the Victoria Cross of the long sad battlefield that is a writer’s life.

Crane’s work is the most electric thing that ever happened in that struggle — it was and so remains. His influence on his time, and the short space of time that has succeeded his day, was so tremendous that if today you read *Maggie* it is as if you heard a number of echoes, so many have his imitators been; and you can say as much of *The Red Badge*. That is simply because his methods have become the standard for dealing with war scenes or slum life. Until there comes a new Homer we shall continue to see those things in that way.

His technique was amazing and extraordinarily contagious. How many stories since its day have not opened with a direct imitation of the marvelous first sentence of *The Open Boat*: —

None of them knew the color of the sky.

Haven’t a thousand stories, since then, opened with just that cadence, like a machine gun sounding just before stand-to at dawn and calling the whole world to attention? And of course there is more to it than just the cadence of the eight monosyllables to the one dissyllable. The statement is arresting because it is mysterious and yet perfectly clear. So your attention is grasped even before you realize that the men in the boat were pulling or watching the waves so desperately that they had no time to look up. That is skill and when it comes, as it did with Crane, intuitively, out of the very nature of the narrator, it is the pledge of genius. It is the writing of somebody who cannot go wrong . . . who is authentic.

I have spoken of Crane as the first American writer. The claim is not new, though I do not know who made it first. I dare say I did because I must certainly have been one of the first to think it. It remains perhaps a little controversial. But all American writers who preceded him had their eyes on Europe. They may have aped Anglicism in their writings, like the Concord group; or, like Mark Twain — or even if you like, O. Henry — they were chronic protesters against Europeanism. At any rate the Old World preoccupied them.

There was nothing of this about Crane. To say that he was completely ignorant of Zola or Maupassant would probably be untrue. He would state at one moment, with expletives, that he had never heard of those fellows and, at the next, display a considerable acquaintance with their work. Indeed, he said that it was after dipping into Zola’s

novel about the Franco-Prussian War that he determined to write a real war novel, and so sat down to *The Red Badge*.

No, he was the first American writer because he was the first to be passionately interested in the life that surrounded him — and the life that surrounded him was that of America. Don't believe that he was in the least changed by his residence at Brede. He paid, as it were, a courteous attention to Oxted or London or Brede, but he moved about in them an abstracted and solitary figure . . . and he footed the bills. I don't mean to say that he was homesick for a bench in Union Square. He didn't have to be; he was always there, surveying the world from that hard seat. He picked his way between dogs snarling over their bones in the rushes of the medieval hall, but he was thinking how to render the crash of dray horses' hooves and the rattle of the iron-bound wheels on the surface of Broadway where it crosses Fourteenth Street. Or he was lost in the Bowery. Or Havana. Or the Oranges. He had been shoved into Brede because his friends thought that he needed a little medievalizing to rub off the rough edges of his merciless thought — and because Mrs. Crane wanted to be a medieval lady of the castle with her long sleeves brushing with their tips those same rushes.

I was reading my *Congressional Record* this morning and I came upon this pious opinion in a speech of the Honorable Byron N. Scott:

What does America stand for to the world? We have no Gothic cathedrals; no Rembrandt, no Shakespeare. We do not stand for art and culture but we stand for the greatest experiment ever made in government. . . . If we ever have a high place along with Greece and Rome and the Italy of the Middle Ages, it will for this contribution to history.

It won't. It will be because Crane discov-

ered and gave a voice to America. . . . And you can spare a thought, too, to James and Whistler and Hudson. There is a hall in Washington hung with bluish pictures that need not fear comparison with *The Night Watch* or *The Lesson in Anatomy*, and before honorable congressmen claim that by their labors they are raising monuments such as the Age of Pericles alone could show, they might remember, a little shamefacedly, if congressmen can know shame, a certain stone in the cemetery of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

I had occasion to go through that town a dozen times a month or so ago and I remember saying to one of my companions that I couldn't imagine any reason in the world why one should want to stop off in Elizabeth, New Jersey. That was before I knew that Crane was buried there, for, not taking much interest in necrologics, I did not know that Steevie lay there until I read again, the other day, Mr. Beer's painstaking biography. . . . Well, then, if America is to be saved — America of the typewriting machine, of the libraries, of the universities, of the paint brushes and music paper and plumb line, which is the only America that counts, *pace* Congress and its labors — that day will come when as many pious pilgrims go to Elizabeth as to Stratford itself.

At present the only book of Crane's that you can buy in all New York is a cheap reprint of a random collection that happens to contain *The Open Boat* and *Maggie*, and when I asked his publisher with what volumes he could supply me he very amiably sent me his file copies of a work containing *Maggie*, *George's Mother*, and *The Blue Hotel* — and Mr. Beer's *Stephen Crane*. But he had none for sale. . . .

Congress should do something about it — so that at least a footnote may for certain remain concerning the greatest experiment ever made in government!

AMERICANA

COLORADO

How to write about sex without offending the delicate sensibilities of Americans, as illustrated by the *Denver Author and Journalist* which presents the following as a typical letter from a pulp magazine editor to a writer:

Dear _____:

On account of the attitude of certain groups of people in different parts of the country, it is necessary that we use great discretion in the amount of sex we have in the stories run in *Spicy Detective*. It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules as opinions differ greatly in this matter. However, there are a few things I wish to call to your attention which should be considered when you are writing stories for the magazine.

There are several words which must never be used, such as "nipples," "buttocks," etc. In describing breasts of a female character, avoid anatomical description of the points of the breast.

If it is necessary for the story to have the girl give herself to a man, do not go too carefully into the details. You can lead up to the actual consummation, but leave the rest up to the reader's imagination. This subject should be handled delicately and a great deal can be done by implication and suggestion.

Whenever possible, avoid complete nudity of the female characters. You can have a girl strip to her underwear, or transparent negligee, or nightgown, or the thin torn shreds of her garments, but while the girl is alive and in contact with a man, we do not want complete nudity. A nude female corpse is allowable of course. Also, a girl undressing in the privacy of her own room. But when men are in the action, try and keep at least a shred of something on the girls. Do not have men in underwear

in scenes with women, and no nude men at all.

The idea is to have a very strong sex element in these stories without anything that might be interpreted as being vulgar or obscene. Sometimes it is difficult to draw the line exactly, but if you are not carried away too far by your enthusiasm of the moment, it can be handled properly.

I am sure that you will get my point and without taking any of the "guts" out of the stories, you can make them more suitable for use in *Spicy Detective*.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITOR.

CONNECTICUT

ATTORNEY GENERAL CUMMINGS, one of the High Wizards, gives the faithful at New Haven a new set of dazzling figures, according to the Associated Press:

From the fourth day of March, 1933, to the present time, a period of a little more than two and a half years, there has been added to the value of the assets of the American people an amount many, many times in excess of the sum thus spent [by the New Deal]. This increase is estimated by some authorities to be as high as \$100,000,000,000.

CULTURE comes to Connecticut, as attested by the celebrated *Bridgeport Post*:

The Rev. Dwight H. Ferguson, of Chicago, and his noted Musical Messengers, Prof. and Mrs. Wilmos Csehy, who are conducting meetings nightly at Berean Memorial Church, will hold three services Sunday. Prof. Csehy is a distinguished musician. He plays the French horn, cornet, and musical saw. Mrs. Csehy is a noted bellringer using 27 piccolo cow bells.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BRILLIANT new scheme of the Roosevelt genii for getting rid of some more of the taxpayers' easily-spent money, as revealed by a dispatch from the Capital to the *New York Times*:

The government will buy rouge, powder puffs, mascara, lipstick and cold cream for actors and actresses in "white collar" projects of the Works Progress Administration. Officials pointed out that equipment was always provided on WPA projects and that these would come under the head of materials or tools.

FLORIDA

THE modern American spirit under the New Deal, as exemplified by an advertisement in the *St. Petersburg Times*:

POSITION wanted by stenographer and comptometer operator, age 25, reared on a farm; homely, lazy, no reference, do not like to work, but I have to.

KENTUCKY

SHOCKING picture of womanhood's plight since the demise of Prohibition, as painted by the celebrated *American Independent* of Louisville:

I AM A REPEAL FEMALE

Once I was an innocent, beautiful, virtuous, religious, ambitious girl. I went to school and had lofty ideals of doing big things in life. I hoped some day to have a good husband and a happy home. I loved my church; I believed my Bible; I went to Sunday school; and was inspired to help the needy. I was much loved and admired by many friends.

Then from other folk whom I thought to be my friends, too, I caught the "Repeal Fever." I bobbed my hair, rolled down my stockings, cut off my skirts, penciled my finger nails. I was made to believe that my happiness depended on being "smart"; and that only popularity, pleasure and a sporty life were ideal; and was told that "everybody was doing it."

After hearing the cigarette "ads" on the radio, seeing them in the magazines and on the billboards; and watching my so-called friends indulging, I, too, was influenced to smoke, and got a great "kick" out of sitting in public places, puffing smoke in other people's faces.

Having lost my desire to go to church or to be with the church folk, I went with the crowds to the dance halls, the road houses, the beer gardens, and to the cocktail rooms. I soon became brazen enough to call for a drink at the bar. Soon I learned to gamble; played the races, and had many after-midnight dates.

Now I have had my fling. I have been a "modern girl." I have had my "personal liberty." My virtue is gone; my religion is gone; my old-time good friends are gone; my beauty is gone; my pride and Holy ideas are gone. Here I am, an ugly, bleary-eyed, blotch-faced, cigarette-stinking, half-crazed, drunken sot. I have repealed everything that was good, noble, refined, beautiful, moral and spiritual in my life.

The few friends I have are as miserable as I am. My body is diseased; my heart broken; my noble ideals crushed; my motherly instincts dead; my good family name disgraced; my character ruined; my ambition gone; and my soul is damned forever. My past is evil; my present is hell; and my future is dark. Here I am waiting for death to end it all for I am nothing now but just A Repeal Female.

VOTE DRY — HELP SAVE GIRLS
LIKE THIS

MICHIGAN

UNFORTUNATE collapse of a crusade for new Comrades, as touchingly reported from Detroit to the *Daily Worker*:

For three weeks we talked about an open unit meeting in Unit 8. Two weeks ago, we decided that we first would have our business meeting from 7:30 to 8. Then the comrade from the Section would speak about the Party. The unit members promised that seven contacts would be present, so everything looked rosy for the meeting.

The night of the meeting, only the organizer and two comrades showed up at

7:30. At 8 p.m. two of the contacts came right on time and shortly before, two more had shown up but because the comrade who sent them was not there and no one spoke to them, they went away.

At 8:30 we started the meeting with everyone making lame excuses because of the lateness of the meeting. On the election of a chairman for the meeting, three comrades declined and one comrade finally volunteered and saved the day.

After the talk of the Section comrade on the Party, discussion was called for and not one comrade asked a question or discussed. As a result, the workers were scared to break the ice. Also, during the whole meeting constant interruptions took place which added to the general embarrassment of the meeting.

As a result, only one worker joined, but the other obviously felt out of place and promised to join later.

MINNESOTA

BIG BUSINESS in Minneapolis is not too busy for the finer things in life, according to a historical note in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

So great was the interest in the Gumps that many newspapers in which the strip was syndicated were accustomed to printing the cartoons on the front page under large headlines during periods when their family lives reached a crisis. The Minneapolis Board of Trade suspended operations for a few moments so that its members could read the afternoon extras on the day when Uncle Bim avoided marrying the grasping Widow Zander just as she was leading him to the altar.

NEW YORK

HORRID suspicions of a new Menace arouse the embattled editors of the *New Republic*:

From time to time someone comes forward to charge that the Boy Scouts are potentially a dangerous fascist organization. We have never taken much stock in these stories and were for that reason doubly sorry to see a recent statement by Walter

W. Head, president of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. Returning from a visit to Germany, Mr. Head observed that the Scout movement in that country is still going forward, though it is not officially identified with the similar movements elsewhere, but has been merged in the general youth movement of the Hitler government. In his opinion, said Mr. Head, the youths of that nation are being shaped into splendid manhood. . . . If what is going on in Germany has the official approval of the Boy Scouts of America, we have been grossly misled regarding that body.

THE current crime of being wealthy is further defined by Jonathan Mitchell in the same journal:

From a social point of view, probably there is an upper limit to the elaborateness that an individual home should be permitted to attain. Even if the resources of America would permit each individual family to have its own built-in pipe organ, picture gallery, conservatory, billiard room and swimming pool, such homes would be against public policy, since they would be tolerable only with servants.

New light on the real purpose of Christianity, as shed by the Hon. George Callahan and duly reported by the generous *Herald Tribune*:

Two thousand years ago a carpenter in Galilee conceived the idea of a social order in which human values would be supreme. He made His enemies among the priests, the profiteers, the politicians. To them He flung down the gauntlet. He enunciated the basic principles of a new world. A little more than twelve months ago a physician in California again flung down that gauntlet, and to the same enemies. But this time he had embodied in his doctrine specific proposals carrying into reality the basic principles laid down two thousand years ago. That is the Townsend plan.

THE gifted Mike Gold, Staff Philosopher of the *Daily Worker*, destroys a vile capitalistic canard:

Do Communists do nothing but spend their time in sex activities? To state the question is to see at once how silly the charge is. . . . An obsession with sex is only found among idle people, those without a social vision, parasites and drifters. . . . This sex lying about Communists is only another way of trying to make the people distrust us. It is just base propaganda coming from diseased minds. And it will fail, because anyone who has ever met a group of Communists sees at once that it is a great lie.

THE difference between Communism and Capitalism neatly summarized in a nutshell by the same periodical:

Every Soviet worker gets at least two weeks' vacation with pay. When an American worker is told to go on a vacation, it means he's fired.

ADVANCE of scientific knowledge, as reported from the purlicus of intellectual Buffalo:

Canisius College authorities may have a damage suit on their hands if another earthquake shakes Buffalo. An irate woman telephoned the college's seismologist and complained that the footboard on her bed had been shaken loose by yesterday's quake.

"It won't cost you anything this time, but you certainly have a lot of nerve," she said angrily. "The next time you start an earthquake with that seismograph machine you'll pay for the damage."

UTAH

A LITTLE gleam of sunshine from a respected citizen of Salt Lake City:

We take pleasure in presenting you with a copy of our new publication, *Jays of Life* . . . a little "cheeriodical" which we shall endeavor to issue once a month. You may find in its pages something to think about, to smile over, and to help you get over the rough places in life. And, too, we trust this little publication may serve as a token

of our personal friendship, confident that an exchange of kindly interests, aside from business, is mutually desirable and beneficial.

JOSEPH WM. TAYLOR, Inc.
Funeral Directors & Advisors

WISCONSIN

THE *Catholic Herald-Citizen*, of Milwaukee, neatly splits a hair:

Correction.

In our Nov. 9 issue, it was stated that swearing falsely or unnecessarily is a mortal sin. Swearing falsely is, but not swearing unnecessarily.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

FREEDOM of speech as allowed the happy citizens of the Soviet, reported from Moscow to the *New York Times*:

The two leaders of a band of minstrels who drew from their guitars music about "the downfall of the Soviet Union" and "the end of the world" as they wandered among collective farms were sentenced to death today as counter-revolutionaries. The twenty-two other members of the band received prison terms of three to ten years.

Pir Ishan is being tried on a similar charge. Among the counter-revolutionary propaganda charged to him was the assertion that "Allah is opposed to cotton-sowing in collective farms".

THE milk of human kindness as dispensed by the gentle *Duce*, according to the *New York Herald Tribune*:

This afternoon it was learned that Italian bombing planes would drop explosive bombs tomorrow near a concentration of Ethiopian troops at Makale. They hoped thus to avoid using artillery and machine guns against the Ethiopian troops. It is understood that the Italian high command wants, as far as possible, to avoid injuring the Ethiopians, and is motivated by a desire to save lives rather than take them.

BRICKLAYER IN THE SNOW

A Story

BY JOHN FANTE

THOSE Colorado winters were merciless. Every day snow poured from the sky, and in the evening the sun was a depressing red as it went down the other side of the Rockies. Fog laced the mountains, so low we reached it with snowballs. The white deluge gave the trees no rest. The wind rushed the snow into swollen and dead heaps against fences and coal sheds.

The water was too cold for drinking. It seized your teeth like electricity and you sucked it timidly. Unless we left our faucets running all night, we had to wait until noon for the pipes to thaw. We burned lots of coal, which was expensive and put my father in a bad temper.

My father was a bricklayer. Because of the snow he couldn't work. His mortar froze before it adhered and his fingers were like clumsy sticks. But he was a man of ceaseless activity, he had to be doing something, and the long pull of white days exasperated him and made him a dangerous man around the house. He smoked one cigar after another, cracked his knuckles noisily, and paced from room to room like a man in an iron cage. When he paced that way we children were terrified and crept away when his short, big-muscled body appeared on quiet feet. Everywhere we went was the strong aroma of his twisty Toscana cigars.

He tried to keep busy. He would spend time with his drawing. Huddled over a huge roll-top desk foreign to the rest of the

dining room furniture, he designed everything from ashpits to cathedrals. He forbade loud talking during these sessions. Sometimes he couldn't find his T square or his compass; then, God help us! Under his breath he would begin a mumbo-jumbo of horrible curses, and he would keep it up with increasing anger until my mother or one of the children found his T square in the washing machine, or in the bathtub, or in the ice-box, or wherever it is that children conceal T squares and then forget about them. My mother always got the blame. If he did not accuse her outright of leaving the T square in the bathtub, he denounced her for bringing up children who would do such a thing. We kids, relieved of the blame, happily agreed with him, and frowned at mother in silent accusation, as if to say: "See! That's just what you get!"

It was great fun for us when my father sat idly and improvised with his pencil, drawing according to his whims. Then he usually drew satires. His favorite subjects were his brothers-in-law, my mother's brothers. He would draw a donkey with the face of Uncle Carlo, or a pig that resembled Uncle Tony. These sketches made him laugh uproariously. He would hand them to us, and we would pass them around. We too would laugh. We didn't really think the sketches were funny, but we laughed because he laughed. Our hearts felt free at last when he laughed, and sometimes my little sister Maria would begin in

laughter and end in tears. He would urge us to take the sketches to the kitchen.

"Show them to your mother," he would say.

My mother would look at them coldly, then hand them back unimpressed.

"Shame on him," she would say. "Tell him I said, 'Shame on him.'" And we would troop back to him in the dining room.

"She said to tell you, 'Shame on you.'"

He would grunt in amusement.

He drew faces of the children, always with great seriousness. Little Maria was his favorite. He would wind a dish towel or a scarf around her hair while she knelt with her hands in prayer. Everyone had to be perfectly silent at times like these. He forbade my mother and us three boys to enter the room. My sister would kneel with eyes lifted. He would sit comfortably, a cigar in one hand, a pencil in the other. Always as he drew he mournfully mumbled the words of that tune, *In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree*. He knew only eight words of the song, and over and over he sang them.

In the shade of the old apple tree.
In the shade of the old apple tree.
In the shade of the old apple tree.

Pausing, he would smile at his daughter. "Who's papa's little Blessed Virgin?"

Tingling with happiness, Maria would point her forefinger at her own face and titter.

"That's the way to talk," he would say. "That's what I call *real* talking!"

She would scream with delight at the picture, and my mother and all of us would examine it excitedly. My mother was always pleased. In all seriousness she would ask my father, "Why don't you open a little shop and start a picture store?"

"Oh, God!" my father would despair. "That's a woman all over."

He never allowed his drawings to be kept, and my sister's tears had no effect upon him. After an hour or so he would grow tired abruptly and begin crushing paper into balls and throwing the balls into the kitchen stove. He kept an accurate account of his sketches, for when we tried to conceal one he instantly missed it and demanded it, threatening to beat the four of us indiscriminately. The missing picture was always returned.

II

Every Winter my father was brimming with firm intentions and new resolutions to get out of debt and improve his home. He would come home in the middle of the afternoon with a bucket of lacquer and begin doing one of the rooms. For two hours he would whistle and hum at his work. He was happy, and the spirit of his heart gave a song to the house, and everyone in it was happy. Then weariness would steal upon him. He would cover the paint bucket and sit at the window, brooding over the snow and of the money it kept him from earning. He was dangerous again. We could not go near him. Tomorrow he would finish the painting. But that tomorrow never arrived. In the end it was my mother who would complete the task, at odd moments from her usual work, a stroke at a time.

Conscious-stricken, he would protect himself from himself by criticizing her efforts.

"Look at it," he would say. "That's not the way to paint. Paint with the grain. Don't let all that paint drip off'n your brush."

"Then why don't you do it yourself?"

"Too late now. You ruined it."

He slept badly, with a body that demanded the exhaustion of the sun and the

ache of quivering muscles. When idle his brain attacked him, breeding restlessness he could not master. Some mornings he would startle everyone by leaping from bed at four o'clock, dressing, and rushing outside. My mother knew his torture and made no effort to comfort him, for idleness and comfort were the very devils that tortured him. Upon arising later in the morning, she would see him through the window in the backyard, chugging on a cigar as he shoveled out paths through the snow he hated so madly. His efforts were tremendous. Snow would be piled everywhere, the whole of the backyard stripped of it to the black frozen soil. Wearing gloves and a sweater, he would come to breakfast with a body exuberant and hot with perspiration and hands alive with the joy of pain.

He would wait patiently for my mother's praise of his early morning efforts, continually glancing out the window at the white mountains of snow on either side of the yard, all of it done by his arms. At first my mother would say nothing, for she was never sure of herself. Eating ravenously, he would be so famished for her comment that finally he would say:

"Take a look at the back yard."

Then she would pretend she saw it for the first time.

"Oh!" she would say. "Did you do that?"

A nod from him.

"All by yourself? All of that?"

"Of course."

"You must be all tired out."

"Me tired? I should say not!"

That day he would be happier, and that night he would be gentler, sleeping with his arm around her, perhaps even saying something to make her laugh.

He was an inventor too. His workbench was the living room. He brought home a cigar box and a fruit carton. With hammer and saw he shaped his mysterious inven-

tion. My mother and we children were curious spectators. None of us could make out what it was. There was no use asking, because you couldn't make him talk. All that Saturday afternoon he worked on it. Finally it was finished, whatever it was. It must be finished, for he stopped working and held it up.

And what was it? Lord knows. Nobody knew. But what he said was this: he said it was a device for releasing automobiles when they became stuck in the snow. We thought differently.

"It looks like a violin," my brother said.

"I thought it was a guitar," I said.

My mother refused to become involved. Holding her breath she retreated to the kitchen with an excuse about the potatoes burning. But he heard her laughing, and then all of us laughed except him. The thought that it might also be a guitar set him to scratching his head and wondering whether he had run into a double invention. Nothing ever came of the invention. It lay about the house, my mother moving it from one closet to another, but nothing was ever done about it.

III

One afternoon my mother asked him to carry in a bucket of coal. He took an empty bucket from behind the kitchen stove, and as he went out he told her to go easy with that coal.

"It costs money," he said. "Burn newspapers."

In a little while he returned with a loaded bucket and went out again. Presently he came back with a second bucketful. My mother watched him curiously. He said nothing as he went out again. Through the kitchen window she saw him almost running toward the coal shed. Now there were no more buckets. My mother saw him dis-

appear into the shed and come out again, a big lump of coal in his hands. He brought it inside and placed it upon the two filled buckets. Then he went out again. He was in a kind of frenzy, and my mother was frightened. When he returned she protested.

"Don't bring any more," she said.

"I know what I'm doing," he answered, hurrying out again.

In a little while he had piled up a mountain of coal nearly five feet high behind the stove. There was not an inch of space between the stove and the wall. The great black column tottered precariously, leaning toward the stove. He had to stand on tiptoe to stack the last chunk. Then he was finished. He backed away and surveyed the work with satisfaction. My mother was spellbound. He turned to her, his hands black with coal dust.

"There," he said. "There's your coal."

"But why so much?" she complained.

He was deeply hurt, or pretended to be. "Now isn't that just like a woman?" he asked to an imaginary audience. "She asked for coal, didn't she? And I brought her coal, didn't I? And now she's mad because I brought her coal!" He shook his head dismally, feigning hopeless puzzlement. Then he said, "Mother in Heaven, what can you do with a woman?"

My mother sighed. "Those lumps are too big," she said. "They won't fit in the fire-box."

"Get a hammer," he said. "Chop them up."

She tried to lift the top lump. He watched her.

"Why don't you stand on a chair?" he said. "You might get hurt."

"Why don't you shut up?" she flared. "You've done enough foolishness, bringing all this coal into this small kitchen!"

He shrugged innocently. "I was only trying to help," he said.

Bent over the sink, he washed the coal dust from his hands. As always, his hat was cocked on the side of his head; he had to be reminded of its existence or he never took it from his head. He stood with legs apart, washing himself noisily. One of his prides was his toughness. He used to boast that he never used soft bath soap. The best thing in the world for a working man's face, he said, was hard dish soap.

My mother struggled with the heavy clod of coal, drawing it carefully from the pile at the height of her head. The jagged surface made it almost impossible to grip firmly. The mountain crackled and creaked. It began to fall upon her. She leaped aside. The coal boomed against the floor, crumbling into a million pieces. The kitchen shook. The windows rattled. My mother was frightened and peevish.

"There!" she gasped. "There! What did I tell you?"

He was only mildly surprised, standing with his wet hands dripping soap suds. He clucked his tongue and shook his head at the mess.

"Don't just stand there!" my mother said. "What on earth am I going to *do* with all this coal?"

"Didn't I tell you to get a chair? Didn't I tell you to get a hammer?"

"You make me sick!"

He looked at the black jumble and chuckled. His idea was that this was a very witty situation.

"Well," he said. "You wanted coal, and there it is."

"Heaven sakes, keep still!"

He was indignant. No woman could talk to him in that tone of voice. "Then keep still yourself!"

"But look at the mess. Look what you've done!"

"Me?" he gasped, shocked. "Me?" That hurt look came over his face. "I haven't

done a thing. I was standing here washing my hands."

My mother closed her eyes wearily. Ah, well, there was nothing you could do with him. She took a long breath, token of resignation and forgiveness, and reached for the broom.

IV

It was mid-afternoon. We children were at school. My brother Clito came home. He tossed his cap someplace and his books someplace else and his coat someplace else and came sniffing into the kitchen for something to eat. After school, if my father wasn't home to stop us, we ate stacks of bread and jam, thereby ruining our appetites for supper.

My mother was sweeping the scattered bits of coal.

"Good gosh!" Clito said. "Look all the coal! Whatcha' gonna do with it?"

"Burn it," my father said. "What do you usually do with coal?"

"I know, but —"

"But shut up! Not a word!"

"Your father brought it in," my mother explained sarcastically as she straightened up. "He's so good that way."

"He didn't hafta bring it all in, did he?"

"Never mind," my father said.

They were silent for a moment. Then my father thought of something. He turned suddenly and looked at Clito, then at my mother.

"Say," he said thoughtfully. "Did this little devil get you a bucket of coal before he went to school this morning?"

Clito whitened. His eyes swelled. He hadn't. That always meant trouble. He backed out of the kitchen, his hands pressed against his seat. My father followed slowly, threateningly. At the door Clito started running. My father leaped forward and let

fly with his foot. Close enough, and yet a miss. Howling with relief, Clito ran outside. My father let out a streak of curses as he shook his fist toward the slammed door. My mother touched his arm to quiet him.

"Please," she said. "Why say those shameful things?"

"Shameful!" he said. "What did I say that was shameful?"

He went to the closet and got his overcoat. She watched him as he fought his way into it.

"Where are you going?" she said. "It's nearly time for supper."

"How do I know where I'm going?" he shouted.

He always left the house so violently that it made her helpless and drained her strength. She would make excuses to try and keep him home. But he was so tempestuous they had no effect on him.

"Shall I cook spaghetti tonight?" she smiled.

"I don't care," he said. "Cook anything."

He was buttoning up the front of his overcoat. "Yes," he said. "Cook spaghetti tonight. With lots of cheese."

"I used all the cheese last time," she said.

"Buy some more, then."

She walked to him.

"I was going to ask you," she said. "Have you got a half a dollar?"

"Where would I get a half a dollar?"

He took her by the arm to the window, sweeping the curtains aside and pointing at the snow.

"Do you see it? Snow! Now will you tell me where I'm going to get a half a dollar?"

She straightened herself petulantly, her petulance a fear of him. "I only thought you had it," she said. "I don't see why you have to get so mad about it."

He slapped his fist into the palm of his other hand, shouting excitedly. "I haven't got it! Hear me! I haven't got it!"

"But don't get so excited! I understand."

"*Ach!* You women. You don't understand anything."

He took a cigar from his inside pocket and rammed it at his face, his mouth leaping for it. The cigar was his last. He lit up, extinguishing the flame by spluttering at it.

"When you go to the store," he said, "get me some cigars."

My mother sat down and covered her eyes. "I can't charge any more cigars," she said. "I just can't do it. I won't. If you only knew the way that grocer looks at me. I feel so embarrassed!"

My father never understood any hesitancy about adding to the already incredibly large charge account with the grocer, but he never went to the store himself. He always sent my mother or one of us kids.

"Tell that grocer he'll get his money when I get mine," he said.

My mother recalled something. She got up from the chair. "Wait a minute," she said.

She disappeared into the bedroom. My father's memory for idle cigar butts was bad. He would leave them lying around in a score of different places. Everywhere: in the bedroom, in the bathroom, on the dresser, on window sills, on the back porch, on chairs, atop pictures and mirrors; everywhere. Sometimes he would send the whole family on searching expeditions for a particular butt. We children always wondered how he knew the difference between one and another, for they all looked alike to us, but he would shake his head until the right one was brought to him.

And so my mother, knowing his peculiar

habits, had gathered a great many of these butts into a cigar box. She returned from the bedroom and held the box out, the lid open, and he looked into it with a frown of inquisition and surprise.

"Where did you get these?"

She was quite proud of the feat. "They're yours!" she said.

"No they're not," he lied.

"But they are!"

"No they're not."

"But they are too! You don't suppose . . ."

"Humpf." He examined them closely. He put his hand into the box and pressed one of the butts. The leaf cracked dryly and fell apart in his fingers. He shook his head.

"I can't use them," he said. "They're too old."

"Look again," she coaxed. "Maybe you'll find a fresh one."

"Did you ever smoke a cigar?"

"Why, no," she said.

"All right then. I want some more cigars. Throw those away."

"But I can't charge cigars at the store! They're an extravagance, and Mr. Craik gets so mad!"

"Never mind Craik. Tell him to wait. Ask him if he ever tried to lay brick in the snow. Just ask him that sometime, and see what kind of an answer you get."

He left her standing there, the box of butts in her hands. She watched him at the window as he trudged down the street, his eyes to the heavens as he shook his head in hopeless bewilderment. It made her think of a puppy lost in the snow.

THE CONGRESSIONAL HERITAGE

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE session of Congress that dragged tediously to a close last August was one of the longest and one of the most disappointing in the whole history of that great parliamentary institution. With a party majority in both houses and no effective opposition anywhere, it seemed nevertheless to have the greatest difficulty in functioning at all. The closing of the session was greeted with sighs of relief from all sides; and the reopening this month is looked upon with more trepidation than enthusiasm. Concurrently, there has been a great deal of talk about the decadence of Congress — its decline in morals and efficiency — since the great days of the Founding Fathers. Hence it will be of considerable interest to turn back to that far time when the country still was young, and see what the First Congress actually was like. If, for all the world, it was surprisingly like the Seventy-Fourth Congress, we can perhaps be more reconciled to this heritage of legislative inefficiency.

In those closing years of the eighteenth century a new nation, the United States of America, had been born into the world. The Constitution had been ratified on July 27, 1788, by the State of New York, leaving outside the Union only the still recalcitrant North Carolina and Rhode Island. The presidential electors had chosen — though the votes had not yet been officially counted — George Washington as President, John Adams as Vice-President. The members of the two houses of Congress

had been duly elected. These would meet in the city of New York on March 4, 1789, would count the votes of the electoral college, and would notify the incumbents of the result. Then, as soon as possible, the inauguration of the President would be held. Such was the program.

The great day arrived. The bells of New York rang, and cannon boomed at dawn, at noon, at sunset. But where were the congressmen? Of twenty-two senators, only eight were on hand; of fifty-nine representatives, only thirteen. The senators included genial Robert Morris, the Philadelphia banker, who had managed the Revolutionary finances well for the colonies and even better for himself; the starched Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, destined to become Chief Justice of the United States; and the pious William S. Johnson, newly-elected president of Columbia College. Prominent among the representatives were the conservative Fisher Ames, the famous Massachusetts orator who had gloriously defeated no less a rival for his place than Samuel Adams; and, also from Massachusetts, Elbridge Gerry, whose name is retained in popular memory in connection with the first "gerrymandering" measure in his state, but who in his hotter youth had been a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This fair sample of the future Congress was gratifyingly made up of men of substance, promising a full harvest to the hungry tradesmen of New York. But where

were the others, these first arrivals asked impatiently. The others, also being men of substance, were in no hurry to put aside their personal affairs in order to conduct the business of the people. During the week, two Southern planters strolled into the House, Alexander White from Virginia and Thomas Tudor Tucker from South Carolina: but no more senators appeared. Each day, the Senate and the House were formally convened, each in its own chamber; each day, there was a formal announcement of no quorum, followed by a formal adjournment. At the end of the week, the senators present sent a circular to absent members calling their attention to the fact that a new nation had been established and suggesting that it was their duty to come and help create a government for it. No notice was taken of this impatient message.

But by now the House was beginning to fill up. From Massachusetts came Benjamin Goodhue as a further representative of the commercial interests of that section, interests already embodied in Gerry and Fisher Ames. From Connecticut came the devout Roger Sherman, like Gerry a signer of the Declaration, sixty years old, enjoying enormous prestige, unctuous in speech, shrewd and wily in action. From Virginia came the large landowner, James Madison, prominent in the state assembly and reputed "Father of the Constitution" in the Convention, whom suspicious old Patrick Henry, spokesman of the common man, had been able to keep out of the Senate but whose family influence added to his own recognized talent had secured his election to the House in spite of Henry's opposition. From New Jersey came Elias Boudinot, fourth of the name, very handsome, eminently respectable, the most eloquent lawyer in his state, fond of touching the strings of pathos and often moved to

tears by his own rhetoric; like Roger Sherman, he was extremely pious, and was already planning when his political career should be over to devote his declining years to the study of the Bible and the writing of religious tracts. From South Carolina came William Loughton Smith, educated in England, a prudent expatriate until the Revolutionary War was over but now a leading citizen and property owner in the great commercial city of Charleston. Other representatives continued to arrive until on April 1, not quite a month late, Thomas Scott came over the Alleghenies from western Pennsylvania to give the House a quorum.

But the Senate was still not ready. A second and more urgent circular had been sent to the eight absent members who lived nearest New York; this stimulated the two New Jersey senators, William Patterson and Jonathan Elmer, to venture across the river, and brought Richard Bassett up from Delaware; but there its effects had ceased. Not until nine days later, on April 6, with the arrival from Virginia of Richard Henry Lee of Revolutionary fame, was the quorum of twelve senators secured.

For more than a month the nation had gone on quietly and peacefully without a government.

II

No one looking at the personnel of the two chambers could have had the slightest doubt as to the social classes that were to rule the newborn nation. The members of Congress not only represented property, they were property. The great majority were wealthy: bankers, merchants, rich lawyers, or large planters from the South. The mechanics, tradesmen, and small farmers who made up the overwhelming bulk

of the nation had been debarred from voting by the property qualifications that still hedged in the suffrage. Their sole representative, Samuel Grout from Worcester, was completely overawed by the social grandeur of his colleagues. The upper classes who had secured the adoption of the Constitution had also made sure that they would be the ones to carry out its mandates.

To do the members of Congress justice, they made no secret of their sentiments. Of James Madison, who was to prove the most liberal of them all, Charles Beard writes: "No member of the Philadelphia [Constitutional] Convention more earnestly believed in a thorough-going economic interpretation of politics, more profoundly distrusted majority rule, more assiduously sought for some devices to check the assaults of the masses upon the rights of property, or more anxiously feared the great experiment of universal manhood suffrage." Congressman Elbridge Gerry, although he had opposed the Constitution through dread of the opportunities it afforded for judicial tyranny, had nevertheless asserted in the Philadelphia Convention that the evils of the country came from "the excess of democracy". Congressman Roger Sherman in the same Convention had declared: "The people should have as little to do immediately about the government as may be." Congressman Abraham Baldwin of Georgia had contended that only property owners ought to be represented in the Senate. And Senator Pierce Butler of South Carolina had put the whole thing in a nutshell by saying roundly that government itself "was instituted primarily for the protection of property".

Before the arrival of either the President or the Vice-President, at last formally notified of their election, considerable antagonism developed between the two houses.

The Senate was popularly supposed, then as now, to be the more honorable and important of the two bodies, owing to the classical name, the longer tenure of its members, and the fact, at that time, of their indirect election. Determined to assert their superior prestige, the senators decided that all communications from the upper to the lower house should merely be sent down by the secretary, but that in the reverse case two members of the House must bring its communications to the bar of the Senate. When this resolution was carried to the House, the House replied in effect that it would send its messages in any way it pleased. The Senate was powerless to enforce its will. A weak substitute resolution that at least all communications should be communicated with "proper propriety" was laid on the table, and there the matter rested. In the first round of the ever to be repeated sparring match between the two chambers, the House had been victorious.

The coming of Vice-President Adams on April 21 kept the attention of the Senate for a number of days on problems of etiquette. "Bonny Johnny Adams", he was satirically called by Senator William MacLay, a lone wolf from western Pennsylvania, whose sardonic journal was to leave to posterity an intimate and unflattering account of the doings of his colleagues. Adams, fat and fussy, wronging his real ability by an exaggerated sense of his own importance, was fresh from nine years abroad as American minister, chiefly in England, and his native republican simplicity had been undermined by the experience. He came down from Boston with great pomp, accompanied by a troop of horse, and at once prepared to set up a luxurious establishment at Richmond Hill. Until the arrival of Washington he was cock of the walk, but being much worried

as to how he was to receive his superior, he took his problem to the Senate.

Maclay entrusted to his secret journal a riotous description of the scene. Said Adams:

Gentlemen, I feel great difficulty how to act. I am possessed of two separate powers; the one in *esse* and the other in *posse*. I am Vice-President. In this I am nothing, but I may be everything. But I am president also of the Senate. When the President comes into the Senate, what shall I be? I cannot be (president) then. No, gentlemen, I cannot, I cannot. I wish gentlemen to think what I shall be.

After Washington's arrival there was another week's delay to enable the finishing touches to be put on Federal Hall, the old city hall remodeled to serve as a temporary capital, but eventually the inauguration did take place on April 30. This ceremony, the first of its kind, was very naturally marked by nervousness on the part of everyone concerned. The senators, convened in the Senate room, to which the members of the House were later to repair in order to receive the President in full state, were confused as to the proper form of behavior. Adams asked for instructions, saying: "Gentlemen, I wish for the direction of the Senate. The President, will, I suppose, address the Congress. How shall I behave? How shall we receive it? Shall it be sitting or standing?"

This precipitated a debate, with examples cited pro and con from the procedure of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. In the midst of it, the Secretary announced that the representatives were already at the door, raising the further question as to how *they* should be received. Someone suggested taking from the table the resolution about "proper propriety", but it was pointed out that this would be of no assistance in the immediate emergency. Lee thought that the Sergeant-at-

Arms "with the mace on his shoulder" should proceed to the door and there formally welcome the Clerk of the House, but, unfortunately, the Senate had neither Sergeant-at-Arms nor mace. Then it was discovered that a number of the representatives were already seated in the hall. In the confusion, Lee, Izard, and Dalton, who had been appointed a committee to escort the President, forgot all about this duty, thus holding up the ceremony for an hour and a half. When Washington finally appeared and, after taking the oath of office on the balcony in sight of an admiring throng, delivered a brief and modest address to Congress, expressing his confidence in its ability and his great hopes for the nation, the merits of the speech were marred by the embarrassment and hesitation of the speaker, nowhere less at home than on the public platform. Everyone felt relieved when the trying day was over.

While the Senate had been spending its time in considerations of etiquette, the House from its third meeting had been engaged with the most practical of problems, that of providing revenue to fill the empty treasury of the new government. Madison, who at the outset assumed a position of leadership, introduced in the Committee of the Whole on April 8 a tariff schedule for that purpose, to which Thomas Fitzsimons, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, the next day offered an amendment declaring additional duties on manufactured articles (especially those produced in Pennsylvania) "to encourage the productions of our country and to protect our infant manufactures".

Thus before Congress was four days old, what was to be the general revenue and tariff policy of the country for a hundred years was already formulated. Not only that, but the permanent method of tariff-making had already begun. For, the dykes

once opened by Fitzsimons's amendment, nearly every congressman arose to advance the interests of his particular locality. Goodhue on behalf of Massachusetts secured the addition of anchors, wool-cards, and tin-ware to the list. Sherman for Connecticut proposed and obtained a high duty on rum. Parker and Bland of Virginia, pointing out that the coal mines of their state could supply the entire nation, procured a duty on coal. George Clymer, another rich Philadelphia merchant and ex-Revolutionary patriot, called the attention of Congress to the fifty-three paper mills in the neighborhood of his city, and paper was added. Daniel Carroll of Maryland mentioned that down his way there was a little glass factory that deserved encouragement; the encouragement was given. Whoever had a friend at court was in a fair way to be gratified in this bright springtime of American industry.

The goddess of discord was first introduced in the House when Parker of Virginia, with the avowed aim of discouraging the slave trade, moved to impose a duty of ten dollars on every slave imported. This immediately brought to their feet the members from the deep South. Observing the quarter from which the motion came, said James Jackson of Georgia, he was not surprised; Virginia being an old settled state already had all the slaves she needed; and in the North where people were able to do their own work there was no occasion for slaves; but certainly gentlemen should have some consideration for others. "Surely they do not mean to tax us for every comfort and enjoyment of life, and, at the same time, to take from us the means of procuring them."

Parker's motion was supported by Madison and his colleague Bland, but assistance came to the slaveowners from New England, which had a large number of ships

engaged in the trade. Sherman of Connecticut said that while of course he approved the object of the motion he could not reconcile himself "to the insertion of human beings as an article of duty, among goods, wares, and merchandise". Ames of Massachusetts followed the same tack, saying that he "detested slavery" from his soul but that imposing a duty on the importation might "have the appearance of countenancing the practice". Parker reiterated that the very purpose of his motion was to discourage the traffic and "to wipe off, if possible, the stigma under which America labored; to do away with the inconsistency in our principles justly charged upon us; and to show, by our actions, the pure beneficence of the doctrine held out to the world in our Declaration of Independence". His eloquence was useless; the New Englanders continued to find the measure irreconcilable with their New England consciences. When it became evident that there was no chance for it to pass, Madison, in the interest of harmony, persuaded Parker to withdraw his motion.

Besides the tariff law, Congress in its first session created the cabinet Departments of State, War, and Treasury, to which the Attorney Generalship was soon added; it enacted the Judiciary Law, drawn up by Oliver Ellsworth, whereby Congress potentially abnegated its own powers by establishing the Supreme Court, soon to become under the leadership of John Marshall the final authority on the constitutionality of both state and federal laws; and it passed the first ten amendments, popularly known as The Bill of Rights, which had been demanded by a number of the states as virtual conditions of their adherence to the Union.

Before adjourning, the House requested the President to proclaim a day of public thanksgiving for the benefits of the new

Constitution. Tucker sardonically observed that it would be better to wait for some evidence of these blessings before offering thanks for them. With this unkind comment on their labors echoing in their ears, the members of Congress went home for a three-months' vacation.

III

In the second session of Congress, there occurred one of the worst scandals ever known in the history of that body. It grew out of the report of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in regard to the public debt. In order to insure the credit of the new government, Hamilton recommended: (1) that the interest on the foreign, chiefly French, loan of \$11,710,378 be immediately paid; (2) that the certificates of the Continental Congress, amounting to \$42,414,085, issued originally to the Revolutionary soldiers and the farmers who had supplied the patriot army with goods, be redeemed at par by a new issue of stock, and (3) that the State debts of \$25,000,000 be assumed by the federal government in the same way.

With regard to the foreign debt there was no difference of opinion, and a bill carrying out Hamilton's recommendation was passed without debate. The domestic debt contracted by the Continental Congress was, however, a horse of a different color. The certificates had long since depreciated to as low as 15 cents on the dollar, and at that rate had been in large part assigned by impoverished soldiers and farmers to speculators. When Hamilton permitted advance information of his funding scheme to leak out, the rate rose at once from 15 to 50 cents on the dollar. Two swift pilot ships set sail from New York for the South to buy up as many certificates as possible at the former price before the news

should reach the back country; it was rumored that one vessel was owned by Congressman William Smith of South Carolina, the other by Congressman Jeremiah Wadsworth of Connecticut, one-time commissary general in the Revolutionary Army.

The story of the pilot ships was tactlessly blurted in the House by Jackson of Georgia, though, of course, without mentioning names. "My soul rises indignant," he said, "at the avaricious and moral turpitude displayed." So also rose the souls of those of his fellow-citizens who had parted with their certificates at 15 cents on the dollar. For the first time, the country began to take a real interest in its Congress. The *New York Daily Advertiser* reported that Robert Morris would make \$18,000,000 and Jeremiah Wadsworth \$9,000,000 out of the funding operations. John Quincy Adams wrote to his father that Fisher Ames's friend, Christopher Gore, was making "an independent fortune in speculation in the public funds". And Maclay confided to his journal, "I really fear the members of Congress are deeper in this business than any others".

But the Federalists stood to their guns. Fisher Ames insisted that "the best right to property is acquired by the consent of the last owner"; the speculators, therefore, had the best right in the world to the certificates, no matter what they had paid for them. "Shall it be said of this Government, evidently established for the purpose of securing property," he cried, "that in its first act it divested its citizens of Seventy Millions of money which is justly due the individuals who have contracted with Government?" Theodore Sedgwick, another prominent Massachusetts representative, protesting that he was "totally disinterested" himself and that he regretted the excesses of speculation as much as any,

nevertheless felt morally obliged to emphasize the fact that the present holders of the certificates had a legal right to satisfaction. Gerry, Sherman, Fitzsimons, and the rest followed in the footsteps of Ames and Sedgwick.

Then, suddenly, the few Anti-Federalists in Congress received assistance from the least expected quarter. James Madison had hitherto seen eye to eye with Hamilton on matters of public policy. Hamilton and Madison, with the aid of a few contributions from John Jay, had produced the epoch-making essays in *The Federalist* in defense of the Constitution. In the previous session of Congress, Madison had not demurred when his tariff for revenue was altered into a tariff for manufactures. Certainly no enemy of capital, he balked at the funding measure, throwing momentary consternation into the ranks of its proponents by introducing an amendment to discriminate between the original and the present holders of certificates. This would have allowed the latter the market price, which meant a profit of from thirty-five to fifty per cent — for Madison admitted that the speculators had a certain moral as well as legal claim since they had shown their confidence in the government — but giving all the rest to the original holders, who deserved it as payment for services actually rendered in the Revolution. He defended his proposal in the ablest speech yet delivered in Congress, moderate and judicious but inspired by a keen sense of the threatened injustice to the Revolutionary patriots if their hard-earned rewards were to be delivered *in toto* to the speculators.

But the Federalists were by no means satisfied with a profit of from thirty-five to fifty per cent. They harped on the letter of the law. Boudinot, prefacing his remarks, like Sedgwick, by the statement that he was personally “disinterested”,

made a great to-do about the impairment of contracts that would result from Madison’s amendment. John Lawrence of New York, William Smith, and Fisher Ames followed in the same vein.

The Senate had adjourned to listen to the debate, the end of which Maclay reported as follows:

Ames delivered a long string of studied sentences. . . . He had public faith, public credit, honor, and above all, justice, as often over as an Indian would the Great Spirit, and, if possible, with less meaning, and to as little purpose. Hamilton, at the head of the speculators, with all the courtiers are on one side. These I call the party who are actuated by interest. The opposition are governed by principle. But I fear in this case interest will outweigh principle.

Maclay’s forecast was correct. Madison’s amendment was lost by a vote of thirty-six to thirteen, and the original funding measure was then carried, to be later confirmed by the Federalist majority in the Senate.

The ugly charges which Maclay entrusted to his journal were made publicly and in great detail a few years later by John Taylor of Carolina, termed by Charles Beard “the philosopher and statesman of agrarianism”. In two pamphlets, *An Examination of the Late Proceedings in Congress Respecting the Official Conduct of the Secretary of the Treasury* (1793), and *An Inquiry into the Principles and Tendencies of Certain Public Measures* (1794), Taylor indicated the names — printing the consonants without vowels — of twenty-one representatives and thirteen senators, who, he claimed, were personally interested in the public funds. In March, 1793, Thomas Jefferson compiled a list of twenty members of Congress who, he said, belonged to “the corrupt squadron” of “paper men”, and this

conformed closely to Taylor's enumeration. It was long supposed that all the evidence on which these statements were based had been destroyed in the Treasury fire of 1801, but in 1914-15, Beard, searching through the records that had survived, found conclusive proof of the correctness of Taylor's list in twenty-three out of the thirty-four instances, together with the names of fourteen other congressional security holders not on Taylor's list. How much further the corruption extended cannot be known, owing to the incompleteness of the records.

Alas, among the names were those of all the "disinterested" men who put through the funding measure: in the House—Fisher Ames, Sedgwick, and Boudinot; Fitzsimons, whom Beard found to be "among the largest speculators and operators in Philadelphia"; Wadsworth and William Smith; Gerry, Sherman, Lawrence, Clymer, and Daniel Carroll; and in the Senate—Robert Morris, Strong, Langdon, Ellsworth, Johnson, Izard, Rufus King, and General Philip Schuyler, Hamilton's own father-in-law. Signers of the Declaration and Fathers of the Constitution were there among the rest. Hamilton himself, to be sure, stood proudly aloof, disdainful of the golden mud in which he permitted his weaker friends and relatives to traffic; but all the important Federalist leaders in Congress, without exception, stood to profit personally, most of them very greatly, from the measures that they claimed to advocate solely for the public good.

IV

After the assumption of the Federal debt had been carried, the House turned its attention to a consideration of the state debts. These also had been largely bought up by

speculators, the banking house of Robert Morris, for example, owning most of the outstanding debt of Virginia. But the situation was complicated by the fact that those states which had the smaller obligations or which had made greater efforts to meet them could not see the justice of being taxed for the benefit of their delinquent sisters. Thus, the alignment of votes differed somewhat from that on the earlier measure, and the balloting was much closer, resulting in Committee of the Whole in only thirty-four affirmatives to twenty-six negatives. Meanwhile, North Carolina had ratified the Constitution, and her five representatives, known to be opposed to assumption, were already on the way. When they arrived, the debate was carried on with renewed vigor by the Anti-Federalists. The Hamiltonians, losing ground every day, decided in secret caucus to force the issue. They did so on April 12, 1790, and lost by two votes. The very keystone of the financial policy of the administration was broken, and the whole edifice seemed likely to come tumbling down.

It was too much to expect the Federalists to accept their defeat without a fight. Sedgwick made an angry speech and when called to order snatched up his hat and left. According to Maclay, the always pallid Clymer went "deadly pale", the eyes of Fitzsimons filled with tears, and the corners of Boudinot's mouth "assumed a curve resembling a horse shoe". The same caustic observer reported that among the Federalist visitors from the Senate, Rufus King "looked like a boy that had been whipped", while the hair of General Schuyler "stood on end as if the Indians had fired at him".

The Hamiltonians refused to consider the question as having been finally settled. They declined to go on with the nation's affairs at all unless the funding system were reinstated. Day after day, Congress

met and adjourned with nothing accomplished. And then when the Federalists were at the last gasp, their assumption bill was suddenly carried, through the influence of Thomas Jefferson, the most pronounced of all Anti-Federalists. How this surprising event came to pass was not revealed until many years later by Jefferson in his *Anas*.

Returning from France to assume his duties as Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, Jefferson had arrived at the moment when the war in Congress was at its most critical stage. Being, as he said, "a stranger to the ground, a stranger to the actors in it, so long absent as to have lost all familiarity with the subject", he kept his hands off until he was approached by Hamilton with a pathetic plea to save the Union from the dissolution that threatened it. The Secretary of the Treasury represented, according to Jefferson, "that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends might effect a change in the vote". Jefferson replied that he "was really a stranger to the whole subject", but invited Hamilton to dinner "with a friend or two" to discuss the situation. In the conference that followed Jefferson took no part save "an exhortatory one" since he was "a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it", but his friends suffered themselves to be persuaded by Hamilton.

It was finally agreed [Jefferson wrote] that it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which, some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be particularly bitter to the southern states, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it. There had been before propositions to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten

years and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be expected by the other measure alone.

So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. . . . So the Assumption was passed, and twenty millions of stock divided among favored states and thrown in as pabulum to the stock-jobbing herd.

This account was written twenty-five years after the event. While no doubt substantially accurate, it somewhat idealized Jefferson's own role. Assumption was not voted until July 10, 1790, when he had been almost a month in this country; far from being "a stranger to the actors", he was the most intimate friend of James Madison and had seen him frequently; Madison's speech against assumption had been printed, and Jefferson had almost certainly read it; always an assiduous devourer of the newspapers, he must have been perfectly familiar with the arguments pro and con. Instead of having been, as he claimed in the *Anas*, "most ignorantly and innocently made to hold the candle" to an infamous plot, he had simply been over-reached in a political bargain by Hamilton, who, being without sentimental interest in one part of the country rather than another, had been shrewd enough to play upon the sectional feelings of the Southerners. Jefferson and Madison (who was also a party to the bargain) were indeed devoted to the preservation of the Union and amenable to arguments on that score, but they were also ardent Virginians as eager as any others to secure the national capital for their State.

After the assumption bill had been passed, the Hamiltonians kept their part of the bargain and threw the capital to the banks of the Potomac. The exact location

there being left open for future decision, a new opportunity for speculation was offered, of which Representative Daniel Carroll, a member of the committee appointed by Washington, took full advantage in helping to secure the adoption of an otherwise disadvantageous site in the malarial river-bottoms which was conveniently situated with relation to his own property.

When both parts of the assumption-capital bargain had been duly executed, Congress adjourned.

V

In the third session, the Federalist majority had little difficulty in putting through its measures. Chief of these was the Hamiltonian proposal to charter for twenty years a national bank under private control, one-fourth of the stock to be subscribed by the government and three-fourths by individuals. The advantages of the plan in the way of stabilizing the currency were obvious, as also were the opportunities for capital investment. The group of assumption speculators rushed to its support in the House. As before, Madison led the opposition, but now he was aided by William Giles, a new member from Virginia. Being a man of blunt speech and very positive ideas, Giles asserted that here was merely another scheme to enrich the bankers, while the more suave Madison preferred to take his stand on the proposition that the measure was unconstitutional. The federal government, Madison argued, possessed

no powers beyond those enumerated in the Constitution, and the creation of a bank did not come under any of these. In reply, Ames, Sedgwick, and Boudinot appealed to Article I, Section viii-18, which gave to Congress the authority "to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the . . . powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States", which they interpreted as a blanket permission to do whatever was expedient to secure an efficient government. Vainly, Giles protested against this confusion of the meanings of "necessity" and "expediency". The banking measure was passed in both House and Senate, and the important precedent was established that the Constitution would mean whatever those in power desired it to mean.

The First Congress was finally able to dissolve with a sense of significant accomplishment. It had, under Hamilton's leadership, placed the financial credit of the United States on a firm foundation, it had shown that it would do nothing about slavery, it had accepted the principle of bargaining among sections as the natural basis of legislation, and it had, quite incidentally, greatly enriched many of its own members. But the habits of time-wasting and temporizing which had been born with it were also to be handed down to future generations of legislators.

The Seventy-fifth Congress which meets this month will display the worst features of its inheritance, we may be sure, in the traditional manner.

ENTITY

BY BERNICE KENYON

Go THEN and write your name upon the water—
Not in derision, but with gravity;
Not in despair, but as a symbol of joy;
Trace the bold letters deeply, and watch them vanish—
The closed beginning and the unopened end . . .
Today you are, and you have not been before;
Today you are, and you will not be again.

You have taken your way, and worn innumerable forms.
Fire you have had in your heart, flame in your loins,
Ice in your brains; and the air in your lungs has been
As much as a whole day's wind continuously blowing;
And you have assumed this grass; and the water of the stream
On which you write has been informed with you.

You have taken your way, and your way has been many roads:
The trail of one setting forth, and the path of one
Who turns his feet back to the homestead fire;
The road of the pursuer and the pursued;
The stealthy and the bewildered; the headstrong, the brave;
Roads through the earth and sea, and through the air.
You have flown as the wild moth down the curves of midnight,
And as the swallow down the curves of sun.

Go then and write your name upon the water—
Write as I say it, pronouncing it joyfully—
Speaking of many men, yet only of you
Who fill my heart as you fill the ways of the world—
Renewing, merging, losing, claiming again
The variant shapes and thoughts; and forever being
The momentary light, the continuing spark
Fusing the forms of matter with the formless spirit,
Being yourself known only to yourself.
Go then and write your name upon the water—
Others may write it, knowing not what they do;
Others may wear it, but there will be no confusion.
Today you are, and you have not been before;
Today you are, and you cannot be again.

PERSECUTING THE COMMON MAN

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE explanation, or excuse, for this article is to be found in a speech which I made not long ago; and especially in a certain notion which seems to me very obvious, but which I have never heard stated by anyone else. It happens rather to cut across the common frontiers of current controversy. It can be used for or against Democracy, according to whether that swear-word is printed with the capital D. It can be connected, like most things, with religion; but only rather indirectly with my own religion. It is primarily the recognition of a fact, quite apart from the approval or disapproval of that fact. It involves the assertion that what has really happened in the modern world is practically the precise contrary of what is supposed to have happened. The thesis is this: That modern emancipation has really been a new persecution of the Common Man.

If it has emancipated anyone, it has in rather special and narrow ways emancipated the Uncommon Man. It has given an eccentric sort of liberty to some of the hobbies of the wealthy, and occasionally to some of the more humane lunacies of the cultured. The only thing that it has forbidden is common sense, as it would have been understood by the common people. Thus, if we begin with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find that a man really has become more free to found a sect. But the Common Man does not in the least want to found a sect. He is much

more likely, for instance, to want to found a family. And it is exactly *here* that the modern emancipators are prepared to frustrate him in the name of Malthusianism or Eugenics or Sterilization or, at a more advanced stage of progress, probably, Infanticide. It would be a model of modern liberty to tell him that he might preach anything, however preposterous, about the Virgin Birth, so long as he avoided anything like a natural birth; and that he was welcome to build a tin chapel in which to preach a twopenny creed, entirely based on the text, "Enoch begat Methuselah", so long as he himself is forbidden to beget anything. And, as a matter of historical fact, the sects which enjoyed this freedom in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries were generally founded by merchants or manufacturers of the comfortable, and sometimes of the luxurious classes. On the other hand, it is strictly to the lower classes, to use the liberal modern title for the poor, that such schemes as sterilization are commonly directed and applied.

It is the same when we pass from the Protestant world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the Progressive world of the nineteenth and twentieth. Here the form of freedom mostly asserted, as a boast and a dogma, is the freedom of the press. It is no longer merely a freedom of pamphlets but a freedom of papers; or rather, it is less and less a freedom at all, and more and more a monopoly. But the important point is that the process, the test,

and the comparison are the same as in the first example. Modern emancipation means this: that anyone who can afford it can publish a newspaper. But the Common Man would not want to publish a newspaper, even if he could afford it. He might prefer, instead, to go on talking politics in a pothouse or the parlor of an inn. And that is exactly the sort of really popular talk about politics which modern movements have often abolished; the old democracies by forbidding the pothouse, the new dictatorships by forbidding the politics.

Or again, it is the boast of recent emancipated ethics and politics not to put any great restraints upon anyone who wants to publish a book, especially a scientific book, full of psychology or sociology, and perhaps unavoidably full of perversions and polite pornography. As this modern tendency has increased, it has become less and less likely that the police would interfere very much with a man publishing the sort of book that only the wealthy could produce, with sumptuous artistic plates or scientific diagrams. It is much more probable, in most modern societies, that the police would be found interfering with a man singing a song of a coarse and candid description, bawling a ballad of the grosser sort, or even using the more restrained medium of prose with a similar lack of propriety. Yet there is a great deal to be said for song, or even speech, of that old ribald sort, as compared with writing of the new sort when it is at once analytic and anarchic. The old obscenity had a gusto and a great virility even in its violence, which is not easily rendered in a diagram or a table of statistics; and the old was always normal and never had any of the horrors of abnormality. The point is that, here again, the Common Man does not generally aim to write a book, whereas

he may occasionally care to sing a song. He certainly does not want to write a book on psychology and sociology—or to read it. But he does want to talk, to sing, to shout, to yell, and howl on due and suitable occasions; and, rightly or wrongly, it is when he is thus engaged that he is much more likely to fall foul of a policeman than when (as he almost never is) writing a scientific study of a new theory of sex. The upshot of uplift, in the modern sense, is the same in practice as in the previous examples. In the actual atmosphere of the age, men will still be arrested for using a certain kind of language, long after they cannot be arrested for writing a certain kind of literature.

It would be easy to cite other instances; but these contemporary examples are already too continuous to be a coincidence. It is equally true, for example, that the liberating movement of the eighteenth century, the life in the American and French Revolutions, while it did really vindicate many virtues of republican simplicity and civic liberty, also accepted as virtues several things that were obviously vices, that had been recognized as vices long before, and that are now again beginning to be recognized as vices so long afterwards. Where even ambition had once been a pardonable vice, avarice became an utterly unpardonable virtue. Liberal economics too often implied merely giving to those already rich the liberty to grow richer, and magnificently granting to the poor the permission to become poorer. It was much more certain that the usurer was released to practice usury than that the peasant was released from the practices of the usurer. It was much more certain that the Wheat Pit was as big as the Bottomless Pit, than that the man who grew wheat would ever be found anywhere except at the bottom. There was a sense in which

"liberal economics" was a proclamation of freedom, for the few who were rich enough to be free. Nobody thought there was anything queer about talking of prominent public men "gambling" in the Wheat Pit. But all this time, there were laws of all kinds against normal human speculating, that is, against games of chance. The poor man was prevented from gambling precisely because he did not gamble so much as the rich man. The beadle or the policeman might stop children from playing chuck-farthing, but it was strictly because it was only a farthing that was chucked. Progress never interfered with the game of chuck-fortune, because much more than a farthing was being chucked.

Protestant Progress, in the sense of the progress that has progressed since the sixteenth century, has upon every matter persecuted the Common Man; punished the gambling he enjoys and permitted the gambling he cannot indulge; restrained the obscenity that might amuse him and applauded the obscenity that would certainly bore him; silenced the political quarrels that can be conducted among men and applauded the political stunts and syndicates that can only be conducted by millionaires; encouraged anyone who had anything to say against God, if it was said with a priggish and supercilious accent, but discouraged anyone who had anything to say in favor of Man in his common relations to manhood and motherhood and the normal appetites of nature.

II

Now progress has a hagiology, a martyrology, a mass of miraculous legends of its own, like any other religion; but they are mostly false and belong to a false religion. The most famous is the belief that the

young and progressive person is always martyred by the old and ordinary person. But it is not true. It is the old and ordinary person who is almost always the martyr. It is the old and ordinary person who has been more and more despoiled of all his old and ordinary rights. Insofar as this progress progresses, it is far more likely that six million men will be forbidden to go to sleep because six men say that certain breathing exercises are a substitute for slumber, than that any of the six million somnambulists will awake sufficiently to clout the six men over their high-browed but half-witted heads. There is no normal thing that cannot now be taken from the normal man. It is much more likely that a law will be passed to forbid the eating of grain (notoriously the parent of poisons like beer and whisky), than that it will be even faintly suggested to men of this philosophy that the economic evil is that men cannot grow grain, and that the ethical evil is that men are still despised for growing it. Given the purely progressive principle, and nothing else as a guide to our future, it is entirely possible that they may be hanged or buried alive for growing it. But of course, in a scientific age, they will be electrocuted — or perhaps only tortured by electricity.

Thus far my thesis is this: that it is not the Uncommon Man who is persecuted, but rather the Common Man. Yet this brings me into direct conflict with the contemporary reaction which seems to say, in effect, that the Common Man had much better be persecuted. It is quite certain that many modern thinkers and writers honestly feel a contempt for the Common Man; it is also quite certain that I myself feel a contempt for those who feel this contempt. But the actual issue must be faced more fully, because what is called the reaction against Democracy is

at this moment the chief result of Democracy. Now in this quarrel I am democratic, or at least defiant of the attacks on Democracy. I do not believe that most modern people have seen the real point of the advantage or disadvantage of popular rule; and my doubt can be very largely suggested and summarized under this title of *The Common Man*.

To put it briefly, it is now the custom to say that most modern blunders have been due to the Common Man. But I should like to point out what appalling blunders have in fact been due to the Uncommon Man. It is easy enough to argue that the mob makes mistakes, but as a fact it never has a chance to until its superiors have used their superiority to make much worse mistakes. It is easy to weary of Democracy and to cry out for an intellectual aristocracy. But the trouble is that every intellectual aristocracy seems to have been utterly unintellectual. Anyone might guess beforehand that there would be blunders of the ignorant. What nobody could have guessed, what nobody could have dreamed of in a nightmare, what no morbid mortal imagination could ever have dared to imagine, was the mistakes of the well-informed. It is true, in a sense, to say that the mob has always been led by more educated men. It is much more true, in every sense, to say that it has always been misled by educated men. Furthermore, it is easy enough to assert that the cultured man should be the crowd's guide, philosopher, and friend. Unfortunately, he has nearly always been a misguiding guide, a false friend, and a very shallow philosopher indeed. And the actual catastrophes we have suffered, including those we are now suffering, have not in historical fact been due to the prosaic practical people who are supposed to know nothing, but almost invariably to

the highly theoretical people who knew that they knew everything. The world may learn by its mistakes; but they are mostly the mistakes of the learned.

To go back no further than the seventeenth century, the quarrel between the Puritans and the populace was originally due to the pride of a few men in being able to read a printed book, and their scorn for people who had good memories, good traditions, good stories, good songs, and good pictures in glass or gold or graven stone, and therefore had less need of books. It was a tyranny of literates over illiterates. But it was the literates who were narrow, sullen, limited, and often oppressive; it was the illiterates who were, at least relatively, gay and free and fanciful and imaginative and interested in everything. The Uncommon Men, the elect of the Calvinist theory, did undoubtedly lead the people along the next stretch of the path of progress; but what this led to was a prison. The book-reading rulers and statesmen managed to establish the Scottish Sabbath. Meanwhile, a thousand traditions of the sort they would have trampled out managed to trickle down from the medieval poor to the modern poor, and lingering as legends in countless cottages and farmhouses, were collected by Scott (often repeated orally by people who could not read or write) to combine in the construction of the great Scottish Romances, which profoundly moved and partly inspired the Romantic movement throughout the world.

When we pass to the eighteenth century, we find the same part played by a new and quite contrary party, differing from the last in everything except in being the same sort of rather desiccated aristocracy. The new Uncommon Men, now leading the people, are no longer Calvinists, but a dry sort of deists drying up more

and more into atheists; and they are no longer pessimists but the reverse, except that their optimism often is more depressing than pessimism. There were the Benthamites, the Utilitarians, the servants of the Economic Man: the first Free-Traders. They have the credit of having made clear the economic theories of the modern state and the calculations on which were mainly based the politics of the nineteenth century. It was they who taught these things scientifically and systematically to the public, and even to the populace. But what were the things, and what were the theories? Perhaps the best and broadest of them was a most monstrous and mythical superstition of Adam Smith, a theological theory that Providence had so made the world that men might be happy through their selfishness; or, in other words, that God would overrule everything for good, if only men could succeed in being sufficiently bad. The intellectuals in this epoch taught definitely and dogmatically that if only men would buy and sell freely, lend or borrow freely, sweat or sack freely, and in practice, steal or swindle freely, humanity would be happy. The Common Man soon found out just how happy—in the slums where they left him and in the slump to which they led him.

We need not continue, through the last two centuries, all the tale of the frenzy and folly inflicted by the fickleness of the educated class on the relative stability of the uneducated. The intellectuals next rushed to the other extreme, and became Socialists, despising small property as they had despised popular tradition. It is quite true that these intellectuals had a lucid interval in which they proclaimed some primary truths along with many priggish falsehoods. Some of them did rightly exalt liberty and human dignity and equality,

as expressed in the Declaration of Independence. But even this was so mishandled that there is now a disposition to deny the truth along with the falsehood. There has been a reaction against Democracy; or, in plain words, the prigs are now too bored even to go on with their normal routine about the Common Man—the familiar routine of oppressing him in practice and adoring him in theory.

I do not adore him, but I do believe in him, at least I believe in him much more than I believe in them. I think the actual history of the relations between him and them, as I have narrated it, is enough to justify my preference. I repeat that they have had all the educational advantages over him; they have always led him; and they have always misled him. And even in becoming reactionaries, they remain as raw and crude as when they were revolutionaries. Their anti-Democracy is as much stuffed with cant as their Democracy. I need only allude to the detestable new fashion of referring to ordinary men as morons. First, it is pedantry, the dullest form of vanity, for a moron is only the Greek for fool; and it is mostly sham pedantry, for most of those who mention morons hardly know they are talking Greek, still less why on earth they should. It also involves this moral evil: that a man who says that men are mostly fools knows that he has often been a fool himself, whereas the morons are thought of like monkeys, as if they were a fixed tribe or caste.

The Common Man may well be the victim of a new series of tyrannies, founded on this scientific fad of regarding him as a monkey. But it is doubtful whether he can be much more persecuted for having the instincts of a moron than he has already been for having the instincts of a man.

PORTRAIT OF A DAY

BY RANDOLPH BARTLETT

ONE day in history is such a vast and complex tapestry of events that no man can see it in entirety at a single glance. Even the newspaper, fed by cable, telegraph, radio, and air mail, presents but a swift glimpse of the larger figures in that tapestry. Though the day may be remembered for a battle, a shipwreck, an earthquake, or a coronation, these are the major occurrences. In the twenty-four hours between midnight and midnight a myriad of minor incidents are added to the sum of human experience. The aspect of the individual, as he passes through this period, has often been described, as James Joyce described it in *Ulysses*. Seldom, however, has anyone endeavored to depict the aspect of the world itself as it appears to the individual during a similar space of time. To the Chicago merchant the twenty-four hours have meant one thing, to the shepherd on the hills of Persia they have been quite different.

In order to draw a portrait of a day, then, it is necessary to forget place, and deal only in time. The portrait presented here is an attempt to reveal by this means the aspect of a day to one who, standing upon some other planet, might miraculously see all parts of the spinning earth, from New York to Vladivostok, from Xochimilco to Srinigar. The following, for instance, is what happened on this globe, as reported by thousands of professional observers, during the twenty-four hours of October 14, 1935:

12:01 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Midnight on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States: the weather was warm for the season and a light haze was forming. The new day arrived to the raucous tunes of second-rate radio orchestras, corrupting the ether with the reigning ballad from Tin Pan Alley, *You Are My Lucky Star*. A shot was heard by a Hollywood resident; on a street corner he found the body of a young movie actress; an automobile disappeared into the darkness. A man was strolling in Central Park, New York; an attractive woman invited him to her apartment; when they arrived two men beat him, robbed him, and threw him out.

Off Portland Bill in the English Channel, the Swedish tanker *Barfonn* had been ablaze for hours; the motor ship *Temeraire* arrived in time to rescue fourteen members of the crew of seventeen. At the other side of the world, on the Island of Guam, the crew of a pathfinding Clipper plane, the first such craft to land on this map speck, was being wined and dined. Out of a second-story prison hospital window in Lyon, France, a *soi-disant* paralytic leaped and escaped the sleepy guards. He had simulated paralysis for several months after being convicted of fraud.

Two weeks of earthquakes had reduced the peasants of the Banjaluka district of Bosnia to nervous prostration, although no casualties were reported. The farmers in the Kiangsu province of China feared that

the Yellow River would overflow and ruin their crops; arming themselves, they routed the dike guards at Kuanyun and made a breach which resulted in 600,000 persons being driven from their homes. But the farms were saved.

The sweet faith in humankind prevalent in Brooklyn, N. Y., was demonstrated by three young women in various parts of the Borough. Accepting offers of lifts from motorists, each was surprised when amorous advances began, and resisted as only Brooklyn virgins can. All three were tossed to the pavement, none of the drivers stopping his car. Near Leicester, England, two farm laborers crossing a field at dawn saw a man and a girl lying beside a haystack, apparently asleep but actually dead. The man was married; the girl young and pretty. A poison bottle lay between them.

Japanese military leaders in China and Manchoukuo gathered in Darien to discuss friction developing between their caste and the Imperial Cabinet, which was showing deplorable republican tendencies. Burglars in Baden, Maryland, sawed off a padlock, entered the postoffice, and stole \$100 in cash, some stamps, and papers of no value to anyone but the postmaster. French gunmen, having studied American methods, raided an armorer's shop in La Ciotat on the Riviera, and made away with forty rifles, ten revolvers, and a quantity of other merchandise valued at 40,000 francs. A motorist in Essington, outside Philadelphia, struck a pedestrian, fractured his skull, broke his legs, and caused internal injuries, and was himself arrested and held under \$1000 bail.

2:01 a.m. to 4 a.m.

An elevator man's suspicions of three unprepossessing visitors were quickly confirmed in the building which houses the

Louis Maison restaurant in New York: the trio trussed him and then went upstairs to attack the restaurant safe. The prisoner worked himself loose and telephoned police. The building was surrounded and two of the burglars caught.

Approaching Adowa, Ethiopia, to take possession of that city in the name of Mussolini and the King of Italy, the High Commissioner, Emilio de Bono, exchanged his automobile for a white horse. The natives gave him a rousing welcome and pledged their loyalty to the *Duce*. They hadn't heard about the King. In Addis Ababa the flood of fan mail received by Emperor Haile Selassie reached such proportions that he had to hire an extra shift of secretaries. Most of the letters asked for his autograph. The Ethiopian Holy City of Aksum was captured by Italians without a shot. Haile Selassie thereupon declared a Holy War on the Italians.

Governor General Frank Murphy declined to accept \$4500 offered him as a parting gratuity by the Philippine legislature in anticipation of the establishment of a Commonwealth government on November 15. The fourteenth submarine built by France since the World War was launched at Cherbourg. George H. Dern, Secretary of War of the United States, bowed at the Japanese shrine of the Emperor Meiji, grandfather of the present Mikado. Coal miners in Wales copied the stunt of a group of Hungarians, who won a strike in 1934 by refusing to come out of the shaft.

The Norwegian freighter *Wagland*, which had run aground on Coffin Patch Shoal off the Florida coast, worked her way clear and proceeded without assistance. A Philadelphia man, recently recovered from injuries received a year ago in his work, was clubbed by two Negroes on his way home; they did not rob him and he

believed they mistook him for someone else.

The morning newspapers of Berlin, with goose-step uniformity, began celebrating the impending final withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations. A Central Silver Jubilee Committee began collecting subscriptions in the State of Hyderabad, India, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the rule of the present Nizam.

4:01 a.m. to 6 a.m.

Memorial services for the youth Büsing, killed in riots at Nuremberg, were held at the Music Hall in Hamburg, Germany. He was a prominent member of the Young Hitlers in Venezuela, and met his death while visiting the Fatherland. An autopsy confirmed the fact that Mariano Rodriguez Gomez of Barcelona, Spain, had been shot to death by his mistress, Maria Martinez Sacramento. In the same city, a court-martial condemned to prison Jenaro Garcia Lopez, convicted of sedition, while state authorities released forty-seven other political prisoners, jailed when Catalonia was trying to secede from the Spanish Republic.

Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury for the United States, made an official call upon Marcel Régnier, the French Minister of Finance, and discussed money, but declined to report the exact conversation. Mr. Morgenthau was returning to America from a holiday in Spain, and had cancelled his passage on the *Rex* in obedience to President Roosevelt's proclamation requesting Americans to avoid the vessels of warring nations.

Miss Tan Ching-chao, of no fixed place of abode, went on trial for piracy at Canton. The case against her recited that she sent her men aboard a steamer as passengers, arriving later with a bundle which

she explained contained a baby. The bundle actually contained revolvers, and when the steamer was out to sea, Miss Tan distributed the weapons among her mercenaries, who looted the ship.

A baby in Lansing, Michigan, was badly burned when his bed caught fire from an electric warming pad, over which the child's mother had placed a metal pan.

The Little Entente is a business association and not politically aggressive, Premier Stoyadinovitch of Yugoslavia wanted it distinctly understood as he opened a session of the Economic Council in Belgrade. The Lithuanian governor of Memel resigned when the official results of the elections to the Diet were announced.

Three gunmen in Detroit robbed a restaurant owner of \$630, and also a bakery employee who happened to arrive at the moment with the morning delivery of bread. A certain married couple in Caen, France, began and ended every day with intoxication, their neighbors reported to the police. The reason they complained, they said, was that the two-year-old baby of the couple was often left unfed for an entire day, and beaten when it cried. When the accused pair were taken before the judge, they were too drunk to understand what it was all about, and were sent to jail to sober up.

6:01 a.m. to 8 a.m.

Herbert Hoover, a former President of the United States, passing through Columbus, Ohio, westbound, did not leave his berth. His secretary, Ben S. Allen, however, informed the little crowd at the station that Mr. Hoover, even when awake, was not giving any thought to the Presidential nomination, but only to steering the Republican Party in the right course on campaign issues. The present Vice-President of

the United States, passing through Denver, westbound, was up and about, but found only two reporters and a photographer to greet him in the name of Colorado Democracy and was surprised if not a little hurt. One of the reporters called him Mr. Gardner. His name is really Garner.

The soundness of Solomon's advice, not to look upon the wine "when it holdeth itself aright", was disregarded by a farmer near Marmande, France. Deciding to investigate the progress of fermentation of his vintage, which was in a huge vat, he went to the side, leaned over, was overcome by fumes, and fell in. His son tried to rescue him and also fell into the wine. The son's daughter started to go to their assistance but was restrained by neighbors. The men were dead when they were taken out.

The British royal family was in residence at Sandringham for the grouse shooting, and the announcement was made that the Dowager Countess of Airlie and the Lady Elizabeth Motion had succeeded the Dowager Countess of Minto and the Lady Victoria Forester as Ladies in Waiting to the Queen. His Majesty George V conveyed to Sir Percy Vincent at the House of Lords, through the Lord Chancellor, his royal approval of Sir Percy's election as Lord Mayor of London, a formality necessary before Sir Percy could take over the job.

Mrs. V. Harmsworth, a patriotic subject of His Majesty, mother of quadruplets born the day before, had them christened Albert, for Queen Victoria's husband, Edward for her son, George for her grandson, and Victor for herself.

Philatelists here and there received the first issues of a corrected Austrian six-groschen stamp. In the first issues the appearance of a smiling peasant was somewhat marred by the fact that his ears were

fastened on backwards. William Bullitt, United States Ambassador to Russia, returned to Moscow from a vacation spent principally in Italy, where he visited Senator J. Ham Lewis, who was ill of pneumonia in Rome. In Bochum-Hovel, Westphalia, Germany, the butchers' guild served notice that it would not adhere to the maximum prices established by the government for meats. Frankfurt butchers had previously defied the order and several shops were closed. The spokesman of the Westphalians was sent to jail.

Observing a man prowling about the rear of his house, a resident of Camden, New Jersey, fired two pistol shots to scare him off; a few minutes later he heard a brick crash through his front window, and arrived on his porch just in time to see the prowler disappearing around a corner of the street.

Latest returns from Port Said disclosed that no matter how much England might deplore the war in Ethiopia, the Suez Canal, the majority of the stock of which is held in Great Britain, is profiting enormously. Italy had already paid nearly \$4,000,000 in tolls for troop and supply ships, and it was expected that this amount would be multiplied several times before the campaign is ended.

The movement for the restoration of the Greek monarchy was speeding up, and Prince Paul flew from Paris to London to talk it over with his brother, George, the deposed king. In Athens, General Kondylis, premier and leader of the Royalists, said he had received telegrams of congratulation from several governments, because of his coup of several days before in which he assumed power. He denied it was a revolution and said: "There is no example in history of the fall of an administration enjoying such a majority, without even the leaf of a tree rustling in its support."

8:01 a.m. to 10 a.m.

The Plenary Committee of Eighteen of the League of Nations, meeting in Geneva, agreed upon a program of financial sanctions against Italy, which was to be submitted to the Coördinating Committee later in the day. Japan, which had walked out of the League some months before, applied sanctions in her own way, refusing to ship any more canned fish to Mussolini until he paid his bills for June, July, and August, amounting to 2,500,000 yen.

The attendant of a filling station in Indianapolis informed the police that he had sold gasoline to Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., kidnaper of Mrs. Berry Stoll of Louisville, Kentucky. He said Robinson had abandoned his feminine disguise and was wearing sideburns. He knew him from his pictures in the newspapers.

Sweden's newest destroyer, the *Göteborg*, was launched. Joaquin Chapaprieta, president of the Spanish Council of Ministers in Madrid, said that 1,000,000 pesetas had been provided in the forthcoming budget for unemployment. The Earl of Derby opened a new golf course at Newmarket, England, established by Lord Wolverton as a memorial to his father. A Hohenzollern spokesman in Berlin denied emphatically that any member of the former Kaiser's family was to become the wife of King Carol of Rumania, as had been rumored.

A small boy in Philadelphia, playing with a cylindrical object he had picked up on the camp ground of the Pennsylvania National Guard, was surprised when it turned out to be a live shell and exploded, taking off both his hands. Pat M. Neff, president of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, dismissed three girl students for "unbecoming conduct", and said: "Taking an action like this saps every ounce of my

energy." A drunken mechanic in Wheaton, Maryland, killed his wife and step-daughter, wounded his daughter, and committed suicide as a result of a family row in which he had been accurately accused of nonsupport.

The new premier of Poland, Marjan Zyndram Kosciaskowski, held his preliminary cabinet meeting. It was the first government in nine years lacking the authority of the late Marshal Josef Pilsudski.

Five Boston gunmen held up the office of a bakery and seized \$2500. Even stonemasons have mistresses in Champigny, France, but one of them killed his, as he had been unable to get along with her. The defense offered by a New York pick-pocket, arrested in the act, that he had slipped and, throwing out one hand, caught it in the other man's pocket, lost its force when the police discovered that his foot had slipped five times previously. A woman returned to Robert Macbeth, New York art dealer, a painting by Robert Henri which she saw fall off a truck, upon which it was being shipped to Germantown, Pennsylvania. Mr. Macbeth hoped that the finder of a Luks canvas which also disappeared in transit would be equally honest, and undertook to join the Optimists' Club if this happened.

10:01 a.m. to 12 noon

Bruno Mussolini, son of the *Duce*, returned from an air reconnaissance over Makale in Ethiopia and said he had been fired on, calling attention to what looked like bullet holes in non-vital parts of his plane. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone took a big load off a lot of near-minds by announcing that they had been married for three days. Two young women, reporting for work at a Memphis cosmetic factory whose girls were on strike, were stripped

to the waist by lady unionists before blushing policemen could rescue them. A Brooklynite, trying to collect \$40 he said was due him, hit a man on the head with an axe; one went to the hospital, the other to jail. A Salt Lake City butcher, accused of killing a widow who rejected his advances to her daughter, and also of murdering two witnesses to the crime, told the police he couldn't remember a single thing about it.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann's appeal to the United States Supreme Court from his conviction for murdering the Lindbergh baby, was begun. Ruth Chatterton, who complained that George Brent, her actor-husband, sometimes did not speak to her for a week, was granted a final divorce in Los Angeles. Elaine Barrie Jacobs again confessed to the New York tabloids that John Barrymore loved her and had just called her up on the telephone from Los Angeles to say: "Little Baby, nobody's keeping snookie Caliban from his Ariel. I will come to your arms immediately." In Los Angeles it was announced that a Chicago broker, Harold C. Strotz, former husband of (a) Eugenia Vandever, and (b) Maxine Stresenreuter Culver, daughter of Countess Fillipponi, had been secretly married to (c) Anne Gould, daughter of Jay Gould of New York, who was recently divorced from F. Spencer Meador, with whom she eloped less than a year before. Investigation of an organization to manufacture evidence for divorce was ordered by a judge in Springfield, Massachusetts, who said he was informed that parties were staged at which husbands and wives would strike each other by prearrangement, in the presence of prospective trial witnesses. A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, III, the seventh great-grandchild of the old gentleman at Pocantico Hills.

At the Brighton racetrack in England, Jockey Gordon Richards galloped in with his fourth winner for the day. A Mexican agent brought suit against William Randolph Hearst in New York, claiming that he engineered a thirty-five per cent reduction in the inheritance tax which Mexico charged against the publisher's bequests in that country from the estate of his mother. The original tax was \$125,000. An old law was invoked in Chester, Pennsylvania, against a Presbyterian minister, accusing him of holding a lady on his lap in the basement of the church, and the magistrate said: "It's too complicated for me; let it go to the grand jury." Jimmie Lafontaine, reputed to be the wealthiest gambler in Washington, appealed a deficiency assessment of \$5604 in his 1932 income tax; five years previously he was fined \$200,000 and given a jail sentence for evasion.

Going out to spend her last twenty-five cents for food, a Brooklyn mother left her year-old baby daughter in an empty bathtub. Returning she found her two-year-old son had turned on the water and was playfully splashing in it, while the baby lay drowned.

12:01 p.m. to 2 p.m.

For several weeks there had been little more shooting in Mexico than on Broadway. Suddenly a rebellion (Mexican euphemism for bandit raid) was started in the State of Sonora, and the mayor and chief of police of the town of Santa Ana were killed. In Panama Bay, President Roosevelt received a bundle of mail, landed on Perlas Islands for luncheon with Col. Julian Schley, governor of the Canal Zone, and went fishing but had no luck. Huey Long's body lies a mould'ring in the grave but his laws go marching on. The United States Supreme Court decided that his

measure giving the State of Louisiana control over the Power and Water Board of the City of New Orleans was legal. A London judge in Chancery Court told the wife of a doctor that if she would stop molesting her husband she might go free. But the wife said it was too high a price to pay for freedom and went back to jail.

Mayor Moore of Philadelphia opened a "Safeguard the Constitution" exhibition at the Garrick Theater in that city, reminding his townsmen that they lived in "the home and the birthplace of the American constitution". The Dean of Women of the University of Oregon contributed her bit to higher education by prohibiting tea dances at fraternity houses on Sundays.

The Ethiopian war reached the Soho front, when 300 waiters paraded the streets of London demanding that Italian waiters be dismissed from British restaurants. Viscount Thurles, 19 years old, was fined £5 in a Hendon police court for using a car without the permission of the owner. His driving license was suspended as well. Besides, he wrecked the car, lost one eye, and sent a girl companion to the hospital. Indication that the Hitler government is desirous of placating the Christian denominations was seen in the announcement by Hans Kerrl, Minister for Church Affairs, that a church directorate of eight members with dictatorial powers had been appointed. Seven of the eight are opponents of Reichbishop Ludwig Mueller and the Nazi German Christian movement which brought him into office.

A school of aviation was opened in the penitentiary in Boise, Idaho, but the plane which the convicts will study has no wings. America's No. 1 prisoner, Al Capone, was reported as learning to operate both the banjo and the typewriter. The world congress of the Lutheran churches opened in Paris, and Bishop Lehtoula of Finland in-

formed the delegates that in his country, as well as in Scandinavia, the communist party had ceased to exist.

2:01 p.m. to 4 p.m.

The International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers, meeting in St. Louis, was informed that Americans had consumed 180,000,000 gallons of their product in the last year, an average of six quarts per capita. Andrew Mellon filed a deed of gift in Pittsburgh providing a fund of \$10,000,000 to build a national art gallery in Washington, D. C., to which he would transfer his collection of paintings, valued at \$25,000,000. A hen, shooed off a flower bed in Dallas, Texas, laid three eggs in ten seconds on the run. The law prohibiting duck hunters from using live decoys was held by a Kansas City court to include the use of phonographic records of quacks. Margit Jansson and Alva Stensson, two young girls of Lidköping, Sweden, missing for two days, were found unharmed and happy, having run away just for the fun of it. San Francisco began a celebration of 100 years of commerce. Col. Frank Knox of Chicago, at a Boston luncheon, said there was no political significance in the fact that he was making so many speeches in criticism of the New Deal. He was on a business trip, he insisted, and not gunning for the presidential nomination, any more than Mr. Hoover.

The Italian colony at Buenos Aires began a boycott of British goods. A steamer from the Mediterranean brought forty-five German refugees from Addis Ababa to Hamburg, principally women and children. Antonio Hernàn, superintendent of Madrid street railways, committed suicide. An unarmed robber held up a New York restaurant within view of thirty unsuspecting customers and took away \$3000

while the proprietor was testifying on the racket situation before a special grand jury. A farmer living near Flint, Michigan, burned his home and committed suicide because his wife was suing for divorce. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars unloaded a lot of tropical varmints, including a bush-master snake, at the Bronx Zoo. The New York Stock Exchange board, at closing hour, showed that many issues had reached the highest points of the year, and the general list was at its best level since the middle of September.

Four Mexican gunboats arrived at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, few of whom were aware that Mexico had a navy. The League of Nations Coördinating Committee of Fifty-two adopted the report of the Plenary Committee, by which signatory nations agreed to cease all financial credits to Italy. Austria and Hungary filed reservations. Then the Soviet Foreign Minister, Litvinoff, tossed a monkey wrench into the machinery by asking this annoying question: "Is or is not the application of sanctions imperative upon member nations?" The question was coughed off the floor.

4:01 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, less coy than Mr. Hoover or Colonel Knox, admitted to interviewers in Cleveland that he might enter the Ohio primaries for the Republican presidential nomination next spring. A convicted murderer in California wrote to the governor of the state, saying he did not want any time wasted on appeals, and please would they get on with the hanging. A saxophone player in Little Rock, Arkansas, told the court that he had been driven from home by his wife's nagging, and the judge ruled that this constituted desertion on the part of the wife. A jury in

Lansing, Michigan, decided that the proprietor and staff of the Hotel Kern had been negligent in connection with the burning of that hostelry last winter, and awarded the widow of one of the victims \$10,000 damages.

Thirteen men, including several Cuban naval officers, were arrested in Havana on a charge of plotting to organize an expedition in Mexico to overthrow the government of Cuba. Violence in the milk war of Illinois farmers, in progress for two weeks, reached a low point, and consisted merely in breaking machinery in dairies near Hebron. The opera season opened in Paris with a celebration of the Saint-Saëns centenary, attended by virtually all the ranking government officials.

Red stickers pasted on windshields of automobiles which cannot be stopped in forty feet when traveling twenty miles an hour, was decided upon by the Massachusetts Motor Vehicle Department as a safety measure. The legislature of that state received a resolution requesting the American Olympics Committee not to participate in the Berlin games in 1936. The ragweed season ended and statisticians computed that during the height of the hay fever period in the United States, there were 1724 pollen cells to the cubic yard of air, twenty per cent more than the previous year. The American Federation of Labor, in convention in Atlantic City, announced that the long feud between the two factions of the building trades had been settled. Sears-Roebuck reported that its sales for a four-week period had been the second highest in history. A streetsweeper on Staten Island was killed by a hit-and-run driver.

6:01 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Controlling its excitement with that *savoir*

viure for which the Briton is noted, London heard that the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott had agreed to pass their honeymoon at Bough-ton House near Kettering. In the same spirit, the capital received the news that Lothar Mendes, movie director, was to marry the Countess Marguerite de Bosardi, divorced wife of David Plunkett Greene. One hundred and thirteen divorces were made final in the London courts in the course of the day.

The pigpens at the Centennial Exposition in Dallas, Texas, it was decided, were to have indirect lighting, radio, and mural decorations. Residents of Key West, Florida, received an official booklet on the proper treatment of visitors, the theme being "Don't soak the tourist". In the picturesque village of Cély-en-Bière in France, a workman of excellent reputation killed his wife, who was subject to fits of jealousy when intoxicated, which was frequently. He told the police he felt greatly relieved to have it off his mind. The Australian Minister for External Affairs announced that the action of the League of Nations concerning sanctions against Italy would have to be examined before it could be decided whether the Commonwealth would participate. All speculation as to the plans of Greta Garbo for the future was set at rest by statements from real estate agents in Hollywood that they had been requested to find a suitable residence for the Queen of the Chattering Celluloid.

Abbott L. Noble, executive of a printing firm in Philadelphia, upon arriving at his home in Haddonfield, New Jersey, found awaiting him a postal parcel which he could not account for. He took it to the police, who placed it in the middle of a vacant lot and struck it with a twenty-foot pole. It exploded. Mr. Noble said he knew of no one who might want him to die.

The Department of Commerce at Washington reported that deaths from automobile accidents in 1934 reached a high of 33,980, proving that the depression had ended as many people were driving cars who never drove before. The state with the highest rate was Nevada, with 73.4 deaths per 100,000 population, a neat calculation since Nevada's population is only 91,000. Abe Rosenblatt, secretary of the Window Cleaners' Protective Union No. 2 of New York, announced a strike.

8:01 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The artificial eyebrow, consisting of real hair mounted on almost invisible tape, was introduced to the convention of the National Hairdressers Association in New York. It was also decided not to speak of dyeing hair, but only of coloring it. Col. Theodore Roosevelt broadcast his views on politics from Freeport, Long Island, taking issue with Senator William E. Borah's plan to make trust-busting the campaign issue for the Republicans in 1936. Tommy Reynolds, 4 years old, annoyed by the painful consequences of having tonsils and adenoids removed simultaneously, decided to leave home. The New York police found Tommy under the Bronx end of High Bridge, unharmed but still mourning for his lost parts.

A father in St. Helena, Oregon, was absolved of criminal charges attendant upon the death of his son, whose skull he fractured with a light cuff on the side of the head. It was found that the boy's skull was very thin. Twenty-six thousand optimists filled twenty-six of the regular theaters in what was once known as the Gay White Way. Rain was falling in Southern California, and an automobile driven by Basil Rathbone, an actor, struck a woman and injured her painfully. A grand jury in

Portland, Oregon, began an investigation of the gambling situation in that city.

Lewis W. Douglas, former Director of the Budget, delivered an address before the Sentinels of the Republic in Philadelphia, and said that the credit of the United States would collapse if excessive spending were not discontinued. Herman R. Voigtlander, a hosiery manufacturer, clad in pajamas, jumped from the twenty-second floor of the Woodstock Tower, a New York apartment house, to the roof of an adjoining church, and died instantly.

10:01 p.m. to midnight

Franklyn L. Hutton, father of Countess Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, better remembered as Barbara Hutton, returned from abroad on the *Europa* and refused to discuss rumors that he was expecting to become a grandfather. Hamilton (Willing-to-Run) Fish, Jr., addressed a women's club in Akron, Ohio, and denounced the New Deal as a dictatorship. Herbert Hoover arrived in St. Louis, where he was breaking his trip to California, and said he had no political mission in that city. He was there only on Boy Scout business, he said. The student body of the University of New Hampshire at Durham turned out to fight a fire on a farm four miles from town. It was only a blazing chimney, however, and was extinguished before the boys arrived. The only casualty occurred when a student fell off the spare-tire rack of a friend's car and was struck, though not seriously injured, by the car behind.

Erroneous reports seeped into Douglas, Arizona, that the marauding revolutionists of the Mexican State of Sonora had captured five American bankers who were on a hunting trip, confiscated their guns and ammunition, and left them helpless in wild, mountainous country. In the Waikiki section of Honolulu a drunken driver in a stolen car sideswiped half a dozen other machines and three streetcars, and demolished an electric light pole before the police could catch him. He stepped out of the wrecked machine unhurt and explained that he was studying aviation and liked to drive fast. The spiritual adviser of the convicts in Joliet Prison, Illinois, began trying to make arrangements for the entrance into heaven, soon after midnight, of Gerald Thompson, sentenced to be executed for the murder of a girl in a Peoria graveyard after raping her. Twenty-six thousand persons filed out of the New York theaters.

The latest returns from the Canadian elections showed that the Conservative government of Richard B. Bennett had been defeated by the Liberals, and that W. L. Mackenzie King would be the next Premier. His platform was built around free trade, with especial emphasis upon reciprocity with United States.

Midnight on the Atlantic seaboard: the weather was warm for the season but the sky was clear. The day expired to the raucous tunes of second-rate radio orchestras, corrupting the ether with the reigning ballad from Tin Pan Alley, *You Are My Lucky Star*.

SOVIET EDUCATION TURNS RIGHT

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

WHEN Soviet education first came into being, it drew considerable praise from a fairly large number of American school men. Particularly, the adherents of our so-called Progressive Education seemed impressed, and many of them gave the new Soviet pedagogy their eager and enthusiastic stamp of approval. And well they might. For at bottom the Russians were actually putting into practice many of the Americans' choicest pedagogical ideas. Indeed, to read of Soviet education during this period is very much like reading a work written by almost any American pedagogue of the progressive order. All the well known and familiar formulas are found. Education, one reads, is life; the school should socialize the child; infants should go to school; the teacher should be merely a guide; and students should be in charge of discipline.

A good part of Progressive Education is of course still highly dubious. But the Soviets, having started educationally from scratch, seemed perfectly willing to try out new ideas, fantastic or otherwise, so long as these in the end gave some promise of bolstering the foundations of communism. Having swung to the political left, the Soviets now prepared to swing to the educational left.

One of the first American pedagogical inventions to caress the Russian realm was the Dalton Laboratory Plan. Created by Helen Parkhurst, this had first been put to work in a typical American high

school at Dalton, Massachusetts. At bottom the plan seeks to let each pupil progress at his own rate of speed. To do this the traditional recitation has been thrown into the discard. The teacher now no longer teaches, at least not in the usual sense; instead he "guides and advises." Only rarely does he meet his protégés as a group. The learner is more or less on his own. For every subject he gets a "job sheet" containing his assignments for a given period and telling him what to do. If he is so inclined, and if also he has the requisite ability, he may do the whole business in a day, or he may linger over it for several weeks. The classroom, now no longer a place where recitations are staged, has been converted into a "laboratory" with reference books and materials for a given subject. In essence the Dalton Plan is not unlike the correspondence school technique, except, of course, that the latter has completely exterminated all contacts between pedagogue and pupil.

Several things in the Dalton scheme caught the eye of the Soviet educator, but what appealed to him above all, no doubt, was the fact that a pupil was made to work according to a plan. Like his more mature comrade workers in the mills and fields, the learner at school was expected to produce a certain amount of work according to schedule. If in quantity and quality he surpassed this, then so much the better. But if his production should lag, then obviously he is potentially a bad

communist and needs to be improved at once. Despite its seeming possibilities, however, the original Dalton ritual wasn't altogether suited to the Soviet atmosphere. The plan, for one thing, had too much of a New England smack. Time is Money was its slogan. In the words of Pinkevitch, the noted Moscow educator, the original plan was admirable in turning out "a bourgeois who conducts his affairs efficiently." Babbitts, in other words, and not communists were created by Miss Parkhurst's scheme. Then, too, the Dalton procedure was dedicated entirely too much to Rugged Individualism and hardly at all to communism. That in these respects the plan was thoroughly overhauled before it was set down in the Soviet schools goes without saying.

If the Dalton Plan found plenty of backers among Soviet school men, then the Project Method found even more. This, as is well known, is one of the great siege guns of American Progressive Education. Defined as "a purposeful activity worked out under conditions that approximate those of real life," the project procedure strives to de-formalize learning by putting it "on the basis of a felt need." Where the Project Method is used, subjects are not usually taught as subjects. Nor is a textbook studied systematically and sequentially. Whatever subject matter the pupil acquires comes incidentally. The hypothesis is that the successful working out of a project will inevitably call for knowledge in the three R's, in geography, history, government, and so on. The more conservative pedagogue will, of course, deny this. Or if he admits it, he will plead its inadequacy.

Almost from the beginning Soviet educators eagerly clasped the Project Method to their pedagogic bosom. But from the beginning also the authorities made it

plain that unlike the American projects, their Russian counterparts must always deal with "socially useful work." Indeed, it is due to the fact, I think, that projects could be so readily harnessed to the world in which the growing communist lived, that the method became so attractive to the Soviet educational authorities. There were, of course, other things in the method that appealed to the Russian educator. In the first place, it served to put learning on a collectivistic basis. Unlike the Dalton Plan, it encouraged pupils to work together on a common undertaking. Then, too, by throwing out such routines as recitations, drill, and examinations, it satisfied the Soviet urge to go to the left in pedagogy.

In at least one other important respect the Progressives left their mark on Soviet education. I refer to the general idea that children should be free and left to express themselves, and that their teachers should not hamper them unduly. Applied in practice, this theory naturally worked a change in the school. All those conventional procedures which required children to sit still and pay silent attention to their teachers were cast to the wind. Instead, pupils were allowed to talk and to move about. Student self-government was given a big lift. In fact, pupils were put more or less in charge of their own disciplinary problems. On the other hand, however, the schoolmasters, having lost much of their police power, were made to take a back seat.

II

As the Soviets continued to apply more and more of Progressive Education, the interest and applause of American school men, naturally enough, also continued to rise. In a short time, indeed, Soviet schools

developed into an educational Mecca for American progressive pedagogues. Annually, boatloads of American teachers flocked to Russia to observe Progressive Education at work. Among them were many front-rank educators as, for example, Dewey, Counts, Washburne, Parkhurst, and many others. All reported on the New Russian Education, usually with favor and at length. Some of them, to be sure, flatly disagreed with Russia's new political ideals and often they took great pains to let their dislikes be known. Yet in the end they all seemed to agree that by virtue of Progressive Education the Russian schools were leaping into world leadership.

When the Soviets first began to install Progressive Education there were, as might be expected, plenty of objections. Usually, however, these were ascribed to educational conservatism. Thus, even in Soviet Russia, with all its social and political swing to the left, it was difficult for many teachers to get enthusiastic over the New School. But in any educational tilt the government, of course, always had the final say, and so it was always possible to brush conservative objections aside. Thus, while controversies might wage over the various aspects of the New School, the authorities continued to apply Progressive Education on a large scale. Their attitude, however, was experimental and whenever anything was found not to be producing the desired communistic results it was scrapped.

Despite what the authorities decreed, however, protests against the New Education did not entirely submerge. Indeed, as the years went by, the mutterings against Progressive Education gathered more and more force. Not only did teachers here and there voice their opposition to some of the new doings, but even in important party

conclaves doubts were increasingly cast on the magic of the New Pedagogy. The Dalton Plan and the Project Method in particular seemed to be suspect. The latter, writes Bubnov, a noted communist authority, is after all an American method "designed to educate an individualist who is able to stay afloat in a society based on competition." The New Pedagogy, it appears, was failing to produce the anticipated marvelous results. In the Don region, for example, official investigations revealed that more than half the children of a given school were wholly unable to copy a simple dictated passage. In fact, one-third of the pupils could not write even one sentence without making a mistake. Had these revelations been purely local, the situation, I suppose, would not have been so bad; but the disclosures, alas, were not local.

The Soviet devotees of the New Education reacted in the usual manner. The poor results, they argued, were due not so much to any weakness in progressive educational theories, but rather to a host of other things. More time, they pleaded, was needed to put these ideas into successful operation. Then, too, the new methodology couldn't be used successfully unless teachers had been previously trained in its use. To make the new methods succeed, more and better equipment was needed than what was on hand. In addition, there were other arguments. But in the end none of them prevailed.

The first vigorous official blast against the New Pedagogy came late in 1931 when the Central Committee of the Communist Party decreed that "no one method should be accepted as fundamental." This clearly snatched the pedagogic monopoly away from the Dalton Plan and the Project Method. Furthermore, the commissariats of education in the various Soviet re-

publics were ordered "to liquidate the perversions of the laboratory method." This again was a wallop aimed at the Dalton Plan. Lest any doubts be left, the committee provided that hereafter "the accepted form of teaching in both the elementary and secondary schools must be classroom recitation based on a strict schedule and designed for a definite group of pupils." In other words, the committee definitely put itself on record in favor of the old style education in which there were regular class meetings and recitations conducted by a teacher. The latter was no longer merely "to guide and advise." Instead, the committee now directed him to present his subject "in a systematic and sequential way, the pupils to be trained in the use of text-books."

Before the committee went into action the subject of history had been generally held in low esteem. Dealing mainly with bourgeois doings, history was considered a study of no great importance to a self-respecting communist. But here, too, a decade of educational experience was gradually to work a change of Soviet heart. The great Lenin himself, it began to be pointed out, had once said that "only he could become a true communist, who knows how to enrich his memory with a knowledge of all those treasures which humanity has produced." These words were interpreted by Lenin's widow, Krupskaja, as favoring the study of history. Hence, it is not altogether a surprise when the committee deemed the fact that "as yet no courses in history have been prepared" to be a "major error." The committee's assertion was in time to receive a substantial boost when it was revealed that Stalin's own son, after years of schooling

according to the New Pedagogy, had not the slightest inkling as to who the first Napoleon might have been.

III

If the Dalton Plan and the Project Method were heaved out by the committee, then so was the idea that the school child should be free. Not only was the pupil made to attend classes according to a fixed schedule, but he was to master fundamentals thoroughly. To insure this, the committee decreed that "a final examination at the end of the year is compulsory for all pupils." Pupil self-government, once as popular as a best seller, was now also shelved. Principals and teachers were once more graced with authority and were made "responsible for the maintenance of discipline among the pupils." Should any pupil still insist on expressing himself too strongly, he might be promptly and thoroughly squelched. Moreover, those pupils who had taken advantage of the whole situation, those "incorrigible pupils who insult the school personnel, violate the school rules, and are guilty of destroying school property," may be expelled.

Naturally, the action of the committee was a bitter pill for the rank and file of American progressives to swallow. For years they had been cackling about the wide acceptance and steady advance of their theories in Russia. For years, too, they had been pointing to the Soviets as the shining example of what could be done when a whole nation installed Progressive Education in its public schools. And then, suddenly, the Soviets deserted and went over to the enemy. It was, to say the least, most unkind.

SHERLOCK HOLMES VS. ARSÈNE LUPIN

BY FLETCHER PRATT

EVER since *A Study in Scarlet* brought Sherlock Holmes to majestic literary stature, Scotland Yard has been the best publicized police organization in the world, with ninety per cent of the publicity quite favorable, a natural reaction to Conan Doyle's unflattering portraits of Inspectors Lestrade and Gregson. And ever since Maurice Leblanc's *Arsène Lupin* reversed the formula by making a hero of the criminal, the French Sûreté has been the butt of more adverse comment than any similar service. But despite the statistics of solved crimes released proudly each year, Scotland Yard remains very much as Sherlock Holmes knew it—a slow-minded, dull, almost stupid organization, plodding methodically along the trail of petty crooks. Meanwhile, the French service has advanced from strength to strength, to become today the most intelligent and efficient body of detectives in history.

The Yard has never comprised more than fifty operatives (in addition to a small highway patrol, romantically entitled The Flying Squad); these fifty agents do not enter a case unless they are summoned by the district authorities. The men have worked up into the detective service through years of pavement-pounding, and the qualities that have earned them promotion are those of reliability and patience rather than brains. Each Scotland Yard agent, like a uniformed policeman, is expected to handle any kind of crime—a murder one week, a forgery the next, and

a burglary the third. Specialization is almost accidental. On the other hand, the Sûreté comprises several hundred men who can and do jump into any district in pursuit of criminals. Most of these agents are specialists, laboratory-trained in one type of crime or method of approach, after the manner of fingerprint men: there are specialists in burglary, for instance, who know how to take jimmy-prints from a shattered door, specialists in recognition, specialists in shadowing, and even specialists in disguise.

Now Scotland Yard's lack of intelligence and scientific method is not altogether its own fault. Most detective forces reflect the characteristics of the criminals with which they grapple, and the average English crook has no more originality than a robot, and very little more intelligence. He is a simple tough or hoodlum, devoid of imagination, who breaches the laws in a moment of drunken or witless impulse. Thus the English police work by rule of thumb on each particular case as a unit, without the aid of the elaborate recording systems by which habitual criminals are traced in other countries. Scotland Yard's fingerprint file is actually smaller than that of the German city of Stuttgart. Why? No one knows. In France it has long been recognized that the recidivist is the most important element in detective work, that the amateur in serious crime is always a bungler, easily caught, and that something like seventy per cent of the men

who leave the jails will be wanted again. The Department of Identification file at the Sûreté is one of the most elaborate and complete in the world; it contains all the available data on a criminal—his fingerprints, the millimetric measurements of his skull, arms, fingers, legs, nose, a classification of his ears, and a vast amount of information concerning his habits.

England claims that crime statistics prove her detective service to be the best in the world. But this is not true; the figures merely show that the English are a law-abiding race and that English criminals are a stupid lot. Crimes of conspiracy, which require brains and organizing ability, are relatively rare; dope-peddling on the other hand is an activity which Scotland Yard conspicuously fails to restrain. Sex crimes, in which informers are of slight use, also remain unsolved for the most part. As for cases of incest and rape, it is significant that no statistics are available.

It is only in dealing with murder that the British police obtain really brilliant results, yet here again they are greatly helped by the characteristics of the British criminal. Murder is an amateur crime in England; there are no gangster killings as in America and no rapid-fire knife wielders as in France. Thus when Scotland Yard is confronted with murder, it has an immediate advantage in the almost certain knowledge that the crime is (1) a family matter (murder for insurance or inheritance, *crime passionnel*), (2) the result of a quarrel among foreigners, or (3) the inadvertent pendant of a robbery. In the famous Beron case, Inspector Wensley had only a body to work on. He found that the victim possessed no family and was an Englishman; therefore the detective calmly and correctly assumed that the motive was robbery, although there

was no evidence whatever upon which to base the assumption.

The Beron case also reveals another of the great advantages enjoyed by British police—the fact that England is a thickly-populated country where almost all criminal operations are conducted in cities full of exceedingly inquisitive people who seldom move from the community. Book reviewers in America often cavil at English detective stories in which clouds of witnesses appear to have been holding a convention at the scene of the crime, similar to that in De Russey's Lane in New Jersey the night Dr. Hall and his choir-singing inamorata were slain. The reviewers do wrong, however; in the Beron case Inspector Wensley successively turned up a woman who had seen the late Mr. Beron walking the streets on the night of the murder with a tall man in a long overcoat; a man who had seen the overcoated companion before and recognized him as a baker's helper; the baker who had been helped and who gave the helper's name as Stinie Morrison; a bus conductor who had transported Beron and Stinie Morrison from one side of London, where both lived, to the other, where the body was discovered; a waiter in a restaurant who had seen Morrison with a package on the day of the crime; a check room clerk who had handled the package and discovered it contained an iron bar; a pawnshop owner who had taken in Beron's gold watch and chain from Morrison on the day after the murder; and no less than three persons who had seen the two men walking together near the spot where the body was found.

The whole makes up a typical Scotland Yard victory. Of course considerable credit is due the British police for their patience in locating these witnesses and following the tenuous clues offered by any one story

alone. Success was achieved in the Scotland Yard manner, by a painstaking house-to-house canvass of the neighborhood of the crime, an equally painstaking canvass of bus conductors, a third of Beron's neighborhood, and finally a fourth of all likely pawnshops. But note that the method is applicable only in England, where the population is homogeneous, law-abiding, and largely settled. An inquiry of this type in New York would fail; the key witnesses would probably have left the district during the course of the canvass, and even if they remained would remember nothing of the casual stroll of two strangers.

When the British police are faced with conditions comparable to those on this side of the Atlantic, they are likely to come off rather badly. The clash that formed the prelude to the famous Sidney Street siege in London began when Sergeant Bentley believed he saw a gang of burglars at work in a jeweler's shop in Houndsditch. There had been a gang of Russians cracking safes in the vicinity and Bentley thought these might be the men. Without alarming the busy thieves, Bentley called four officers to help him, which was smart work, but then arranged them around the doorway and knocked, which was not smart at all. The burglars burst forth shooting; Bentley and three of his men were killed, and the fourth escaped by dropping to the pavement. Being unarmed, as are British police in general, he was forced to lie still and watch them get away.

Four of the six gangsters escaped to the Continent and evidence was lacking to bring them back. The other two were tracked to a hideaway in Sidney Street after a typical Scotland Yard inquiry lasting several weeks, and were only captured after a sensational gun-battle in which

regular troops were brought into play. Two more officers were killed; a fire started during the fight cost the life of one fireman and serious injuries to three others. Whereupon the British authorities actually complimented the police in charge of the case, remarking characteristically that Sergeant Bentley could hardly have known that he would be received at the door with bullets instead of a right to the jaw, which is the British criminal's conventional reply to an effort to arrest him.

Even in these backward United States a police sergeant would know better. At the mere suggestion of a gang at work in a jewelry store there would gather a small army of cops with itching trigger-fingers, maybe a machine-gun or two, and the store would be torn to pieces under a storm of bullets.

II

Far different from either of these crude Anglo-Saxon methods is the technique of the French police service under its modern scientific heads. To begin with, the *Sûreté* detectives are reared on the knowledge that Polish and Russian criminals nearly always carry pistols (preferably Lugers, according to the official manual), and show no hesitation in using them. A French detective probably would not interfere with the jewelry store burglary at all, merely summoning enough colleagues to follow the crooks to their homes, and then capture them in their beds. When he made his raid it would be with an overpowering force, utilizing every ingenious device to make the capture easy. His reward would depend less upon the arrest itself—in France detectives are supposed to capture the men they pursue—than upon the cleverness displayed in securing the result.

This emphasis on cleverness, on in-

genuity, gives the French service both its romantic, almost fictional character, and its predilection for the use of scientific methods. The detective in charge of a case is, in the military sense of the term, officer of the day for that case. The resources of the department are placed at his disposal: he may call for a chemical analysis of a pair of socks, or for a regiment of troops, and he will get them without question. He is proud of the fact that he alone is responsible; if his superiors attempt to ask him how the case is progressing, he is quite likely to reply: "S-s-sh! A secret! I have an important clue."

Thus the celebrated Alphonse Bertillon first attracted the attention of his superiors by his treatment of the case of Raoul the burglar, who had been lodged in jail for a big job in which there was no definite proof—it was before the days of fingerprints or dust analyses. Bertillon carefully reconstructed the crime, having an actor play the part of the burglar and repeat all the motions until he was familiar with them. Then Bertillon installed himself in Raoul's cell while the burglar was asleep.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" demanded Raoul when he awoke.

"Taking down your confession," replied Bertillon calmly. "You may not believe it, but you have been talking in your sleep and you have just given me a complete narrative of that burglary."

Whereupon he read the account of the crime as he had reconstructed it, and it proved so accurate that the stupefied burglar signed the paper in full confession.

Naturally the French police, like the British, reflect the national criminal characteristics. If the British crook is a simple-minded slugger who almost never thinks, the Frenchman is an active, fluid fellow who often gets into trouble because of intricacies of his own devices. Thus Vidocq,

the famous police agent of a century ago, hearing that an apache named Gueuvive, who had just been released from prison, was in Paris with the intention of killing him on sight, posed as an apache, met Gueuvive in an underworld dive, and secured his confidence. Gueuvive proposed to his new friend that he assist in liquidating Vidocq; the latter agreed, and for four nights the detective waited with the criminal outside his own house to assassinate himself. On the fifth night the joke wore thin; Vidocq helped Gueuvive burglarize his own apartment, then knocked him out with a blackjack and took him off to prison.

In general, however, French criminal activities are of a type that call forth the highest intelligence on the part of officers who seek to curb them. There are no smash and grab raids on store windows, as in England. No English crook, for instance, would think of the diabolically ingenious implement which a Paris mechanic invented for the robbery at night of rich strollers. In appearance it was a heavy stick which was pointed at the pedestrian, with an order to throw up his hands. When the victim performed the natural action of grabbing the end of the stick, a pair of razor-edged knives flew out and sheared off his hand. The criminal was brought to book by a not less ingenious Paris detective who posed as a rich idler and trapped the highwayman into assailing him, and though he did not know the secret of the club (most of the victims had died), whipped out a sword-cane and ran the criminal through before he could use the weapon.

Or take the case of the fellow who assassinated Baron Zeidler with a club to which a pair of horseshoes had been affixed, then left the body in a stable where the Baron kept a high-spirited hunter.

The killer was caught by Bertillon, who noted that the horseshoe prints in Zeidler's skull were made from an angle only possible if the murdered man had stood on his head at the moment of contact. Or take the case of Mandrin, the bandit of the Provençal highways, who provided his mount with a pair of sandals on which the horseshoes were turned backward so that pursuers always followed him in the wrong direction; or that of André Rancy, the burglarious vaudeville performer, whose two thieving chimpanzees were trained to go through hotels where he stopped—and who was eventually convicted by M. Bayle of Paris on the evidence of the simians' fingerprints.

It is this search for the new, the ingenious, and the sensational that eventually led the French police into the business of scientific detection. Long before fingerprints were popular as a means of identification, Bertillon had discovered that the human ear offers a *point d'appui* nearly as good, and one that is always available. The ear cannot be disguised, and it has not yet been proved that any two ears are exactly alike. French detectives are trained to notice and classify the ears of wanted men; once they have a clear photograph, they rarely lose anyone they are trailing.

An absconding bank clerk of Paris was a tall, fat man, with bulging eyes and bushy black hair. While in hiding he deliberately starved himself in order to become thin, shaved most of his hair and dyed the rest gray, applied an irritant to his eyes so that they became small and rheumy, provided himself with a set of long gray whiskers, puffed out his nose with paraffin injections, and walked with a stoop and a cane. Yet he was tripped the first time he ventured out of doors by a detective who had looked for the one unalterable characteristic—the man's ears.

Since Bertillon's time, Dr. Locard of Lyon has demonstrated that there are many other bodily characteristics which furnish identification as certainly as fingerprints, and most of them have been used in trapping criminals at one time or another. The vein-pattern on the back of the hand is absolutely specific, unalterable, and alike in no two individuals; so is the imprint of the palm (a murderer was captured at Marseille because he fell while running along a beach and left a beautiful palmprint in the sand); so is the impress of the naked foot, which resulted in the conviction of Pranzini, the ruffian who cut three women's throats after removing his clothes so as not to stain his garments with crimson, yet who was careless enough to leave a bloody footprint on the floor.

But in the last analysis the fingerprint still produces most of the convictions secured through scientific evidence. "In spite of the constant efforts of editors and writers to persuade criminals to wear gloves," says Locard, "they continue obstinately bare-fingered. At Lyon, in 4700 cases of burglary and other serious crime on which I kept records, only fifty criminals wore gloves." And he goes on to explain that burglars usually work in dim light, where their fingers serve as eyes, and that the use of gloves thus renders many of their delicate operations impossible. He might have added in all modesty that of the fifty who did employ gloves, six were convicted through his own efforts, being traced by their fingerprints in spite of the outer covering. For Locard has developed a new and deadly addition to the scientific detective's armory—the study, through microphotography, of the pore-pattern within the fingerprints, the pore-pattern being as individual as the print itself and having the advantage of requiring far less surface to yield a read-

able and specific record. In the six cases mentioned, the gloves had worn thin; tiny fragments of fingerprints, not enough to be identified by ordinary methods, passed through the gloves, were placed under a microscope, and brought home to the man who made them. In a still more remarkable case a burglar who had entered a country home by a window took the precaution of stacking the broken glass against a wall and, in Locard's words, "erasing the fingerprints with a warm ammoniacal liquid with which Nature had provided him, and which was certainly ideal for the purpose". He used a candle during the robbery; a tiny drop of wax, no bigger than a tear, fell on one of his fingers. He shook it off; it was picked up and carried to Locard, who developed the pore-pattern and got his man.

III

The finding of that bit of wax was not a fortuitous piece of luck for the French detectives, any more than is the discovery of numerous witnesses for the English. The Sûreté agents are trained to gather every particle of material evidence, no matter how insignificant, a technique which has assumed enormous importance in detective work since Gross of Vienna demonstrated its utility and Locard improved on the method. In the case of Deprez, an old bank messenger of Paris, who was found in a river with his head bashed in, the solution rested on precisely such a detail. Deprez had called on two men, Nourric and Duquesne, bricklayers. They claimed he had left them in good health but feeling slightly elevated as the result of a few drinks. The Sûreté men could not disprove it, especially as someone who looked like Deprez had been seen leaving the Nourric-Duquesne house.

However, the bricklayers had a pushcart; if Deprez had been murdered by the pair the body must have been taken to the river in this conveyance. In spite of the fact that the cart had recently been washed, the detectives went over it with one of the small vacuum cleaners with which they are provided. M. Bayle analyzed the result; the dust, according to microphotographs, contained a considerable quantity of small gray hairs which had been cut with scissors within the last forty-eight hours. A few of the hairs bore bloodstains; the microscope showed the blood was of the same type as that of Deprez. As both Nourric and Duquesne had long, black hair which had not been cut for weeks, and as a checkup showed Deprez had visited his barber the day before his death, the bricklayers had a good deal of explaining to do, and their failure to be convincing resulted in a guilty verdict. When they confessed before execution, they explained that they had gone over the pushcart in the most minute detail—but of course they never thought of tiny dust fragments caught between the cracks of the planks.

Faced with a burglary, the French detective does not collect the evidence of witnesses or keep watch on pawnshops as does his English colleague. He first of all makes a careful wax casting of the jimmy-marks where entry to the premises was made, sweeps up the dust, and takes pictures of any prints. Under the microscope, tools have their own distinctive markings: these are recorded in an interesting manner by making a positive casting of the imprint left by the jimmy, then drawing it across a glass plate smeared with printer's ink and photographing the result. Locard's experiments have shown that tiny lines are produced which correspond exactly with those left in a similar

ink test by the tool itself. A big jewel robbery in Paris was solved because the burglars used a battered jack to open the iron shutter over the store's window, and the implement left its impression in the iron of the shutter. Likewise, a piece of newspaper no more than two inches square brought a murderer to the guillotine when it was discovered on the scene of the crime and its torn edge fitted to the parent piece in the room of the killer. (Incidentally, the murderer was traced through this very piece of paper; a smart French detective noticed the tiny stains on it, had them analyzed, discovered they were powder-stains, and deduced correctly that they had come from a shotgun shell made by a man who rolled his own.)

The English police, in their preoccupation with witnesses, tend to neglect this type of clue. There are and have been good laboratory technicians connected with Scotland Yard—none better in the world than Sir Bernard Spillsbury, for example. But they are seldom called in unless for an obvious laboratory case, such as a poisoning, or a case where the solution hinges on ballistic examination. The witness is master of the field.

In France, as might be expected both from the less severe legal limitations on the operations of the police and from their preoccupation with scientific methods, the tendency is to give more weight to circumstantial evidence. The famous Vidocq scandal, now a hundred years old, has left upon the Sûreté a legacy of distrust both for informers and witnesses. Vidocq was the founder of the Sûreté and one of its greatest men, but he resigned under a cloud after it was discovered that he had been using *agents provocateurs* and suborning witnesses for the police. French witnesses also are more apt to go to pieces under severe cross-examination, and the

French juries seem more ready to accept scientific testimony than those of any other nation except perhaps Austria.

The attention given to minute detail in France is also partly due to the system of detective enlistment and training. In England (as has been noted) detectives are drawn from the ranks of the uniformed police; they retain throughout their careers the dependence on witness evidence, the faith in what may be called the "census method" of securing information. They miss the minute indicative, the pinch of dust, the tiny stain, which the Gallic mind is trained to seize upon as the important clue, and it is not surprising that they miss it, for in cases handled by the uniformed police there are usually no such leads.

In France, detectives come directly to the service from the army without any previous police experience, usually have a high educational background, and are impatient of the self-subordination which is the first duty of the Scotland Yard man. They are put through a course of training which begins in a refreshing and rather startling manner with the reading of Gaboriau's works and the Sherlock Holmes stories. Edgar Allan Poe, by the way, is not rated very high. "His methods would be useful if detectives were only mindreaders", comments a French writer acidly. But the aphorisms of the great Sherlock have become proverbs in the French service—"You see, but you do not observe"—"No detail is too small to be significant"—"When all other possibilities have been eliminated the one that remains, however improbable, must be correct."

And the Sûreté has imitated Holmes' methods in more than one particular. You remember he once told Dr. Watson he had written a monograph on identifying tobacco by its ashes? Well, there is such a

monograph now, produced by one of the French laboratory detectives, and in addition, there are several others on equally recondite matters—on the varieties of lipstick and the impressions produced by lips colored with them (a murder in Syria was solved because a French *commissaire* noticed that a certain prostitute always signed appeals for money with the imprint of her lips in a certain type of rouge)—on the imprints left by various types of cloth in soft surfaces—on buttons—on identification by means of bodily parasites (Locard brought a murderer to book by showing he was the only man who could have left the eggs of a rare tapeworm at the scene of the crime)—on the psychology of Eastern European criminals.

This does not mean, of course that the French service is perfect. The British system of dependence on witnesses is at its

best in ferreting out just the type of crimes the French find most difficult to handle—those affairs in which material clues are entirely wanting. Swindling, which the French merrily call *vol à l'américaine*, is a never-ending problem for our Gallic cousins, and fake stock promotions, as the Stavisky case showed, run riot. But perhaps the basic trouble here is the lack of a high standard of general commercial morality, just as the basic reason for any crime is a lack of moral restraint of some kind. The most any detective can do is to indicate when this lack of moral standards has carried the individual beyond the limits permitted by law. In the long run a nation's crimes are the reflection of its mental attitude toward life and property, and its detective service will be just as successful in bringing criminals to book as it is permitted to be by social and legal standards.



SUMMER STORM

BY ELISABETH G. VAN TINE

I KNEW a stillness once before the storm,
 The lull of leaves spellbound against their will,
 The point of time when wind and water form
 And thunder murmurs far beyond the hill.
 The heat hung over with suspended breath,
 And bees forgot to fumble and complain;
 The waiting world, as one awaiting death,
 In silent prayer begged for a drop of rain.
 I thought from out this moment there will be
 Tumult, and torrent, call of frightened birds,
 And afterwards life will not trouble me
 With mystery and great unspoken words.
 But the wind veered, and the clouds traveled west. . . .
 The heart-escaping storm shall never rest.

THE CLINIC

The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

IN 1836, New York City was torn by religious controversy. Already, the passions that flamed later into the Know-Nothing agitations were smoldering throughout the country, and, as always, they burned most violently in the metropolis. There, Protestant preachers thundered wildly extravagant charges at the Catholics, and the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge and others like it, "designed to arrest the progress of Popery," flourished. Pillars of society were active in these organizations — Samuel F. B. Morse, Dr. W. C. Brownlee, and others. But the person who gained most fame from this Pope-baiting was a girl named Maria Monk.

Maria Monk had all the requisites for the notoriety with which New York has always rewarded soiled ladies who distinguish themselves. She was young, demure, and, by the admission of no less an authority than James Gordon Bennett, pretty. She was the mother of a child about whose paternity she was exceedingly vague. And she was, apparently, the author of *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*.

When *The Awful Disclosures* was published in January, 1836, Maria had been in New York about six months. Accompanied by a Canadian clergyman, the Rev. W. K. Hoyt, she had come from Montreal. Hoyt liked to say that he had redeemed Maria from a life of sin while carrying on his work as president of the Canadian Benevolent Association. But in her franker

moments, Maria contradicted him flatly. She said that the reverend gentleman had merely been amenable to her solicitations on a Montreal street corner.

According to her book, Maria had spent part of her nineteen years preparing to become a nun in the famous Hôtel Dieu nunnery in Montreal. Her five years as a novice had been comparatively serene, and little space was devoted to them. But, as soon as she became a nun, she was involved, according to her story, in all sorts of horrors. The remotest cellars of the Hôtel Dieu, she declared, were strewn with the bones of nuns who had resisted the advances of amorous priests. The sisters were abused constantly, as well as honored by almost nightly visits from clerical gentry who came from a nearby monastery through subterranean passages. The presence of her own "heavenly cherub" she ascribed to one of these nocturnal amorists, although Hoyt claimed the credit, and the Canadian authorities later presented fairly conclusive proof which placed the responsibility on a Montreal policeman.

The book abounded in grisly episodes. Thus, one of the nuns who had been guilty of some slightly seditious utterances was described as being stretched out on a mattress

with her face upwards, and then bound with cords so that she could not move. In an instant, another bed (mattress) was thrown upon her. One of the priests, named Bonin, sprang like a fury first upon it with all his force. He was speedily

followed by the nuns until there were as many on the bed as could find room, and all did what they could do, not only to smother, but to bruise her. Some stood and jumped upon the poor girl with their feet: and others, in different ways, seemed to seek how they might beat the breath out of her body. After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, Father Bonin and the nuns ceased to trample on her and stepped from the bed. They then began to laugh. . . .

The priests from the nearby monastery were characterized as inhuman monsters by words such as these:

Being within the walls of that prison house (the Hôtel Dieu), where the cries and pains of the injured innocence of their victims would never reach the outside world, for relief or for redress for their wrongs, without remorse or shame, they would glory, not only in sating their brutal passions, but even in torturing, in the most barbarous manner, the feelings of those under their power.

From these and other incidents, Maria concluded that "speedy death can be no great calamity to those who lead the lives of nuns." And, finally, she offered to go through the Hôtel Dieu "with some impartial ladies and gentlemen, that they may compare my account with the interior parts of the building, and if they do not find my description true, then discard me as an impostor."

For two years, said her story, Maria was a nun. During that time she suffered almost every known torture, the most subtle of which was a diet of garlic and eels. Finally, she managed to escape.

Maria's alleged revelations produced an instantaneous uproar. Almost in no time the book sold 20,000 copies. Temporarily at least, Catholic circles were too stunned to make an effective reply; and, meanwhile, the book was given the stamp of authenticity by the printed approval of the Society

for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge and its figurehead-president, Dr. Brownlee, pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church and author of the bulky best-seller *Popery*. The publication of the book was hailed by militant Protestants everywhere as the Catholic debacle. Protestant sermons rang with triumph, Protestant papers ran editorials celebrating the complete rout of the Papists, and Protestants themselves went about feeling smugly at peace with the Lord. This state of affairs lasted almost a month, until newspapers and delegations of outraged citizens began arriving from Montreal.

Dispatches from that city included the affidavits of Maria's mother, a charwoman in the military barracks in Montreal, and of a Dr. Robertson, who described an episode which, he claimed, had caused him acute embarrassment. Two years before, he said, a girl had been brought to his house in Montreal after a half-hearted attempt at drowning herself. In the presence of the crowd that had gathered, she festooned her arms about his neck and addressed him as "Father." At this, the crowd became uncommonly interested and the doctor forthwith hustled the girl into his office. There she told him that her name was Maria Monk and that for four years her mother had kept her chained in a cellar from which she had just escaped. The doctor examined her for marks of ill-treatment, but finding none, turned her out. Less than a year later, he continued, he was visited by three excited citizens who far into the night regaled him with tales of atrocities committed at the Hôtel Dieu. On investigation, he found that Maria was spreading the tales as her experiences.

Mrs. Monk, in her affidavit, laid about her with verbal cudgels that spared no one — her daughter least of all. At the age of seven, she asserted, Maria had rammed

a slate pencil through her head. Unfortunately, she had survived, and ever since had told terrific lies. She had held several jobs as a servant, which her prevarications had invariably caused her to lose; and several times she had been arrested. As for her having been a nun, that was nonsense.

Further, Mrs. Monk stated that in August, 1835, the Rev. Mr. Hoyt had come to see her. They had discussed Maria, and Hoyt had astounded her by excusing her daughter's aberrations because of the dreadful experiences she had undergone in the convent. "What convent?" demanded Mrs. Monk, and Hoyt began carefully to explain that Maria had spent seven years in the Hôtel Dieu. Mrs. Monk promptly invited him to leave the house. Twice Hoyt came back; the last time with different tactics and \$500. Flourishing the money, he offered it to Mrs. Monk if she would swear that the convent story was true. Once again she ordered him out, and not even the dramatic appearance of her daughter with a small baby in arms moved her.

With these statements to back them up, the Catholics began a fierce defensive battle. In hot language and with a bewildering array of witnesses, both sides thrashed out for months the pros and cons of Maria's story, using not only church journals but every New York newspaper as well. Soon the controversy spread beyond New York to the country at large, and provoked heated discussion everywhere. On several occasions, Maria was questioned by representatives of both camps. Her showing at these examinations was poor; but Protestant public opinion, guided apparently more by her youth and demure prettiness than by anything else, was still hugely in her favor. The *Protestant Vindicator*, newspaper of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, fought

most valiantly for her cause by publishing statements signed by prominent citizens affirming their belief in the story. The *Vindicator* found further verification in a mysterious pile of planks that had appeared in the yard of the Hôtel Dieu. In the words of its Canadian correspondent, these planks were "wonderfully and gradually used in progressing some improvements in the building", and the *Vindicator* deduced that evidence of Maria's disclosures was being covered up. It reported as well that sinister figures had been seen lurking about New York, and concluded that they were Papists awaiting an opportunity to abduct Maria.

Maria, during all this clamor, was leading an erratic life. In the fall of 1835, members of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge had persuaded the righteous Dr. Brownlee that it was his duty to win Maria away from Hoyt. To Brownlee, Maria was just another blacksheep strayed from the fold, but to other members of the Society she represented possible royalties. The reverend doctor subjected Maria to almost daily pleas, exhortations, and threats of hell-fire. The Brownlee side-whiskers finally won the day. Maria moved to his house where she dwelt under the care of his wife. Hoyt complained that she was a "damned jilting jade."

Until the publication of the *Disclosures*, Maria remained quietly in the Brownlee household. But, shortly after, she decamped with John J. L. Slocum, a young clergyman and a protégé of Dr. Brownlee's. For a minister of the gospel, Slocum proved an alert business man. Within a few months, as Maria's "next friend" in legal language, he sued Harpers', publishers of the book, for Maria's share of the royalties, all of which had been palmed by the Society. At the trial of this suit, in August, 1836, the whole story was exposed.

It developed from the evidence that only the foundation of the story was Maria's. Several terms in a reformatory had furnished her with the atmosphere and a few of the details. As a tale of woe, her original story had earned her sympathy and extra fees when she plied her trade in Montreal. Hoyt had written the first draft of the book, and had come to New York to peddle the manuscript. Friends in the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge saw at once its possibilities, but in order to be sure of a thumping sale decided to make it more sensational. To achieve this end they appointed a Committee of Publication. The Committee gave the Hoyt version to Theodore Dwight, who read Spanish, Italian, French, and German works on the subjects of convents and torture. His finished manuscript had delighted everyone concerned — especially Maria, who offered to elope with him from sheer gratitude.

Dr. Brownlee was profoundly shocked at the exposure of the hoax, and acknowledged that he had been hoodwinked. The Committee of Publication, however, stuck firmly to its guns, declaring that Dwight had merely been the "scribe." The public's faith in Maria, which had begun to evaporate when it became known that she was living with a clergyman without benefit of clergy, now disappeared almost entirely. The New York *Herald* summed up by ordering "ye withering fingers of scorn, unskin yourselves at once." By this time, however, thousands of copies of the book had been sold.

What little faith remained in Maria's story was shattered in October when Col. W. L. Stone returned from Canada. The doughty Colonel, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* and possessor of a country-wide reputation for probity, had suspected Maria from the first. He had offered to escort her to Montreal and with her face

the Canadian authorities. When Maria refused, pleading fear for her life, Colonel Stone went alone. He reported to the *Commercial Advertiser* that he had been conducted through the Hôtel Dieu, had examined everything with "eagle-eyed attention," and had found only kindness and peace. After talking to a nun 105 years old, he had gone to the monastery, where the priests all seemed very, very mild. In the last paragraph, the Colonel worked up enough bitterness over the injustice done these new friends to declare "MARIA MONK IS AN IMPOSTOR, AND HER BOOK AND ALL ITS ESSENTIAL FEATURES ARE CALUMNIES."

Almost a year later on the night of August 15, 1837, Maria wandered into the house of a Dr. Sleigh, a Philadelphia clergyman and friend of Brownlee's. After swearing him to secrecy, she confided that she had been kidnaped by a group of priests and was being held captive in a nearby convent. When asked how she had escaped, she replied vaguely that she had come out to buy some toothache drops, and had to hurry back. Nevertheless, she seemed disposed to stay, and announced that one of her clerical captors had succumbed to her charms and proposed marriage. The fact that her suitor claimed possession of \$4000 seemed to influence her greatly in his favor. At last she wandered out, promising to come back in the morning. Dr. Sleigh was much alarmed until someone told him that the abduction was in all probability a publicity stunt for the *Further Disclosures of Maria Monk*, which was soon to be published. He then wrote a pamphlet on the interview.

The *Further Disclosures* sold amazingly well — so well, in fact, that Slocum welcomed Maria back and persuaded her to give him the English rights to both books. Then he departed for London where the

volumes were published by the Catholic Truth Society.

If the subject of Maria had not been a tender one with Dr. Brownlee and his fellow clergymen, her end would have been excellent material for their sermons. For twelve years she haunted the dives and grog shops of the Bowery until, on October 11, 1849, only 32 years old but al-

ready a haggard woman, she was caught picking the pocket of her current paramour and sent to jail. She died there soon after, and none of the newspapers paid her the compliment of an obituary.

Since 1836, three hundred thousand copies of *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* have been sold. It is still printed, bought, and, in many cases, believed.



The Publishing Business in China

By JOHN A. KUNAU

FIRST to utilize the art of printing, China is the last nation in the modern world to develop it, despite the fact that she possesses, in her vast population, a potential literary market unequalled anywhere. Her problem is an economic one; it will not be solved by this generation or the next. Until the Chinese masses devise a method by which their home budgets may bear the added burden of book buying, the publishers can whistle for their profits.

When medieval monks in Europe were laboriously inscribing works on vellum, Chinese scholars had been enjoying the luxury of exquisitely printed books for centuries. Embossed boards and movable type, both wooden and metallic, were used by Chinese printers long before Johannes Gutenberg "invented" printing. However, the modernization of the publishing trade in China did not begin until the nineteenth century. For seventeen centuries innovations were few, and progress incredibly slow. The reasons for such retarded development were essentially economic. In old Chinese society, education was practically monopolized by the scholar class, which constituted but a negligible percentage of the population. The great masses of illiter-

ate peasants, merchants and manual laborers had neither the money nor the taste for books. There was little need for newspapers and periodicals, which thrive only when mass literary development demands them. The scholars were satisfied with the official *Ti-Pao*, a paper containing the news of the Imperial Court, which regarded the business of the ruling class as no affair of the people. The popular news source for long remained the teashop or winehouse in the market where people ate, drank, talked, met their friends, transacted business, and learned what they could of the world.

Secondly, the classics studied by scholars were the same old texts handed down through generations, and there was little demand for new books. Since there were few books, the growth of the publishing business was slight. Moreover, in the absence of large-scale production and industrial advancement, the cost of production of those books which reached print was extremely high, far beyond the average purchaser. Hence, not infrequently books were preserved to be used for generations. The more impoverished scholars even preferred to copy the classics rather than buy new books.

In the last fifty years, publishing has become a modern industry in China, making considerable progress, technically and economically. But, in view of China's vast territory and population, what has been accomplished is a mere beginning. The Japanese learned the modern art of printing no earlier than the Chinese, yet in 1930 Japan produced 18,029 books, ranking second only to Germany among nations. In the same year, the estimated number of new books published in China was not more than 1000. Of course the government can be criticized for neglecting mass education; but it is fruitless for publishers to lament the impotence of a government hopelessly involved in debt and civil war. They should adopt measures of their own instead of "letting Chiang do it."

The truth is that China's publishers should create popular demand for books and then exert themselves to meet that demand. Up to the present, they have catered solely to the intellectual class, particularly the students, who constitute not more than two per cent of China's population. Periodicals and newspapers are read only by the educated few, and great publishers, such as the Commercial Press, the Chung Hwa Book Company, and the World Book Company, have survived mainly by printing textbooks. There is a deplorable scarcity of publications intended for mass consumption. In other words, the publishing business in modern China is still waddling in the track of intellectual patronage. In its century of modernization it has prospered mainly from the mechanical facilities taken from the West and the increased demand for books as a result of social changes in China.

Printing in China began in the Han Dynasty, in the fourth year of the reign of Hsi P'ing (175 A.D.) when the Confucian *Five Canons*, by imperial edict, were en-

graved on stone tablets in front of the Grand Academy, enabling the people to procure free rubbings therefrom. About 400 years later, in the thirteenth year of the reign of K'ai Huang, Emperor Wen, of the Sui Dynasty, decreed that "all existing canons be engraved on wooden boards" for printing. This is the first record of book printing in history, though the actual beginning seems to have been earlier. In the T'ang Dynasty, an "ink board" was used in Szechuen. It is said that a primitive newspaper called *Ch' Ao Pao* (the Court Herald) existed even in the Chou Dynasty, several centuries before the Christian era, and that the *Ti-Pao* (Residence Herald) was sent to the Han feudal lords from their own residences at the capital to keep them informed of political affairs. In later periods, the *Ti-Pao* gradually expanded. In Hongkong and Shanghai, foreigners published Chinese newspapers which steadily grew in circulation. The Hongkong *Chung-Wei Hsin Pao*, probably the earliest modern Chinese newspaper, appeared in 1854. The Shanghai *Shun Pao*, largest Chinese paper of today, was founded in 1872 by E. Major, an Englishman.

Riding on winged prosperity, the Shanghai publishers experienced a sad fall when Japanese marines came to blows with the Nineteenth Route Army in the night of January 28, 1932. The next morning, Chapei, the center of the bookbinding industry and the site of several publishing houses, including the huge plant of the Commercial Press, was aflame from air bombs. This blow stunned Shanghai, the center of China's publishing business, causing all publishers to suspend operations for several months. The Commercial Press, suffering a damage of \$16,000,000, or three times its capital, was unable to resume business until August of the same year.

The Shanghai warfare, however, paradoxically started a boom in newspapers and periodical literature. Latest statistics show 3331 such publications registered with the Ministry of Interior, an increase of 711 per cent in comparison with the figure of seven years ago. The nation-wide indignation toward foreign aggression is responsible for such a striking development, but the general discontent with the government is perhaps a stronger incentive.

The book market, in the meantime, was revived. Towards the end of its unlucky year, the Commercial Press announced a plan to publish "a new book a day," in addition to new textbooks and cyclopedic literature, but the company has not realized this ideal. Most publishers apparently do not care to produce books for mass education, and those who do so are content with a few volumes. Most Chinese newspapers cling to the classical style of writing, despite fifteen years of the vernacular movement.

This is probably why none of them has a circulation of more than 150,000.

The lack of a desire to popularize books is also manifested in the publishers' price lists. Average books are sold at 50 cents or more, an unattainable luxury for the masses. Under efficient management, the cost of production might be reduced considerably. For instance, sixty per cent of the machinery of the Commercial Press was destroyed and its workers reduced by fifty per cent during the Shanghai War, yet its productive capacity is at present two and a half times that of two years ago.

In short, the future possibilities of China's publishing business are immense, but their realization depends on how soon the publishers take active part in the mass education movement. Their yearly output is only half that of a single leading American weekly magazine. A Chinese proverb well says: "It is better to go home and knit a net than to covet for the fish in deep water."



St. Elmo's Fire

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

A RECENT American encyclopedia in thirty volumes devotes just seven lines to the subject of St. Elmo's fire. This is typical of the meager amount of information available in general reference books concerning a striking natural phenomenon that everybody has heard of and that, in the course of human history, millions upon millions of people have seen.

The brush discharges of electricity known as St. Elmo's fire, or *corposants*—not to mention a score of less familiar names—are most often formed at the tips of masts and spars on ships and at points and angles of various elevated objects on

land, including lightning rods, church spires, and the ridgepoles of buildings. They occur when, with low clouds overhead, thunderstorms are breeding or in action, but also frequently during snow and dust storms. They are caused in all cases by a leakage of electricity from charged objects into the surrounding air, such as gives similar effects in the laboratory and may be seen at night forming a violet corona along an electric transmission line carrying high-voltage.

Brush discharges of this character are usually only from a fraction of an inch to a few inches in length, but they are at

times so numerous as to make collectively a brilliant display. They are often accompanied by a hissing or crackling sound, which can be heard in the daytime, when, as a rule, the fire is invisible, on account of its feeble luminosity.

Although the popular history and legendry of this phenomenon are associated almost entirely with the sea, it is actually much commoner and much more spectacular in its manifestations on high mountains than anywhere else. It is well known in the Alps and, in our country, on the higher slopes of the Rockies and the Sierras. In February, 1929, corposants were so bright on the summit of Pike's Peak that, seen from Colorado Springs, fourteen miles away, they were mistaken for signals made by hikers stranded on the winter-bound mountain top and an aeroplane was sent to investigate.

On the same summit the United States Signal Service maintained for many years a meteorological observatory, connected with the base of the mountain by telegraph. The journals kept at that institution contain many graphic descriptions of St. Elmo's fire. During one August evening, says the observer, a sizzling noise was heard coming from the telegraph line, and the wire, for an eighth of a mile, was distinctly outlined in brilliant light. Metallic objects on the observatory building were tipped with flame and the revolving anemometer cups resembled globes of fire.

Similar accounts abound in the reports of high mountain observatories in all parts of the world and in the annals of mountaineering. At high altitudes human beings as well as inanimate objects emit these discharges. When a hand is held upward flames are seen to shoot from the fingers, and the caps of mountaineers are crowned with fire, but no serious discomfort attends these experiences. The combined

noises of many discharges occurring simultaneously are sometimes terrific.

The nautical folklore connected with St. Elmo's fire is set forth at great length in F. S. Bassett's *Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors*. The seamen of antiquity thought it a lucky omen to see two of the lights together, but unlucky to see only one. As indicators of coming weather the lights have been variously interpreted. Captain Dampier records the belief prevailing in his day that "the height of the storm is commonly over when the Corpus Sant is seen aloft." Another widespread nautical notion is that if a corposant rises in the rigging, the weather will improve, but if one descends, it will become more stormy. All such beliefs are pure superstitions. The luminous discharges merely indicate an electrical state of the atmosphere that is, as a rule, the result of stormy weather already prevailing at the place of observation or in the immediate vicinity, and they afford no clue to subsequent developments of the storm.

Corposants have been seen on aircraft. Dr. Albert Gockel, in his well-known work on thunderstorms, records the experience of some balloonists who were sailing over Spain one night in March. At an altitude of 6500 feet the balloon entered a cloud composed of snow. The cordage of the balloon and even the wet mustaches of the occupants were soon illuminated with St. Elmo's fire. From the valve-rope of the balloon the aeronauts were able to draw sparks two or three inches long.

During the great eruption of the East Indian volcano Krakatoa in 1883, the intense electrification of the dust-laden air caused the formation of corposants on vessels for miles around. One captain reported that, at a distance of ten miles from the volcano, the spars of his ship were "studded

with corposants," and he noted the occurrence of "a peculiar pinky flame coming from clouds which seemed to touch the mastheads and yard-arms." Another vessel, the *G. C. Loudon*, which was forty or fifty miles from the scene of the eruption, had the lightning-conductor on her mainmast struck by lightning several times, while "the mud rain that covered the masts, rigging and decks was phosphorescent, and on the rigging presented the appearance of St. Elmo's fire." The East Indian members of the crew hastened to put out this "fire" with their hands, insisting that it was the work of evil spirits and would scuttle the ship if it found its way below.

Perhaps the most famous of all cases of St. Elmo's fire is the one recorded by Julius Caesar in his *Commentaries*, where he says: "In the month of February, about the

second watch of the night, there suddenly arose a thick cloud, followed by a shower of hail; and the same night the points of the spears belonging to the Fifth Legion seemed to take fire."

The name St. Elmo's fire has been variously explained. Elmo is an Italian corruption of Erasmus, and one of the two saints bearing this name was formerly invoked by Mediterranean sailors in time of danger. There is an Italian legend that the saint, having been rescued from drowning by a shipmaster, promised as a reward to display a warning light for the benefit of mariners whenever a storm was at hand. Another proposed explanation is that Elmo is none other than Helen of Troy, who, like her brothers Castor and Pollux, was associated with corposants in the nautical folklore of classical antiquity.



Lost: 50,000,000 Acres

BY LESTER H. HARTWIG

AS YE sow, so shall ye reap" is a proverb of long standing, but its full import was only realized recently by a group of American agricultural experts attempting to determine why, with new disease-resistant, high-yielding varieties of grain available, the average acreage production of the nation's agricultural staples is not increasing, but is showing a perceptible decrease. After a country-wide appraisal of the soil which supplies the nutrients necessary for plant growth, the answer was discovered. Erosion, or wearing away of soil by wind and water, has been destroying the top-soil at such pace that each year has witnessed the removal of twenty-one times as much plant food as that utilized for crop production. More than 50,-

000,000 acres, formerly considered excellent for agricultural purposes, have been devastated, and 100,000 acres are added to this total each year. More than 100,000,000 acres have been depleted up to ninety per cent of their productive capacity. It is estimated that three billion tons of soil are washed annually from the fields and hillsides into streams, lakes, and reservoirs, and that 400,000,000 tons are carried to the Gulf of Mexico from the fields of the Mississippi Valley alone.

This vast destruction represents an annual loss to farmers and ranchers of \$400,000,000, not including the damage resulting from silting of streams, lakes, and harbors, nor the cost of repairing railways and roads. Erosion is definitely the cause

of much submarginal land. Floods, on the other hand, are a direct result, for when the absorptive topsoil has been washed away, the volume and frequency of freshets is proportionately increased by the more rapid flow of rainwater from millions of exposed acres.

There are various reasons for this tremendous loss. A commonplace occurrence will afford an example. Often the sidewalk below a vacant lot is found to be covered with mud following a moderate rain, while below the adjoining lot, which may be covered with grass, there is no silt. This, briefly, is the cause of America's widespread erosion — the laying bare of the surface to the harsh forces of nature. Vegetation, forestation, buildings, or something similar is needed to hold the topsoil in place.

The origin of erosion in any given locality does not antedate the appearance of the white man, because the American Indian did not have the desire or the means for greatly altering the face of Nature. Aside from the vegetable patches tilled by Indian women, the entire land area was covered with grass or forest, efficient in holding the soil. Erosion, in the immensity which we now know it, was absent. Then came the white man with his incessant demand for more land. Timber was cut, laying bare the surface for cultivation; the farmer followed the woodsman, and by utilizing every available acre, made America one of the world's great agricultural nations. Little thought was given to the correct use of steep lands, or the outcome if they were improperly handled. No thought was given to replanting for future timber crops. Instead the lands were used for grazing, thus prohibiting the growth of young trees. As the settlements grew in number, more and more hillsides were cultivated, including slopes of twenty and

thirty per cent, until eventually only a narrow strip of timber and grass remained as protection. These are the fields which have lost all or most of their surface soil, and which have changed our once clear, trout-filled streams, fed chiefly by springs, into mud-laden, destructive torrents. Measurements taken by a forest experiment station reveal that during a two-year period, the amount of rain coursing from fields, even those cultivated on the contour, is more than sixty-four times as great as the run-off from a mature oak forest.

Gullying, *i.e.*, the riddling of land with ditches up to 200 feet in depth, is the most visible form of erosion. But water erosion is present wherever there is slight slope, while wind damage occurs even on level areas. Sheet erosion is the removal of a thin layer of soil by each succeeding rain; there are few fields of sloping, cultivated land that do not show areas of lighter color where the rich top earth has been washed away.

Erosion is not new in the world's history. The ancient Mayan civilization, whose people understood astronomy, architecture, and the arts, is thought to have perished because the hillsides surrounding the villages were cleared for cultivation, the resultant erosion filling the lakes with debris and making of them breeding places for mosquitoes carrying malaria and yellow fever germs. China, too, has its harsh example of what happens when timber and soil resources are ruthlessly exploited. The Yellow River and the Yellow Sea were so named because of the silt which they removed from the once-fertile watersheds of north China, lands where the natives now eke out the barest existence.

During the development of America, there have been a few erosion-conscious persons who preached, and practiced, soil-saving methods. By 1929, public sentiment

had reached such height that Congress allotted a special fund to the Department of Agriculture to combat soil erosion and to conserve moisture. Ten erosion experiment stations were established on typical farms. But these have been insufficient to cope with the problem and in July, 1933, funds were granted by the Public Works Administration to carry out the objectives of a broad conservation program, by setting up erosion-control demonstration areas in regions where agriculture, topography, soil, and climatic conditions are similar. Forty of these areas, located in virtually every state, and ranging from 6500 acres, in the case of the Gilmore Creek region near Winona, Minnesota, to more than 16,000,000 acres in the Navajo Indian reservation of the Southwest, have been established. In addition, a large number of C. C. C. camps are carrying on a similar program.

Once the site for a demonstration area has been selected, cooperation of the resi-

dents is solicited, and it is upon the farms of those who have signed agreements that the demonstration work is begun. Steep slopes are fenced, or reforested if necessary. Other areas are planted with grass and legumes for pasture. Tillable acres are strip-cropped and cultivated on the contour. Gullies and streams are brought under control through the use of structures and the planting of vegetation. Food patches are set out and protective measures introduced to aid in the propagation of wild life. Labor, for the present, is being supplied by various relief agencies.

The ultimate hope of the government is that these demonstration areas will serve to educate the farmer towards economic betterment. Although only recently established, many of them are already serving in this capacity, having as visitors not only farmers but persons from every walk of life. America, apparently, is to witness a new era in land usage.



The Truth About Colds

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

SHIP's in!" is not the signal for unalloyed joy among the inhabitants of isolated Spitsbergen. For although the boat brings welcome letters, tobacco, and mail-order catalogues, it also brings an outbreak of colds. The inhabitants have virtually no colds during the long Arctic winter, but the first ship to break the floes in early spring is followed by an epidemic. The point emphasized here is that while winter produces a huge crop of colds, they are not necessarily associated with freezing weather. In the United States, however, the plague ship seems ever to be in port.

In milder form, the upper respiratory

tract disease is called a "cold", but if more severe, it becomes "grippe", and if occurring in epidemic form, "influenza". Fantus says that sharp distinction cannot be made between these three disorders—they are all probably manifestations of the same disease—and he uses the term "catarrhal fever" to embrace the trio.

Befitting their importance, colds are also known as acute rhinitis, acute pharyngitis, acute laryngitis, and acute tracheitis. These impressive terms, however, do not indicate the same phase of the disorder; rather they are guides to the particular areas of the respiratory tract showing

pronounced inflammation. But whatever called, the symptoms are all too familiar. Regardless of social status or notions about the capitalist system, stuffiness of the nose, headache, fever, chilliness, malaise, and coughing, to name a few, are indispositions to which we are susceptible. To the physician, their treatment is comparatively simple, but seeking the direct cause is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

From the known data on the etiology of colds, the origins may be classified as direct and indirect (or contributory). The direct cause appears to be a virus, but whether it is bacterial has not been satisfactorily established. As to indirect causes, chilling of the body, wet shoes and clothing, fatigue, general debility from illness, and lack of sufficient sleep may precede the onset of a cold. Additional factors are being detected constantly, and now faulty elimination, poor eating habits, improper ventilation of rooms, lack of sunshine, and sudden shifts of temperature are incriminated. Beyond these are allergy or hypersensitivity, endocrine imbalance, subtle alterations of the blood chemistry, and "unstable nervous systems". This confusing array of suspects merely indicates that the true cause is still unknown and that these indirect causes can arbitrarily be accepted or discarded at will. The important problem confronting scientific medicine is to discover the direct etiological factor in colds. To date, it has not been established since there is no general acceptance of a single source. Investigators are divided into two camps: one group assumes bacterial origin, the other blames a filterable virus.

In order to comprehend these opposing attitudes, it is necessary to understand the dissimilarity between the two organisms. A virus is a small body which can give rise to disease. In bacteriology, one is in-

troduced to filters with apertures so tiny that even bacteria, minute as they are, cannot pass through. Thus, bacteria are non-filterable, while the filterable virus can pass through. Bacteria are shaped like a stick, a spiral, or a sphere, and have the capacity for multiplying faster than accurate record can be kept. The nature of the filterable virus has not yet been ascertained. In the laboratory they are cultivated and grown without actually being seen (bacteria are discernible). Their presence and growth are recognized by the ability of the media in which they are cultured to transmit a disease — measles, infantile paralysis, and mumps are believed to arise from specific filterable viruses.

In favor of the advocates of the filterable virus theory is the proven transmissibility of a cold by the introduction of a filtered bacteria-free secretion from the nose of an ailing individual into the nose of a healthy person. Upholding the proponents of bacteria is the possibility that the secretion causes an allergic response in the form of a vasomotor rhinitis, and that cases of transmission can be traced by noting the same bacterium in both persons.

Irrespective of the actual cause, colds are transmitted by contact with crowds. A well-aimed sneeze or cough carries the virus from one person to another. Expectoration can cause an epidemic; sputum is especially dangerous in dry weather as the germs are then freely carried about by wind. Restricting the prohibition of expectoration to the sidewalk, as is done by many city health departments, is silly; apparently it is believed the germs that find themselves in the middle of the street will be less inclined to see the world than those which alight on the sidewalk.

Twelve to ninety-six hours may elapse between the first contact with the virus and the development of the characteristic

cold symptoms. Manifestations increase as the disease extends from one area to another. From the nasal mucosa, as its starting place, ushered in with itchiness and watery discharge, it may migrate upward in the respiratory tract, involving the sinuses, or downward, occasioning sore throat. Extensions beyond these limits involve serious complications; successful treatment of colds is the prevention of these complications. If the cold spreads upward into the Eustachian tubes, it may lead to an abscess in the ear, followed by mastoiditis, meningitis or an abscess of the brain. If extended downward into the bronchial tubes or the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia or empyema can result. A cold by itself is rarely serious, but the complications can be fatal.

There is no direct therapy for curing a cold—the treatment consists of preventing complications and of relieving the patient's discomfort. This is usually possible if the patient is amenable. Above all else, he must rest and be kept warm, and this cannot be accomplished if he continues his usual activities. He must stay quietly in bed. Cold "cures" that promise relief and imply that nothing else is needed, invite pneumonia. To relieve discomfort in the early stages, aspirin or phenacetin is useful if taken in a few doses. An analgesic ointment applied externally will ease muscular pains in the legs and back. A mustard poultice placed on the upper part of the breastbone until the skin reddens will decrease pain. Prepared plasters can be bought or easily made at home—a simple mixture of dry mustard, flour, and warm water sandwiched between two strips of muslin will suffice. Suffering in the chest will be minimized if the cough is alleviated, but drying up a cough or repeatedly administering syrups containing opiates may bring on complications. Opiates have

their place if used under a physician's direction; when the patient is exhausted after a long spell of coughing, a large dose at one time will permit revivifying sleep. If dry, a cough should be loosened by an expectorant, which by increasing the discharge of mucus protects the inflamed surface of the trachea from the air passing through to the lungs, thus lessening spasms.

Increased secretions in the nose during a cold are part of the defense mechanism of the body. The flow is possibly an attempt to rid the nasal membranes of the irritating virus. If the stuffiness becomes too acute, it can be relieved temporarily by the use of ephedrine nose drops which constrict the blood vessels, giving greater freedom in the nasal passages. If used too often, however, the blood vessels become accustomed to it and do not respond. The drops should not be forced into the nose; they should be allowed to flow gently into the nostrils—if aspirated they may carry infection into the lungs and cause pneumonia. Liquid petrolatum should not be used as a base for nose drops; it is a foreign body which, if aspirated, penetrates the lungs but slowly. An aqueous base, on the other hand, negates this liability.

Plenty of liquids should be imbibed by the patient; if given in the form of orange or lemon juice, either hot or cold, they are more palatable (chilling the body must be avoided if perspiration is induced). There has been much talk about alkalinizing the patient, but whether this type of therapy is efficacious is an open question. If the patient is insistent upon some action in this direction, ten grains of sodium bicarbonate can do no harm. Laxatives should not be given unless constipation actually exists; they have a debilitating effect.

The foregoing outline of treatment is not intended as a substitute for expert

medical attention—the complications are too serious to allow self-treatment to go too far—but rather to show the actual function and use of many popular home remedies, and to indicate their limitations. The distinction between using preparations to relieve discomfort and expecting them to effect cures must be borne in mind. Prevention of colds, of course, is preferable to any treatment. Prophylaxis is obviously a matter of maintaining high resistance to an invasion of the virus and of avoiding contact with it. As much as possible, keep away from crowds. Do not expose the body to sudden changes of temperature. Plenty of good nourishment and sleep, proper ventilation, sufficient

sunshine, and suitable clothing in inclement weather are all adjuncts to prevention.

The value of ultraviolet radiation is still to be determined, as is the worth of additions of vitamins A and D to the diet, or the faithful gargling of the throat. Vaccines are thought to have limited significance, although reports of the American Public Health Association indicate that a newly-developed capsule (a concoction of dead pneumonia, streptococcus, influenza, and catarrh germs) has the power to immunize some people some of the time. But nothing has as yet been sighted on the horizon that will prevent colds in all of the people all of the time.



THE EVICTION

BY MILDRED BOIE

DURING the time he told her that
 He wished to be free she never stirred,
 But with still eyes and fingers sat
 Staring as if she had not heard.

He stammered that he would return,
 If she needed him she had but to call;
 He never dreamed her one concern
 Was how to evict him once for all.

Her only thought was how to start
 Destroying the love he left behind,
 Locking the chambers of the heart,
 And clanging the shutters of the mind.

THE LIBRARY

The Inevitable Rarely Happens

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

LIBERALISM AND SOCIAL ACTION, by John Dewey. \$1.50. 8½ x 5½; 93 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch*.

THE NEW IMPERATIVE, by Walter Lippmann. \$1.25. 7½ x 5¼; 52 pp. New York: *Macmillan*.

GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS, by Stuart Chase. \$2. 8 x 5¾; 296 pp. New York: *Macmillan*.

MARXISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. A Symposium. \$3. 9 x 6; 342 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace*.

WHAT DOES AMERICA MEAN? by Alexander Meiklejohn. \$3. 8¼ x 5½; 271 pp. New York: *Norton*.

STUMBLING INTO SOCIALISM, by David Lawrence. \$1.50. 7 x 5¼; 196 pp. New York: *Appleton-Century*.

THIS group of books furnishes a fairly complete index to the general progress towards collectivism, both here and in Europe. With the exception of Mr. Lawrence, the authors are all favorable to some degree of collectivism, so if the reader takes them as a group, they will probably give him everything that can be usefully said in behalf of the collectivist principle, and nothing against it. Their work may be recommended accordingly. As Lincoln said, "for those who like that sort of thing it is probably about the sort of thing they like". If the reader wishes to go further on the road to collectivism than Mr. Meiklejohn takes him, Mr. Dewey and Mr. Lippmann will give him a lift. If they do not carry him far enough, he may hitch-hike with Mr. Chase. If he wishes to go the full dis-

tance, the Russian symposiasts will gladly give him a through ticket.

This is all that can be said for the affirmative group as a whole, and in justice one should say no less. The lone dissenter, Mr. Lawrence, on the other hand, views the collectivist tendency in America with alarm. His brief against it, however, which might be, and ought to be, very strong and thorough-going, is very weak and fragmentary. He does not go into the philosophy or history of his position, but takes his stand on the old slippery ground of "Constitutional principles", which any competent historian could blast from under him with no effort whatever. It should be said that Mr. Lawrence may think his book is well enough substantiated for the kind of public that it is apparently meant to reach, since he obviously writes as a journalist or publicist, intent on getting the ear of the masses. This is all very well, but an informed person must nevertheless feel a little sorry that since Mr. Lawrence could so easily sift in some good reasons for opposing progressive State intervention, he should choose exclusively to make so much of a bad one.

His main object in writing is to propose a new political alignment. Since the so-called left wing of both major parties is in his view collectivist, he would have them practically forced into coalescence with the Socialists and the present third parties, by "a fusion or coalition of all the elements of

the electorate who believe in a written Constitution, to be changed and amended only as provided therein". His plan for organizing these elements is interesting and apparently practicable, and it may therefore be highly recommended to the many who believe that the problems of public affairs can be solved or simplified by such means.

The great merit of Mr. Dewey's and Mr. Lippmann's books is that they are small and well written. The others suffer from being heavily overwritten and badly written, and the reader suffers with them. Mr. Dewey believes that "we should through organized endeavor institute the socialized economy of material security and plenty that will release human energy for pursuit of higher values", and he sees the State as the instrument of that endeavor. Thus, like Mr. Lippmann and all other liberals in good and regular standing, he seems to assume that the State is essentially a social, rather than an anti-social institution — that the State's interests are identical with society's interests, or at least, that the two sets of interests can somehow be conjured into some sort of correspondence, and that it is the function of liberalism to find and apply the best method of bringing about this correspondence. Those who share this belief should be strongly urged to read Mr. Dewey's book, for from that point of view nothing could be better. Those who do not share it will find the book pervaded by the air of fictitiousness and naïveté which a fundamental false assumption always generates. While Mr. Dewey is cordial to collectivization, he is against the Marxian doctrine of violent revolution in order to bring it in, and he is equally against trying to bring it in through a policy of sheer improvisation and experiment, like the policy which is now in force at Washington — a policy of fits and starts. He is for an alternative policy of depending on what he

calls "socially-organized intelligence". His advocacy of this is extremely fine, and those who are not troubled by doubts about his primary assumptions will find it quite to their liking.

Mr. Lippmann's new imperative is that the State "must hold itself consciously responsible for the maintenance of the standard of life prevailing among the people"; or, in less pretentious language, that the State owes its citizens a living. He draws a parallel between Mr. Hoover's moves toward recovery and Mr. Roosevelt's, showing that both policies were equally the expression of this new principle. Thus Mr. Roosevelt is not at all a New Dealer, but a faithful continuator of the policy initiated by Mr. Hoover in 1929. Indeed this Hoover-Roosevelt policy is in the full current of "a movement in American politics which goes back at least fifty years, and there is little if anything in the New Deal reforms which was not implicit in the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt or the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson".

Quite so. But when Mr. Lippmann asks if it would not be reasonable to assume that "where we find a new principle and a new function of government common to both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, there is a strong presumption that we are in the presence of a change due to historical forces that transcend individuals and parties and their articulate programmes" — when Mr. Lippmann asks this question, one may reply: Not necessarily or even probably. The change may be due to forces which have been in play long enough perhaps to be called historical, but which transcend neither individuals nor parties — the forces of State interest. When he asks whether there is "any other criterion . . . which conforms more closely to ordinary experience", one must reply that there is

one which conforms to it much more closely. Ordinary experience shows that it is to any politician's interest to push for the enhancement and centralization of State power, and that he will always push for it as strongly as political circumstances permit. He will instantly take advantage of any condition of the public mind that can be turned to this purpose. In 1794, James Madison said that a certain proposal made by Theodore Sedgwick was merely "the old trick of turning every contingency into a resource for accumulating force in the government". Ordinary experience, nay, invariable experience, nay, the plainest common sense, makes it competent for any one to say that just this is what Mr. Hoover did, what Mr. Roosevelt did, and what any politician in his right mind would do under similar circumstances. If Mr. Roosevelt has gone farther than Mr. Hoover, obviously the contingency was such as permitted him to do so. Each went as far as he judged the current of the contingency would carry him in safety, and so would any politician. The old maxim, *Est boni judicis ampliare jurisdictionem*, applies to any jobholder, for reasons which are surely so obvious as to need no particularizing. If Mr. Roosevelt is repudiated at the polls this year, it means that his successor must more or less mark time on the job of making any further increase of State power, but the one sure thing is that he will do what he can.

Mr. Lippmann's questions appear to be rhetorical. When they are taken seriously, however, and answered seriously, the answers take a good deal of starch out of the substance of his book, and they also prepare the reader for a fundamental understanding of Mr. Chase's first four chapters, which treat of the general advance towards collectivism and, in particular, the collectivism of the New Deal. Here Mr. Chase

analyzes Mr. Lippmann's "change due to historical forces", and documents its progress with a prodigious wealth of statistical material. Mr. Chase's book ought to be the most popular of the group, because it so abundantly meets and gratifies the supreme American passion for statistics. It has long been a current saying that the American makes statistics do duty for philosophy, romance, poetry, even for religion. Mr. Chase's work fills this bill so admirably that the American devotee should roll in it like a cat in a bed of valerian. Mr. Chase exudes statistics as naturally and effortlessly as a rose exudes its scent. I say this with no disrespect for Mr. Chase, but quite the opposite. His book is excellent, it is useful, and even to a person who does not share the overwrought national passion for statistics it is extremely interesting. This work, indeed, and the work of the Russian symposiasts, are the two books out of the lot that one may recommend as not only to be read but to be kept at hand.

Mr. Chase deals with the distinction between public and private business, the *agenda* and *non-agenda* of Jeremy Bentham—a distinction which he finds shifting and variable according to immediate circumstances. He is something of a Benthamite in his philosophy, a Benthamite tempered by a great deal of Yankee good sense, humor, and sound humanity, thus presenting a very attractive combination of gifts. The Western nations, he says, are facing nothing less than a problem of survival, and he backs up this statement by an impressive array of statistics. "Their populations are undergoing progressive degeneration through unemployment, malnutrition and hopelessness"—statistics again. Of course as long as a country can support a population it will have one, but these populations "cannot maintain themselves as healthy communities unless and until their

economic arrangements are vastly bettered".

In the face of this dismal situation, "the function of public business today is to do whatever must be done to insure the healthy survival of the whole community". The bulk of Mr. Chase's book is occupied with drawing up certain categories of production, distribution, and service which in his view constitute the present inventory of public business, and certain other categories which constitute a more or less provisional inventory of private business. The first inventory defines what he calls a survival-budget, and he says that by his definition, "it leaves plenty of room for private business and individual enterprise" to spread over the categories in the second inventory. His demand is that some such budget of public business as he has constructed shall be officially established as a working program. He makes it clear that in order to secure this, what he calls Big Business, which is now marginal to both of his inventories, must be controlled. "Unless Big Business plays ball," he concludes, "there will be no budget, no economic security, no assurance of community survival."

From this, therefore, Mr. Chase goes on to consider practical methods of putting teeth in his budget. They come down to three: State regulation, State control with private ownership, and finally, State ownership, either with State management or with management by an "independent corporation administered by accounting control, using all the efficiency-devices of contemporary capitalism". This last, he says, is the preferred model among all those available for examination in cases where outright State ownership exists.

Mr. Chase's last two chapters show an attractive breadth of view and warmth of spirit. His mind is not hopelessly State-

ridden. If the public business could be done better and cheaper without State intervention, I infer that he would not be heart-broken. At the same time, he does not believe that State enterprise always turns out a worse job — worse for the communal interest — than private enterprise. He makes out a fair case for all the advantages which in the nature of things he thinks State enterprise has over private enterprise, and *vice versa*. He believes that human nature is not unchangeable, that the profit-motive is not invariably supreme in industry, that there is not much to choose between State regimentation and industrial regimentation now effected under private enterprise, or even the social regimentation effected by various forms of propaganda. He ends his book with an agenda-paper or program of procedure, worked out in orderly detail to show precisely what we must do to be saved. From first to last, one could say a good deal against Mr. Chase's main positions, for they are quite vulnerable, but his integrity, sincerity, and fairness disincline one from taking him to task, even if it were a reviewer's business to do so, which it is not.

The Russian symposium is a matter of six long essays. They make a disagreeable impression on account of the strong papal flavor that pervades them, and even more on account of their spirited reviling of all the brute mass of us who are not Marxists. They make one think at first that Marxian truth must be a weak-kneed affair to need so much propping up by this kind of advocacy. One reflects, however, that the essays were probably written for the family rather than for general propagandist circulation among outsiders, and that their crabbed tone is merely the usual matter of domestic privilege.

At that, it would seem that the children of the covenant must have their work cut

out to understand much of the metaphysical language that bristles in these essays, especially in Mr. Bukharin's summary of revolutionary Marxist philosophy "as it appears in its developed and enriched form as Marxism-Leninism". Perhaps it may come easier in the original Russian. Turgenev said it was impossible that such a mighty language should not be the tongue of a great people, and Mr. Bukharin's essay, even when filtered through the medium of an English translation, gives ground for thinking he must have been right. An English-speaking reviewer, however, can make but little of what is put before him in the English version. There is an aggravating plausibility about whole pages of it; they seem to mean something, but with the best will in the world one can not be sure what it is, and one can only throw up one's hands and say with Homer that "the range of words is wide; words may tend this way or that way".

For instance, we learn from Mr. Bukharin that materialistic dialectic, which he says is the basis of the whole doctrine of Marx, "is the logic of contradictory processes and universal connexions in which abstractions are concrete, analysis and synthesis indivisible, boundaries conditioned and conceptions flexible to the maximum degree". Or again, it appears that Marx succeeded in lifting materialism to unparalleled heights "because he made a synthesis of materialism and dialectics. . . . The movement of conceptions which formed the essence of the historical process with Hegel has been transformed by Marx into the ideological reflex of the history of real human life, the dialectic of thought into the reflex of the dialectic of material social development". Now really, just what does that mean? Similarly whole paragraphs and sections of this essay as they stand in English — however they may stand in Rus-

sian — are wholly incomprehensible; they mean simply nothing. Homer's poor little saying seems very insignificant when put beside Mr. Bukharin's imposing sentences, yet it is perhaps the best criticism of them that could be made. Their grandiloquence, however, may bring some satisfaction to the English-speaking Marxist neophyte; if so, no one could begrudge it to him. Pantagruel's judgment in the case of the two lords gave great satisfaction to all who heard it.

The other essays are in the main somewhat simpler. Mr. Deborin deals with Marxism in its relation to fascism, social-democracy, and in a general way to "the contemporary crisis of capitalism". Mr. Uranovsky writes on its relation to natural science, Mr. Vavilov supplying a short paper on its relation to physics, and Mr. Komarov one on its relation to biology. Mr. Tiumeniev concludes the series with a paper on its relation to "bourgeois historical science". I have already said that the volume is one to be kept at hand for re-reading and reference, as it is the only treatise, as far as I know, which exhibits the latest authentic pronouncements of Marxism on all these subjects.

The book that most interested me is Mr. Meiklejohn's, notwithstanding it is the most overwritten and worst written of the lot, and in general the most superficial. When the reader voids it of its great store of windiness and brings it down to something like fair proportions, he sees that Mr. Meiklejohn has a firm grasp on one fact that the others seem to think irrelevant to their general scheme of things. This fact is, in a word, that man has by nature something more than an economic quality, that he is something more than a labor-motor whose god is his belly. The other authors no doubt are aware of this fact, but there is little in the evidence offered to show that

they think it counts for much in any program of collectivism or in any specifications for economic planning. Mr. Dewey gives it the tribute of a respectful word, and one can read a sort of acknowledgment here and there between Mr. Chase's lines, but these allusions seem to be fired off in a perfunctory way, much as Mr. John Browdie said grace over his luncheon with Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Meiklejohn, on the other hand, thinks this fact counts for a great deal. I gather from his book that he even thinks we shall not have a better society unless and until we raise better folks, and that they can not be raised by the unaided machinery of State intervention and a planned economy. It was an agreeable surprise to meet the suggestion that when all this machinery gets to working at the top-notch of efficiency, there is still a little something left up to the individual; something in the way of integrity, decency, pride, self-respect, dignity, force of intellect, force of character—qualities which there seems to be at the moment no way of inculcating *en masse* or by machinery. On this point I am afraid Mr. Meiklejohn's book savors a little of heresy. I am uneasy about its getting by the Holy Inquisition at Washington. Nevertheless Mr. Meiklejohn may comfort himself with the reflection that the heresy of one generation is the next generation's orthodoxy, and that when our rampant little sophistries have run their course, it may be more or less generally acknowledged that there is something in what he says.

When one lays this batch of books aside, one finds great consolation in the hope-inspiring thought that the inevitable is the one thing that almost never happens. Collateral factors that no wisdom is large enough to count on, come in unforeseen, and the result is something wholly different. Sometimes, indeed, the thing we do to

bring about the inevitable is the very thing that releases those factors and knocks the inevitable into a cocked hat. Our ardent brethren at Washington, for example, found this out when they let the gold-clause case go to the Supreme Court. They apparently reckoned on the Court having no backbone, and they were right—but they were right for that once only. Their action released the collateral factors that put a backbone in the Court in double-quick time; that is to say, it caused the Court to hear from the country. I dare say Mr. Justice McReynolds got enough fan mail in the two weeks following the gold-clause decision to make him think he had mistaken his profession and ought to be in Hollywood; and when the next case came on—the NRA case—the Court rattled on the New Dealers unanimously and savagely, as there is every reason to believe it will continue to do.

Thus where human beings are concerned, prophecy is a most uncertain business. I agree with our group of authors that we are in for a brisk run of collectivism, though my reasons are not the same as theirs. Yet we all may be quite wrong. Possibly in another year all that will be left of the New Deal is a crushing burden of debt and a derelict job-lot of erstwhile payrollers trying to make out why it was that the inevitable did not happen. I do not think so, but it is possible. Possibly, too, Mr. Lawrence may see his desires realized by quite different ways than those he proposes. I have known stranger things to happen than that dissenting Democrats should walk out on the New Deal next year, hold a rump convention, and that “the saber-toothed tigers of the Republican boorjui”, as our Russian symposiasts might call them in their neighborly way, should quietly put a shoulder to their wheel. Again I do not think so, but it may

be. It is in the power of collateral factors to stand Mr. Chase's analysis on end, deflate Mr. Lippmann's vaticanism to nullity, make my own most trusted expectations ridiculous, and even perhaps—if one can imagine such sacrilege—eviscerate the whole Marxist-Leninist prognosis. Moreover, no one now knows or can know what those factors are, or if any such exist, or whether or when they will be released, or what will release them. Therefore reading these books need give no one the blues. Their tone of certainty, their more or less gentle dogmatism about the inevitable, throws the reader back at once upon the reassuring testimony of experience that the inevitable seldom, almost never, actually happens, and his spirits rise accordingly.



Romance and the Novel

BY BRANCH CABELL

MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, by E. R. Eddison. \$3.50. 5¾ x 8¾; 463 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THIS book I esteem to be a romance composed by a very gifted dramatic poet who writes here, as he writes habitually, in prose. It will find, I am certain, no large number of readers. And it prompts me in this place to urge a distinction through not making which the most of us are beguiled into prattling considerable nonsense when we discuss fiction.

For *Mistress of Mistresses*, as I have said, is a romance. Now, in approaching fiction it is needful, I would suggest, to distinguish between the romance and the novel. Does the proposal seem trite? Then your verdict (as I can but very gently assure you, O reader more or less gentle) is but a by-product of ignorance. You can-

not possibly know what I am talking about, for the distinction which I suggest has not ever yet been put into practice. None the less does it seem to me the part of rationality to distinguish with precision between the novel and the romance. I take it that a novel is a fictitious narrative, by ordinary in prose, aiming to present the life of human beings among circumstances such as actually exist or else once existed. And a romance is a fictitious narrative, either in prose or in verse, aiming to present the life of human beings in a world contrived by the author of that narrative.

The distinction appears obvious: beyond question, it is as simple as it is fundamental. Yet this distinction has not been faithfully observed by literary critics or—so far as that goes—by authors. Any number of quite so-so romance writers have died under the delusion that they, who had not ever produced a novel, had given over a reasonably long lifetime to the writing of novels. To the other side, one grieves to think of how many dozens upon dozens of similarly so-so reviewers, at this very instant, must be dismissing this or the other lately-published romance as a negligible novel so deeply tainted with frivolousness (with the frivolousness, let us say, of Aeschylus or of Dante) as to present no grave consideration of lower-class life in the more uncourtly corners of America—to do which, as every properly cultured American well knows, is the sole end of ponderable fiction. So does this widespread confusion of two differing forms of art force me here to suggest that all fiction should be divided, rigorously, into two classes: the fiction of the novelist, who, almost always in prose, reproduces human life as it is, or as it has been lived in some actual era; and the fiction of the romancer, who, whether it

be in prose or in verse, reproduces human life in a cosmos invented—or, to speak more strictly, “compiled”, or it may be merely “rearranged”—by the author of this fiction. In other words, the affair of the novelist is to copy human life; and of the romancer to create for human life conditions among which (to his finding, at all events) human life may be conducted more satisfactorily from his art’s standpoint. In brief, it is the business of the novelist to copy, just as it is the business of the romancer to create, the surroundings among which it is the business of both to place human beings. Thus is the romancer’s method, all-comprehensively, the method of Homer and Shakespeare, of Walter Scott and the elder Dumas, and as I might add likewise, of Ouida and of Shelley and of Conan Doyle and of Milton.

For this distinction applies, as I have said, “to all fiction”. Every avowed poet of any fair consequence has been a romancer who, with more or less frankness, has labored to place human beings among surroundings which were not ever familiar to mankind in any era, but among which human beings might live more adequately, more movingly, and more interestingly, from his art’s high and unhuman standpoint. In passing, we touch here, it may be, the reason of that unexplained homage, or in any case of that lip-service, which is paid to poetry. We tend, I believe, to assume that a poet labors in the most lofty fields of literature, not, I submit, because his medium is the most nearly perfect (since, indeed, verse is quite obviously not anything of the sort), but because the poet’s attempt—as we feel, if but cloudily—is creative.

Toward no true novelist can we harbor this feeling, this shadow of awe. The copyist, it matters not what he copies,

nor how noteworthy may be his original—even though his copying embrace all mortal life, in its highest aspirations, its most serviceable lies, its beauty, its hopeless heroisms, its carnalities, and its hemorrhoids—remains none the less a copyist. His work may be useful, edifying, entertaining, lovely, or what you will; one virtue alone it may not display: it is not creative. He pursues an art which, if he respects it with sincerity, will at no time pretend to create anything. Through the attempt it can but become perjury; for it is an art which, in its honest and most satisfying exercise, remains sturdily reportorial, as indeed its name assures you. So the best novelist brings to us *des nouvelles*, the “news”, unaffectedly, very well content to be a journalist who is about the beneficent task of increasing our knowledge.

But the poet—the *poietes*, the “maker”—when his toil prospers, then makes for us a new world, evoking the implied claim upon reverence such as we grant always to the divine task of creation. And to do that is the attempt, still, of the “maker” when he far more ambitiously elects to write, not in verse, but in the more variously-faceted, the less fettered, the more copious, the more complex, and the more highly-civilized medium of prose. That is my point in this place. In brief, he continues actually to create—as here, in *Mistress of Mistresses*, Mr. Eddison has created most liberally. To serve the needs of his story the author has, indeed, created an entire planet, diversified with its own nations, its own geography, its own uninterrestrial laws of nature, and its own special workaday atmosphere of pure magic. The effect is gigantic; it is beautiful and wholly glorious: but with life, as men know it in Brooklyn or South Dakota, this book has no concern; and the

demands laid on the reader are, in consequence, huge. I do not think, in fact, that its right audience has trafficked with book dealers, to a remunerative extent, since the contemporaries of Shakespeare went dustward; for here is the sort of romance which one can just dimly imagine Fletcher and Webster to have composed in collaboration, with the more learned pen of Ben Jonson revising their proof sheets judiciously.

Yes: a large number of Jacobeans would have delighted in this chronicle of strange happenings in the principalities of King Mezentius (the aforetime tyrant of Fingiswold, of Meszria, and of Rerek) after the death of this formidable monarch in his island fortress of Sestola. But our modern minds remain rather more parochial: and it follows that for us to encounter any such romance among today's publications seems not unlike finding a unicorn stabled in a public garage. One does not know quite what to make of the phenomenon; and inclines therefore to sidle away from it unobtrusively.

It follows likewise that I say to you only: for all lovers of literature's best things I would recommend a sampling of *Mistress of Mistresses*; and I recommend also a frank harking to one's own inclinations after finishing, let us say, some twenty pages of it. If you be fitted to appreciate this book, you will then need no persuader to read on to its end; nor will any cataclysm less forthright than a tornado be likely to put a stop to your reading. If the tale merely bores you, then should you by all means lay it aside, in favor of something more epoch-making and rather more serious, by the standards of this week's advertising.

For, as I have admitted, *Mistress of Mistresses* is well qualified to bore the better-class patron of book clubs and of lend-

ing libraries, that docile art critic who has been so far broken in spirit by his high school education as to be capable of reading the dull "photographic" novels which he demonstrably does read, by thousands upon thousands of copies every year, with a conscience glowingly plauditory, and even with a bland sense of acquiring culture. So if you too (O reader more or less gentle) prefer to avoid the impractical, star-spurning jaunts of imagination, here are *hors d'oeuvres* not for your palate. If you be blessed likewise with that delusion which has made of current American literature an incredibly debased form of journalism—I mean, of course, the delusion that the contemporaneous happening, supremely and only, is of importance—then *Mistress of Mistresses* must perforce seem to you to be nonsense. Only if you be afflicted with more noble endowments, and with inhibitions less democratic, may you—it is at least possible—perceive this book to be the work of a very greatly gifted dramatic poet who is writing, in his own brightly-colored barbaric prose, a strange and lonely masterpiece of creativeness.



The Ideal Wife of a Genius

BY WILLIAM McFEE

JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE,
by Jessie Conrad. \$3.75. 6¼ x 9½; 279 pp.
New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE circumstances of Joseph Conrad's life and the nature of his personality have combined to create a romantic legend; for the man was, in every sense of the word, a legendary character, even during his own lifetime. It has become impossible, apparently, ever to learn the

truth about him. Thus it is one of the quirks of fate that when Conrad's widow publishes a long book about his private life, she only succeeds in making him more legendary than ever. The volume is a case history of an astonishing maternal instinct. From the very beginning of their joint life Mrs. Conrad regarded her husband as a son as well as a lover, and the immense capacity of her maternal feelings swallowed up everything of Conrad save his existence as an artist. Under the gentle solicitude of her love there lay an indomitable possessiveness.

And so the question inevitably arises, when one reads such a book of memoirs: how does matrimony really function in the case of genius? Edward Garnett, who knew Conrad from the beginning of his literary life, was opposed to his marriage, not because of any antipathy to Jessie George, the pretty middle-class English girl who had won the Polish sea captain's heart, but because he could not imagine a man with such a stormy past settling into humdrum domesticity. That past, it will be remembered, included the years spent in Marseille and along the Spanish coast during the Carlist risings; his adventures in the island routes out East and in the Congo River trade; and gun-running for the Spanish pretender. This one-time master in the British Merchant Service was very far from being just an ordinary sea captain in his experience: one of the motives behind his entry in the Service was to avoid conscription; before his romantic and adventurous seafaring days he had lived a lurid and melodramatic youth in Poland, under the sinister shadow of Russian autocracy. It is indisputable that the man who could have such adventures, and who later wrote *The Arrow of Gold*, must have been a supreme romantic. Out of this extraordi-

nary past Conrad was to create extraordinary novels, but for himself the important thing was to achieve some sort of solidarity with the country which had captured his youthful imagination. So he married an Englishwoman; and she, by some divine stroke of luck, was a woman in a million. For Jessie George was marrying an unemployed foreigner who had recently lost his savings in an unwise gold mining venture; a middle-aged man suffering from chronic malarial gout; a husband whose ideas of family life, hospitality, and patriarchal dominance were formulated upon the seventeenth-century traditions of a minor aristocracy of Polish landowners. But she was more than equal to these demands: her placid temperament, her gigantic possessiveness, her utterly Victorian gentility of mind, fitted her perfectly for the role of wife to a genius.

Where Mrs. Dickens would have alienated her husband's affections by sniffles, or where Mark Twain's wife atrophied some of her husband's most valuable powers, Mrs. Conrad always revealed an unerring instinct for the right thing, no matter what happened. Indeed, when one contemplates the wives of great artists, all seem to fail in some respect: humanity peeps out of chinks in their equipment. Only Jessie Conrad is the perfect wife of the temperamental genius. She even preserves the semi-illiteracy of outlook so necessary in the partner of an artist completely absorbed in the contemplation of his own imagined characters. Not for her the showy brilliance of Mrs. Carlyle or Elizabeth Browning. But she never loses her hold on the essential quality of wifehood, that mystical union of souls which takes place so far down in the depths of our natures that even the leviathans of the world — Art, Religion, Wealth, Power,

and Race — can never reach it, and have no bearing on its permanence. Unless we keep this fact in view, the lifelong association of Joseph Conrad, the Polish *junker*-shipmaster who eventually became a master of English prose, with an apparently ordinary middle-class London girl fifteen years his junior, is entirely incomprehensible. That fiercely possessive maternalism enfolded the visible, suffering Conrad as in a cocoon. It is highly probable that a wife who had any pretensions to the literary manner would have tried to interfere with the slow, agonizing emergence of his genius and would have driven him either out to the Eastern seas again or into a lunatic asylum. It is even feasible to see in Mrs. Conrad's own invalidism a contributory factor to the harmony of their spirits, inspiring Conrad with an even deeper affection than was otherwise possible. Then consider also the acid test of feminine intelligence — the wife's attitude towards her husband's friends. Jessie Conrad, from evidence on every hand, never failed to admit them to that warm enclosure where she kept her husband.

For a parallel case we may refer to the wife of Rossetti. There was little difference in social station between Mrs. Conrad and Mrs. Rossetti; but the latter wrote a little and painted a little, and is believed by the unthinking public to represent the typical wife of a genius. Yet Rossetti would have been far better off as an artist and poet with a woman like the Winnie Verloc of Conrad's *Secret Agent*. (There are more points of resemblance between a genius and an *agent provocateur* than is commonly imagined: they both need wives of unquestioning wisdom and tact; both are busy in a mysterious underworld where they have no wish to be disturbed.) The balance between Mrs. Rossetti and

Mrs. Conrad is distinctly in favor of the latter. Mrs. Conrad, indeed, may well be compared with another contemporary wife who married a foreigner and achieved outstanding success; for reading Mrs. Conrad's book evokes memories of Queen Victoria's *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*. The two women were identical in their attitude towards the business of wifehood. The fact that one was outwardly the ruler of millions and the other the harassed head of a humble household is irrelevant when one views them as women. They would have understood each other perfectly. It was because Victoria understood women like Jessie Conrad that she was so often right, when her ministers were wrong, about public opinion. It was because Mrs. Conrad shared Victoria's profound sense of the mystical qualities of marriage, because she possessed an ultimate maternal wisdom, which is stronger than fate, that she remained the sole ruler over the heart and destiny of a great man.

Such statements are merely large generalities. They do not betray Mrs. Conrad's secret of success as the wife of a genius. But her book babbles it forth with a naïve innocence that causes the reader almost to pass it by. When she married Joseph Conrad he was an obscure near-failure. Yet she made resolutions which she kept to the end. "I determined that his bonds should rest lightly on him; that to all intents and purposes he should feel as free as if he had remained a bachelor. I never interfered in the slightest with his liberty of thought or action. This is why I held his trust and affection to the end." Her book, shapeless and ill-written as it may be, has this solid basis of ethical conduct. The modern young man and woman will smile at her simplicity while reading it. Yet how modern she really is, and how

profound her psychology! Perhaps it is just because the young women of today are so reluctant to take Jessie Conrad's view of a wife's position, that they so rarely discover their husbands to be geniuses. . . .



Archaeology in Literature

By E. F. BENSON

THE VICTORIANS AND THEIR READING, by Amy Cruse. \$4. 6 x 9; 444 PP.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

MRs. AMY CRUSE's literary excavations have led to the most entertaining results. By dint of delving into diaries and contemporary correspondence she has enabled us to realize what the early Victorians of true sensibility demanded of the fiction and poetry of their times. This is the most interesting and elaborated part of her book, because in matters of literary taste those years are far more remote from our own day than many preceding epochs. The Victorians, for instance, seem to have read novels largely in order to be made to cry: their tears were the standard by which they measured artistic achievement. Dickens, it is true, made his first great success, the year before the Victorian age proper began, with *Pickwick Papers*, but it is important to observe that the intelligentsia of the day did not, in spite of the colossal popularity of the book, think very much of it. Miss Deborah Jenkyns of *Cranford*, it may be remembered, could not understand why her less cultivated friends found it so entrancing, and proved her point by reading aloud a passage from *Rasselas*: leaders of literary taste agreed with her. But *Pickwick* was followed by the great series of immortal

novels, and then indeed the elect took Dickens to their hearts for he complied with their demands. They wept profusely over Smike's death in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but that was nothing to the storm of tears which broke over *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The book came out in parts, and when it began to be clear that Little Nell was going to die, tens of thousands of readers took out their handkerchiefs and revelled in woe. The actor W. C. Macready wrote to Dickens, entreating him to spare her, but the author with a stern sense of duty replied that in spite of his own inexpressible sorrow, he must be firm. Macready dreaded to read the fatal chapter, but he had to get it over, and again he wrote: "I have never read printed words which gave me so much pain. I could not weep for some time." Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, sobbed aloud in a railway carriage when he came to this passage, and Lord Justice Jeffrey was similarly moved. *Dombey and Son* was equally successful. Macaulay, after reading the first chapter, wrote: "I cried as if my heart would break". Thackeray was quite overcome, and Macready when next he saw Dickens after Paul Dombey's death could not speak because he sobbed so chokingly. All these hard-headed eminent men had got exactly what they wanted. It was not that they did not appreciate the humor, the rich humanity, the grip of these superb narratives, but most of all they prized the pathos. That is where early Victorians are so remote from novel readers of today. Dickens has retained his huge popularity, but those who delight in him now appreciate least what contemporary readers appreciated most. Even the most ardent find his pathos intolerably mawkish. "Sob-stuff" is a verdict of contempt.

Another early Victorian writer whom

for the same reason the elect took to their bosoms was Miss Charlotte Yonge, and *The Heir of Redclyffe* drowned English readers in the spontaneous flood of their own tears. The death of Sir Guy Morville was a supreme tragedy in thousands of happy lives, and the incandescent respectability, the high religious tone of all the main characters in the book, made a further appeal to the public taste. Mrs. Amy Cruse hazards the suggestion that the national devotion to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the national admiration of their blameless domestic lives, were the cause of this taste, but it is impossible to accept this, for at the time when *The Heir of Redclyffe* came out in 1853, both the Queen and her husband were extremely unpopular owing to their German sympathies: indeed, just before the Crimean War, the streets of London fluttered with libelous broadsides. Simply, the early Victorians wanted to read about "nice" people, and again, how infinitely remote that makes us feel. Dickens certainly had villains enough, but they all, Squeers and Ralph Nickleby and Uriah Heep and the rest, came to hideous ends; thus justice was done and moral standards vindicated. And he never introduced the sex problems which could bring a blush to the Victorian cheek. The eternal triangle temporarily faded from the pages of fiction.

The early Victorians had an insatiable appetite for poetry, and their board was sumptuously spread. The passion for Byron was beginning to cool—so much of his work was not "nice". Mrs. Hemans was completely nice, and she enjoyed a prodigious popularity: so also did the Master of Platitudes, Martin Tupper, whose *Proverbial Philosophy* was thought to rival in moral beauty the Proverbs of Solomon. For pathos, equal to that of Little Nell, they had Thomas Hood, whose

Song of the Shirt, appearing originally in *Punch*, was sold in vast quantities in the street for one penny a copy and was printed on handkerchiefs: the reader could thus con his handkerchief and wipe his eyes on it afterwards. Besides these wayside shrines there were great temples of song built or building. Southey, a respectable poet-laureate, had only a small congregation, and Wordsworth, who succeeded him, was already enthroned. But the greatest of all, to early Victorian taste, was Tennyson: his *In Memoriam* became to readers of poetry what the *Christian Year* was to orthodox churchmen, but before his *Idylls of the King* appeared a reaction from his suavity had begun. The eternal triangle of King Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot certainly had all its disconcerting angles rounded off, but it was jeered at for the flaccid nobility of the "crowned curate" and for the lifelessness of the offenders. Readers of poetry demanded more vitality, and they found it in Browning. His tumultuous vigor, his audacious dissections that disclosed the beating heart of humanity, thrilled the Victorians with a new species of ecstasy. They were not accustomed to think when they read poetry, but only to feel. It required an unusual effort, but having braced themselves to it, they found that here was poetry indeed, the true tingling romance of life itself. . . . Then from Swinburne came *Poems and Ballads*, and "the libidinous laureate of a poet of satyrs", as John Morley elegantly called him, gave to English lyrical poetry a music never heard before.

Reaction was bound to come not in fiction and poetry alone, but in books of scientific and religious speculation. The faith of early Victorians was professedly rooted in an orthodoxy that accepted the literal truth of the six days of Creation

and of Jonah's whale as unquestioningly as the spiritual truth of the Sermon on the Mount. As Mrs. Cruse points out, they were "fiercely preoccupied with questions of religion", and again to what an infinite distance they seem to recede! Already the anonymous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* had profoundly disturbed them: in certain points it foreshadowed the *Origin of Species*, and Charles Darwin was suspected of being the author of it because he was writing far more scientifically on the same lines. The young intellectuals hailed it as a rebellion against the adamant orthodoxy in which they had been reared, and the withering sarcasm of the celebrated Dr. Cumming, who summarized it, "the monkey is the embryo man, so that if you keep a baboon long enough it will develop itself into a man", did not stifle inquiry. Curiosity had been awakened; Harriet Martineau kept it alive, and when, late in the fifties, the *Origin of Species* appeared, the whole system of Victorian religious belief got derailed, and no one could put it back on the traditional lines. Cardinal Manning denounced Darwinism as "a brutal philosophy—to wit, there is no God, and the ape is our Adam". Carlyle was equally vehement: he never read the book, but *more suo*, he knew. Next year appeared *Essays and Reviews*, a series of articles written almost entirely by clergymen. The Reverend Frederick Temple was the author of one of these, then held to be almost atheistic. Mrs. Cruse should have added that he lived to become Archbishop of Canterbury.

Realism in literature was keeping step with rationalism in religion. From the grim parsonage at Haworth had issued three supreme works of fiction, *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* by Charlotte Brontë (I purposely omit *Shirley*), and *Wuthering*

Heights. The latter, which many fine judges now regard as the supreme novel in the English language, attracted no real attention at all for many years: even Emily's devoted sister apologized for the "brutality" of it. But the modernist movement was well under way, and in the fifteen years from 1845 to 1860 the great novelists of the period revolutionized national taste. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* was running in serial when *Jane Eyre* appeared; *Scenes of Clerical Life* by George Eliot was partnered by Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, and followed by *Adam Bede*. Utterly diverse as were these books, they were all founded on the bedrock of human nature, and all, in the true sense of that misused word, were realistic. Fiction took a determined step in the direction of actual life. Once taken it could never be retraced, any more than religious thought could go back to pre-Darwin days. The mists of false sentimentality were dispersing. Victorians dried their eyes and began to think. With many hesitations and panic alarms they seriously wondered whether human experience of any sort was not a fit subject for fiction, even as they were beginning to suspect that in religion the pursuit of inexorable truth overrode traditional reticence.

Mrs. Cruse's book is far too well documented with the opinions of weighty authorities to permit any doubt about the truth of the main conclusion. The early Victorian age, derided for its narrowness, was in reality an age of religious and literary emancipations. She does not seriously tackle the subject of how the unshackled used their freedom, but it is interesting to observe how all later developments were founded on the earlier. The gospel preached by Ruskin of the essential need of beauty in human life, received its first practical application by

the pre-Raphaelites, and was echoed afterwards by Walter Pater and the aesthetic movement of the eighties. The gospel of the efficiency of women and their rights to exercise it, which was preached from the parsonage at Haworth, developed into female suffrage and the opening to women of practically all professions, while from the purely literary standpoint the noble work of Thomas Hardy was reared on the ground first surveyed by George Eliot. Indeed Mrs. Cruse's method of assembling contemporary opinion, though long obsolete, furnishes a new angle for the observations of subsequent criticism.



Barbusse Looks at Stalin

BY EUGENE LYONS

STALIN, A NEW WORLD SEEN THROUGH ONE MAN, by Henri Barbusse. \$3. 6 x 8½; 315 pp. New York: Macmillan.

THERE are extenuating circumstances. Henri Barbusse was a sick man when he wrote this, his last book — sick and embittered and in a transport of feverish faith. I saw him occasionally in Russia while the book was in gestation; a gaunt, stooping figure, sharp-featured, with flashing eyes, always preoccupied by his inner emotions, moving in a cloud of his own excitements. When he spoke at a public meeting, his voice and his whole personality seemed high-pitched with passion, challenging and condemning like some Hebraic prophet. It was rumored then that he was engaged on a biography of Stalin. But those aware of the hectic flush in his emotions and his thinking could hardly look forward to a detached and informative portrait of the Soviet leader. At most they could hope

for an intense and very personal expression of the Russian Revolution—not its facts and figures, but its furies and hyperbolic visions.

This hope is in some measure fulfilled by the book. In those passages where Barbusse depicts, castigates, and hurls curses at the iniquities and stupidities of capitalist society he recaptures some of the eloquence of *Under Fire*. Where he gives his robust imagination free rein in picturing a socialist world-to-be of perfect peace and surpassing justice, he achieves both strength and beauty. The chapter on the Bolshevik theory of nationalities is a moving piece of imaginative composition. But throughout the volume facts are subordinated to ardent wishes and logic is sacrificed to artistic unity. Under the thin disguise of factual writing, the book is really a curious and often powerful work of religio-political mysticism.

Stalin, from that point of view, is no longer a human creature with human attributes and responsibilities, but the revolution incarnate, the spirit of proletarian vengeance and unlimited hope. By the same token Trotsky and others who dared oppose Stalin are the counter-revolution and the dank hobgoblins of the old vile world. In the titanic tussle between these forces of Good and Evil, Good emerges victorious and will continue to emerge victorious, for the simple reason that—and Barbusse states it again and again, simply and trustfully—those in the right always triumph. Stalin, according to this theological simplification, “is a leader for the same reason that he is successful: because he is right”. And, “if Trotsky had been right he would have won”. If Barbusse had renamed his characters Prolet and Anti-Prolet, understanding his theme would have been easier.

In the guise of a biography of Joseph

Stalin, we have here a transcendental view of the world's first proletarian revolution through a sensitive, overstimulated mind, in which doubts are shouted down, cruelties are explained away with angry words, and even the conniving of successful politicians is invested with mystic significance. Those who share Barbusse's vision would be wise to regard it as a shrill parable, admitting its puerilities, inaccuracies, and inspired bias. But that will not content them. They will insist on considering it as biography and history, and as such, unfortunately, the book is of slight value.

It adds nothing to a knowledge of Stalin's life and character that cannot be dug out of the official brochures on the subject; indeed, the brief biographical passages are merely an inept summary of the scant official data. It contributes nothing to an understanding of the forces in the man Djugashvili which turned him into the superman Stalin. The time Barbusse spent with the Kremlin's man of steel seems to have been wasted. Nowhere in the book is there anything to help us understand the human being under the enigmatic historical personality. What are Stalin's deeper, subconscious motives? Whence his strength, his calm, his "great straightforward ruthlessness"? What are the commonplace, merely human facts of his life, those hard, articulated facts that provide the skeleton even for the most glowing flesh of genius? The author neither knows nor tells. In his frenzy of hero worship such things seem to him superfluous. He contents himself with references to "this conqueror of multitudes, this upsetter of worlds . . . the man who has most practically enriched the spirit of Revolution, and who has committed the fewest faults" . . . who "has saved Russia in the past", and "will save it in the future".

In recapitulating the history of the Rev-

olution, likewise, Barbusse does not go beyond the official tabulations for his material. Every exaggerated claim for the Five-Year Plans, every fanciful slogan or promise, every palpable revision of history in the interests of partisan politics, Barbusse accepts and elaborates with the naïve faith of a freshly converted editor of the *New Masses*.

The bloodier pages of recent Soviet history are either slurred over in the vague rhetoric of political whitewash or ignored entirely. The long chapter on the peasantry, for instance, manages to trace the whole story without describing the liquidation of kulaks, the devastating Ukrainian famine of 1932-33, or the teeming concentration camps, which is surely a literary feat. Barbusse credits Stalin with the view that "in dealing with the masses, persuasion, not violence, must be used", blithely unaware even of the need for reconciling this view with the reality of Soviet politics. He set it down as a fact that "the new Russia worships Stalin", when one must be deaf, dumb, and blind to mistake the unctuous tides of official sycophancy for worship.

Whatever one may think of Stalin's role in the civil war years—and it was unquestionably greater than outsiders realized at the time—certainly the acme of naïveté is to cite, as Barbusse does at length, the opinions of Stalin's satellites, Voroshilov, Kaganovich, Kalinin, Manuilsky, etc., to prove that he was the real savior of the Red Army. Barbusse does not trouble to indicate that these enthusiastic citations were written when Stalin had attained absolute dominance, many years after the events.

The treatment accorded in the book to Leon Trotsky and other anti-Stalin communists—to the "degenerate Oppositionists"—makes one ashamed for the author

of *Under Fire*. Partisanship is carried to the point of caricature. Those communists who lost out — and therefore, by the official logic, were “wrong” — are assassins, degenerates, cowards. There is no mention, of course, of Lenin’s famous will and the specific warning it contains against Stalin — this in a volume that purports to be a biography of Stalin!

Barbusse allows his unbridled fervor to rush him into violent diatribe not merely against this Opposition but against the very principle of opposition. All minority opinion is wrong *per se* — unless, of course, it is successful and enforces itself as a majority. “In its origin, the Opposition is a tendential malady”, Barbusse declares and proceeds with the age-old logic of those in power to demonstrate that the leaders are correct and speak for History, which otherwise, presumably, would not permit

them to remain as rulers. Although he slaps Marxist labels on this reasoning, it remains a mechanistic theory of history on a moral basis which would justify all the wars, inquisitions, and injustices that ever tortured the human race.

Accepted merely as a statement of a gifted man’s perfervid faith, beyond the realm of logic or fact, this volume is interesting and at moments stirring. The Bolshevism-right-or-wrong type of thinking and emotional rationalization now fashionable among certain intellectuals in America as elsewhere has rarely been given such eloquent and candidly know-nothing expression — it is spread before us like a case study in incipient religion. But as biography or history the book is worthless. In the final estimate of Henri Barbusse as a writer it will be discounted, one hopes, and mercifully forgotten.

Briefer Mention

FICTION

SMITH.

By Branch Cabell.

\$2.50

6 x 8; 313 pp.

McBride

New York

Once again, by using the language as an instrument of beauty, by thinking clearly and originally, by being erudite, sophisticated, and poetic, Mr. Cabell violates every tenet of the proletarian novel. He has written an entire book without once introducing a Worker. He has had the temerity to make all his characters ladies and gentlemen who speak impeccable English, wear jewels and satins, and bathe with alarming regularity. In this extraordinary work there is no Class War, no Boring From Within, no Revolt of the Masses. Mr. Cabell has dared the temper of the times by being so brazenly old-fashioned as to write and publish a romance. Accordingly, readers of Grace Lumpkin, Isidor Schneider, and other great American writers will find *Smith* a revolutionary novel. It is something new, breath-taking, and epoch-making. Anna Louise Strong, Josephine Herbst, Robert Forsythe, and the other old fogies will

be aghast, and Heywood Broun will be non-plussed. For here is a story about charming, witty, and lovely people who are chiefly interested in ideas, poetry, and dalliance. They prefer truffles to black bread, champagne to water. Does the sudden appearance of this book in our midst, like an anarchist’s bomb, signal the advent of a Revolt of the Upper Classes? The Comrades had better watch this man Cabell—he is a dangerous fellow.



SILAS CROCKETT.

By Mary Ellen Chase.

\$2.50

5 3/4 x 8; 404 pp.

Macmillan

New York

Following the course indicated in her former book, *Mary Peters*, Miss Chase proceeds in this volume with the fine history of four generations of a Maine seafaring family, a family whose men were Yankee sailors and fervid believers in fast ships and snowy sails. The chronicle commences with Silas Crockett, whose love for the sea was a birthright from his New Eng-

land ancestors. With swift pace, the story proceeds to Nicholas Crockett, the son, and then on to the third generation, personified in Reuben, whose life span was from 1875 to 1910. The final and pathetic decay of the family is emphasized in the chronicle of Silas Crockett, II, who, though overcome by economic disaster, yet faces the future with the courage and dignity which is incumbent upon him as the last of a splendid Yankee dynasty. This book furthers Miss Chase's reputation as a narrator of bygone days; it delves more deeply into the minds and motives of people than did *Mary Peters*. If, in resurrecting the past, the author paints a culture which perhaps did not actually exist in such roseate light, she may be pardoned, inasmuch as she succeeds in creating a fierce nostalgia for a life more inspiring and courageous than that found on every hand today.



THE DISSOLUTE YEARS.

By *Edward Stucken.* *Farrar and Rinehart*
\$2.50 6 x 8½; 375 pp. *New York*

If this historical novel takes considerable liberty with dates, it takes more with characters. The profligate court of James I is dissected with a keen and cruel blade, until the pageant of Stuart England stands forth with an awful clarity. Stucken has utilized an historical romance as the thread for his story; but it is a thread only, for in the background is always present the narrative of the decadence which visited English court life following the lush era of Queen Elizabeth. By cleverly commingling crime with passion, murder with love, high endeavor with base motive, the author has produced, if somewhat disjointedly, a moving novel of half-forgotten times and people.



FREE FORESTER.

By *Horatio Colony.* *Little, Brown*
\$2.50 6 x 8½; 302 pp. *Boston*

For a first novel, the author has turned to the pioneer life of Kentucky during Boone's day, depicting a land which, to his mind, was more savage and lustful than we have been led to believe in our grammar school histories. In this respect, it is a story which differs vastly from its many competitors. There is no mention of brave and hardy individualists who set their faces towards the West with noble hope and promise, determined to wrest an honest living from the

tall woods; instead, we meet a group of vicious, twisted people who preferred lust to virtue, and drunken revels to hoeing corn. But the characters possess one indisputable trait; they each manifest enough of the buccaneer's traits to make them interesting, if not attractive. And in the field of fortitude, they admit no equals. *Free Forester* reveals considerable literary skill and forbearance; it constitutes a worthy addition to any library of early Americana.



THE OLD MAN'S PLACE.

By *John B. Sanford.* *Albert and Charles Boni*
\$2.50 5 x 7½; 263 pp. *New York*

This first novel is a fine example of the narrative story, written without psychological implications or the much-belabored "stream of consciousness" motif. Out of a simple and forthright melodrama, Sanford has brought splendid material, spun with skill and force. It is the story of three men, Martin Flood, James Pilgrim, and Trubee Pell — hoodlums washed up in the flotsam of the World War. Returning to New York from the A. E. F., they have neither food, money, nor the moral strength to procure a job by honest means. So they repair to the ancient Pell homestead near Lake George, where Trubee's father lives in poverty. The three hoodlums hijack a liquor truck, sell its contents in the village, buy food with the money. The old man is enslaved in his own home. Pilgrim entices a girl from the city with promises of marriage. She arrives at the farm, to supply the ember of passion. The tide of violence which her presence produces mounts to a swift crisis. By employing the correct pace, by utilizing action instead of reader implication, Sanford gains his end, which is, primarily, to tell a story. In this field, it is safe to assume that he can hold his own with any of his contemporaries of high rank.



OLD HOME TOWN.

By *Rose Wilder Lane.* *Longmans, Green*
\$2 5 x 7½; 309 pp. *New York*

These stories are just what their title suggests — simple character tales of the people and events of a small town in the Nineties. They are competent, amusing, and touching, full of uncomplaining homesickness for times gone and appreciation of the good and the bad that could be found in quiet village life.

POETRY

SOLSTICE AND OTHER POEMS.

By Robinson Jeffers. Random House
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 151 pp. New York

This volume should solve the puzzle, or resolve the confusion, of Robinson Jeffers' philosophies, for it is a clear exposition of his attitude — far clearer than the elaborate analyses offered by his self-appointed apologists. It is also the best book of poems he has yet printed. Never has Jeffers' loosely powerful line been so forceful and so flexible; never have his phrases had so easy an effect of finality; never before has his verse accomplished so successfully his characteristic combination — the paradox of Olympian detachment and outraged human passion. The title-poem is typical, being the story of Medea transplanted to the melodramatic Californian coast, the chariot changed to an automobile, and the aloof chorus infected with social criticism. But it is a less persuasive poem than the longer and wholly original "At the Birth of an Age". Here, in some of the most important pages in current poetry, Jeffers has amplified a fragment of the *Nibelungenlied* and surcharged it with his violent antipathies and troubled warnings, his distrust of man's institutions and his unhappy acceptance that there is no annihilation. The theme of self-contradiction and self-frustration is the more appropriate since, as Jeffers writes in a prefatory note, this civilization "is the greatest, but also the most self-contradictory, the least integrated, and in some phases the most ignoble, that has ever existed". Chaos threatens, but Jeffers sees the inevitable conflict without believing either in the "gnomes of the chaste machines" or the crumbling aristocracy of the "scared rich".



THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.

By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House
\$1.50 5½ x 8¼; 161 pp. New York

This has a provocative title, a splendid idea, and the collaboration of two skillful writers to recommend it. It is a play in three acts which gets off to a fine start and, for a while, has everything its own way. Before the second act, however, the mechanism begins to creak, the uplifted interludes refuse to match the tone of the slapstick verse, and the final curtain is — in every sense — a come-down. The general effect is that

of a sardonic, symbolistic comic opera without music: a combination of post-war W. S. Gilbert, fragments from *Of Thee I Sing* translated into second-class Audenese, liberally strewn with false rhymes and clouded over with the pretentious mysticism of *Within the Gates*.



LAUGHTER OUT OF THE GROUND.

By Robin Lampson. Scribner's
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 344 pp. New York

Lampson has written much verse, has experimented with various forms, including a *terza rima* sonnet, but this is his first book. Technically it shows his continuing interest in verse-variations, for *Laughter Out of the Ground* is a novel written in loosely cadenced lines or what Lampson likes to call "free hexameters". Except for the uplifted introductions and interludes, the story does not seem to gain either in pace or passion by being cast in verse and it is probable that the author's future novels will be in undisguised prose. Meanwhile, this is a clear and compelling re-creation of the California Gold Rush of 1849, full of action, atmosphere, and the feel of authenticity. Apart from the question of form, it is a vivid tale, and communicates a mingling of richness and reserve. It is a pretty paradox that the most Californian of contemporary poets, Robinson Jeffers, was born in Pittsburgh, while our most representative New England poet, Robert Frost, was born in San Francisco. Here, at last, in Robin Lampson, is a native son who can write about California.



ILLINOIS POETS.

Edited by the House of Harrison. Henry Harrison
\$2 5½ x 8½; 208 pp. New York

The enterprising Harrison has compiled another state anthology which should comfort those poetasters languishing un-anthologized in such publications as *Poetry World*, *The Spinners*, *Blue Moon*, *Kinnikinnick*, the *LaGrange Citizen*, and *Parish Visitor*. A few — a very few — workmanlike versifiers may be found in these undistinguished pages. But the reader can imagine how "representative" an anthology of Illinois poets this must be which includes nonentities like Bruce Kapustka, Charlotte M. Dausch, and Magda Brandon among sixty others, and omits such Illinois-produced poets as Edgar Lee Masters, John G. Neihardt, Eunice Tietjens, Archibald MacLeish, and Carl Sandburg.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

RANDOLPH BARTLETT (*Portrait of a Day*), newspaperman and correspondent, is at present a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*. His article, *Portrait of a Year: 1929*, appeared in the October issue of THE MERCURY.



ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES (*The Congressional Heritage*), writer and critic, was born in Ohio in 1879. Now a resident of Spuyten Duyvil, New York, he is the author of *This Land of Liberty*, and *Mary Baker Eddy—The Truth and The Tradition*.



E. F. BENSON (*Archaeology in Literature*) is the British writer and authority on the Victorian era. Born in 1867, his first novel was *Dodo*, published in 1893. Since then he has written a number of books, the most recent including *As We Were*, *Mapp and Lucia*, *As We Are*, and *King Edward VII*.



MILDRED BOIE (*The Eviction*) was born in the Middle West, and studied at the University of Minnesota and Newnham College, Cambridge University, England. At present she is assistant professor of English at Smith College.



BRANCH CABELL (*Romance and The Novel*), the distinguished Southern novelist, was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1879. His latest book, *Smith*, was published recently by McBride and is reviewed in this issue.



OLIVER CARLSON (*The South Faces Disaster*) was born in Stockholm, Sweden. He studied at the University of Michigan, the University of Berlin, and the London School of Economics. In 1931-33 he was research associate in the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. Mr. Carlson was the author of *The Revolution in Cotton* in the February, 1935, issue of THE MERCURY.

G. K. CHESTERTON (*Persecuting the Common Man*) is the well-known British author and essayist.



ALLEN CHURCHILL (*The Awful Dislosures of Maria Monk*) is twenty-four years old, a resident of New York City, and a member of the editorial staff of *The Stage*.



HAVELOCK ELLIS (*Studies in Sex: A History*), the noted British essayist, critic, and authority on sex in its relation to human society, was born in Surrey in 1859. His most recent book, *From Rousseau to Proust*, was published in November by Houghton Mifflin.



JEROME W. EPHRAIM (*The Truth About Colds*), a resident of New York City, is an authority on consumers and their purchasing habits, maintaining a manufacturing and technical service for subscribers. Other articles by Mr. Ephraim will appear in forthcoming issues of this magazine.



JOHN FANTE (*Bricklayer in the Snow*) was born in Denver and was educated at Catholic institutions in his native state. Later, he studied for the priesthood, but abandoned this pursuit for a literary career. He is now a resident of Los Angeles. Some of Mr. Fante's first stories appeared in THE MERCURY, among them *Altar Boy*, in the August, 1932, issue.



FORD MADDOX FORD (*Stephen Crane*), one of England's most eminent writers, has been a recent contributor to THE MERCURY, his essay, *The Master*, a study of Henry James, having appeared in the November issue. Mr. Ford's latest novel, *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, was published in 1935 by Lippincott.



LESTER H. HARTWIG (*Lost: 50,000,000 Acres*) was graduated in 1934 from the University of Minnesota, where he specialized in agricultural economics.

BERNICE KENYON (*Entity*) is a contributor of poems, reviews, and articles to the more literate magazines. While at Wellesley in 1920, she was the winner of the Masfield poetry prize. Her volumes of verse include *Songs of Unrest*, and *Meridian*.



JOHN A. KUNAU (*The Publishing Business in China*) has served the United States government in the Orient for several years. Returning recently from China, he is now in southern Europe, collecting material for a forthcoming novel.



EUGENE LYONS (*Barbusse Looks at Stalin*) was stationed in Russia for six years as a correspondent for the United Press. He recently published his impressions of the land of the Soviets under the title *Moscow Carroussel*.



MARGARET MARKS (*Tactic*) is a native New Yorker, whose poems have appeared in a number of magazines. She has recently turned her hand to the composition of dramatic dialogues.



ERIC MARSDEN (*Washington: City of Pandemonium*) is a well-known Capital newspaperman.



WILLIAM McFEE (*The Ideal Wife of a Genius*), although a native of Great Britain, has for some years been living in Westport, Connecticut. His best-known books include *Casuals of the Sea*, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, *The Harbourmaster*, and, in 1935, *The Beachcomber*.



ADOLPH E. MEYER (*Soviet Education Turns Right*) is an assistant professor of education at New York University. His book, *Modern European Educators*, was published in 1935 by Prentice-Hall.

ALBERT JAY NOCK (*The Inevitable Rarely Happens*) is the distinguished American critic and essayist. Among his books are *Jefferson*, *A Journal of These Days*, *A Journey into Rabelais's France*, and the recently-published *Our Enemy, the State*.



FLETCHER PRATT (*Sherlock Holmes vs. Arsène Lupin*) was born in Buffalo, and is now a resident of New York City. After studying at Hobart College and the Sorbonne, he became in turn a librarian, a reporter, and a writer on historical and military topics. He is the author of *The Heroic Years*, *Ordeal By Fire*, and *The Cunning Mulatto*.



CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN (*St. Elmo's Fire*), supervisor of the library at the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., also operates an official information service. He is best known for his efforts to popularize meteorology, and is the author of two books, *Our Weather* and *The Realm of the Air*.



ELISABETH G. VAN TINE (*Summer Storm*) was born in Medford, Massachusetts, but has been a resident of New York since childhood. Her verse has appeared from time to time in various magazines.



J. H. WALLIS (*300,000 Murderers*) was born in Iowa in 1885, and is now a resident of Scarsdale, New York. While an undergraduate at Yale, he was editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* and the *Yale Courant*. He is the author of a number of mystery novels, three volumes of poetry, and *The Politician: His Habits, Outcries and Protective Coloring*, published in November by Stokes.



THE ESSAY CONTEST

THE MERCURY's \$500 prize competition for the best essay by an American undergraduate on any subject connected with the country's present

grievous troubles under the New Deal, came to a close on November 30. The name of the winner will be announced in the March MERCURY.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Safeguarding Your Service



Skilled maintenance men guard your telephone service day and night. As a result of their vigilance, both local and long distance calls go through more quickly and accurately.

It's easy to telephone, but there's nothing easy about giving you good telephone service. It takes many thousands of trained employees to do that.

A considerable part of this work is handled by the Central Office men. Their job is to safeguard service—to prevent trouble from getting a start. They are constantly testing lines, circuits, switchboards and other equipment—working with outside repair men—performing the thousand and one tasks that keep things running right and prevent their going wrong. This work

goes on twenty-four hours a day—every day in the year.

The “trouble shooters” of the Bell System work quickly, effectively because of careful training and long experience. Their loyalty, skill and resourcefulness are a priceless tradition of the telephone business.

It is no accident that your telephone goes along for so many months without trouble of any kind. The Bell System gives this country the most efficient, reliable telephone service in the world.

Bell Telephone System



ix

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page vii)

national sentiment and expression", and also to the tremendous reserve power and freshness which the race has stored up for possible cultural hurdles ahead. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

THE PRESIDENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Charles A. Beard. Julian Messner
\$2 7 x 8 3/4; 157 pp. New York

In this book Dr. Beard presents thumbnail sketches of all the Presidents from Washington to Franklin Roosevelt, and at the same time traces the development of the country under their separate administrations. No one biography exceeds six pages in length, yet there is a certain comprehensiveness about them all — due to the author's extraordinary gift of concise expression. The thesis which seems to hold the book together is that no personality is ever repeated in history, and that the idea that history repeats itself is false. Historically, the book closes with the Supreme Court's verdict against the NRA, which made the Constitution itself an issue in national politics. "To this stage the republican experiment launched under the leadership of George Washington in 1789 had arrived in 1935; while searchers and prognosticators scanned the horizon of the future." There is a brief biographical digest at the end of the book.

❖
AMIEL'S JOURNAL. The Macmillan Company
\$3.50 5 1/4 x 7 1/2; 675 pp. New York

Lovers of this great French classic of the nineteenth century will welcome the present enlarged and revised edition, translated into the exquisite English of Van Wyck Brooks, with a forty-page introduction by Bernard Bouvier. The journal opens with the end of the year 1847 and carries through to within a few days of the author's death in 1881 — "days of such wretchedness," writes Amiel in his last entry, "that I cannot even bear the weight of a pen." It is, as anybody can readily see who takes the trouble to examine the index, a veritable education in itself, revealing a vast erudition and a profundity of wisdom. In its present form, now offered for the first time to English readers, the book includes more than two hundred heretofore unpublished fragments.

POOR JOHN FITCH.

By Thomas Boyd. Minton, Balch
\$3 5 3/4 x 8 3/4; 315 pp. New York

Few people even today realize that it was John Fitch and not Robert Fulton who really invented the steamboat. For this reason, Boyd's excellent biography of the former should be read with great interest. It tells the story of a Connecticut clockmaker who hit upon a brilliant idea and tried to sell it to an incredulous public. He worked tirelessly, handicapped by poverty and a cantankerous nature which made him generally disliked; he actually built a steamboat and paddled it up and down the Delaware, but nobody got very excited about the phenomenon. Fitch, with his strange manners and curious relations with women, with his shabby clothing and venomous tongue, was to prove more interesting always than anything he created. As a result, he died penniless, knowing that America would one day grow rich from his invention. Swallowing a dozen opium pills and washing them down with whisky, he bade goodbye to "a damned wicked world" at a time when Robert Fulton was beginning to court success with a steamboat which was vastly inferior to Fitch's. "Of all the men who fretted and labored for its improvement," wrote Boyd, "John Fitch worked earliest in the proper principles with the greatest mechanical success and the least financial reward." There are illustrations and an index.

❖ NEW ARMOR FOR OLD.

By William O'Sullivan Molony. Henry Holt
\$3 6 x 8; 442 pp. New York

The author of this book is one-half Irish and the other half American by birth. At the age of seventeen he was interned in a prison camp in Germany where he stayed during the four years of the World War. He later went to Oxford, and then spent some time traveling in Morocco, Poland, and the Balkans. But the prison experience had affected his nerves, and a mental breakdown came which necessitated confinement in a psychiatric clinic in Switzerland. There, complete recovery was in time effected, and today Mr. Molony is once more actively engaged in public life. It is an interesting book, filled with some fine common sense and many vivid pictures re-created from the author's past.

(Continued on page xii)

North American Bond Trust Certificates

—
Prospectus on request
—

DISTRIBUTORS GROUP

INCORPORATED

63 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

BOwling Green 9-1420



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS :: AUTOGRAPHS :: STAMPS :: LITERARY SERVICES

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOK-MAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding, promptly, the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No Obligation. THE SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS, Station H, Box 66, N. Y. C.

GENERAL

READ LIMITED, OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS. Privately Printed Editions, Unabridged Translations. State age and occupation for free catalogue. ANTHROPOLOGICAL LIBRARY, 41 Union Square, New York.

ESCAPE THE BUGHOUSE of so-called civilization! CONTACTS connects you with 1500 debunked members. Unusual books loaned free. Send stamp for prospectus D. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP INC., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT

Marketing on commission.
No advance charges.
5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
(or 108 W. 85th St., New York, N. Y.)

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARK-eted, criticized, edited, revised; personal help in placement and publication.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
65 West 42nd Street, New York

RARE BOOKS

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS books; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogue on request. THE FALSTAFF PRESS, Dept. M, 230 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

BOOK ACCESSORIES

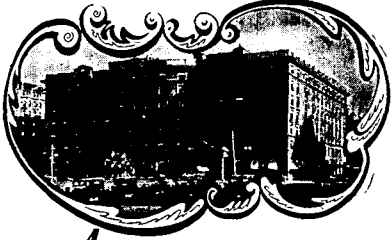
GENACO AUTOMATIC BOOK-MARK for book lovers. Patented—clever—simple. Just introduced. Follows and finds your reading place. 25c each; 5 for \$1.00. Also in gold or silver. Mail orders filled. GENERAL ACCESSORIES Co., Inc., Mfgs., Dept. M4, 225 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, in this section. A half inch advertisement (6 lines of type) now costs only \$5.00—and on the twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. L. B. 1, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

A FEW OLD BOUND VOLUMES of The American Mercury are available at \$1.00 per volume complete. Original value of the magazines and the binding was \$4.50. Send order to BINDING DEPT., Room 2409, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

X1



A FAMOUS HOTEL IN A FAMOUS SETTING

SITUATED in historic Copley Square, flanked by Phillips Brooks' famous Trinity Church, and the renowned Boston Public Library, with brilliant Commonwealth Avenue only a few steps away—the Copley-Plaza provides an address as distinguished as any in the world.

When in Boston live at the Copley-Plaza and enjoy the environment to which you are accustomed.

Restful, luxurious rooms
with bath as low as \$4.

The COPLEY-PLAZA Boston

Arthur L. Race, Managing Director

Enjoy the Holidays in NEW YORK

Brief holiday visits are most happily centered at *The Barclay*. In the very heart of New York's smartest section, with theatres, clubs and shops but a step away, every moment is given the fullest enjoyment.

With its atmosphere of brilliant luxury, distinction and serenity, *The Barclay* is a delightful home—the ideal center of your holiday stay.

Excellent cuisine—intelligent service—moderately priced. Rates begin at \$5.

The
BARCLAY
111 EAST 48 STREET
GEO. W. LINDHOLM, Manager



Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page x)

It is marred only by sentimentality and occasional references to the Holy Spirit and to the joys that lie "beyond the gates of death". Such words as Infinite, The Light, and Truth are bandied about with carelessness.



WILD CAREER.

By Capt. William J. Gibson.

Lippincott

\$2.50

6 x 9; 288 pp.

Philadelphia

Another of the adventurous Englishmen whose crowded years are inevitably a saga of derring-do and high romance has related his experiences as a soldier in the Czar's army, thus winning for himself a place alongside Bruce Lockhart's *British Agent*. Out of the welter of the war and the chaos in Russia, Captain Gibson emerged as a Bolshevik commissar by the name of Smirnof; but not before he had served on many fronts and outwitted a considerable number of German secret service agents in central Asia. Being one of those persons born beneath a crimson star, he is pursued by adventure and in turn pursues it. The result, presented here in plain but forceful prose, is sufficient to beguile the stay-at-home reader, who always hankers to visit the far places but can never get away on account of having to appear at the office tomorrow morning. In addition, the story affords some new glimpses of the disintegration and revolution which, in the flux of turmoil, gave birth to modern Russia.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU, UTILITIES AND THE GOVERNMENT.

By Ernest Greenwood.

Appleton-Century

\$2

5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 270 pp.

New York

Believing that the passage of the Wheeler-Rayburn Utilities Act represents the first step in the government's effort to destroy large-scale business, and foreseeing, as a result of its passage, the end of the Constitution, Mr. Greenwood calls upon all clear-thinking American citizens to do their share in the 1936 elections toward blocking the present rapid march toward socialism, bankruptcy, and wholesale unemployment. In a pungent, virile style, aided by a thorough understanding of the actual situation, he dissects, one by one, the New Deal's various utility projects, showing how they will manage to waste billions of dollars of the tax-



Check List of NEW BOOKS

payers' money by needless duplication of facilities which are already far in excess of demand. Roosevelt's attitude toward the utilities has been one of studied hatred from the beginning, and his recent actions prove beyond a doubt his desire to socialize the country. He has recognized Russia, tried to nationalize banking, pestered the railroads, and meddled with existing airmail contracts—in short, done everything possible, under the blindfold guidance of a few half-baked professors, to undermine democratic government. Now it is high time we were putting a curb to his activities against the utilities. Give the President, and his band of radical bureaucrats, control of these corporations, writes Mr. Greenwood, and "they will quickly control transportation, communications, manufacturing, and, in the end, all of the sources of production and distribution". There is an index.



MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

By Clarence King. W. W. Norton
\$3.50 6 x 8¾; 320 pp. New York

Henry Adams wrote of Clarence King: "His wit and humor; his bubbling energy which swept every one into the current of his interest; his personal charm of youth and manners; his faculty of giving and taking, profusely, lavishly, whether in thought or in money as though he were Nature herself, marked him almost alone among Americans. He had in him something of the Greek—a touch of Alcibiades or Alexander. One Clarence King only existed in the world." Now, after lying out of print for many years, King's beautifully written story of his youthful adventures in the Sierras, on Mount Tyndall, Mount Whitney, and Mount Shasta, reappears with an introduction by Francis P. Farquhar. It is a fresh and vivid narrative, surprisingly modern in manner, and marred only by the inclusion of certain chapters which were originally written to pad out the volume when, in 1872, it was decided to collect King's *Atlantic Monthly* articles and publish them in book form. The chapters printed in the magazine make, when assembled, a unified and artistic whole, and it is regrettable that the publishers, at least of the present edition, did not see fit to exclude the others. The book is illustrated with rather conventional views of the mountains, and there are bibliographical notes furnished by Farquhar.



"They certainly make you feel like a royal visitor on the Great White Fleet! . . . I'll never forget my Caribbean Cruise . . ."

Everyone says the same about "Guest Cruises." Intimate, personalized service—"every passenger a guest"—on spotless white liners. All outside state-rooms, mechanical ventilation, swimming pools, dance orchestras, celebrated cuisine.

FROM NEW YORK—A wide selection of cruises of 10 to 18 days—variously to HAVANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I., PANAMA, COLOMBIA, S. A., COSTA RICA, GUATEMALA, HONDURAS. Rates from \$135 to \$200 minimum. Sailings Thursdays and Saturdays. No passports required.

Similar "Guest Cruises" to the WEST INDIES and the CARIBBEAN from NEW ORLEANS, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO.

Apply any authorized travel agency or **UNITED FRUIT CO.**, Pier 3, North River, or 632 Fifth Avenue, New York; 111 West Washington St., Chicago; 321 St. Charles St., New Orleans.

"Guest Cruises" **GREAT WHITE FLEET**

BELLOWS & COMPANY

*Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits*

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

As we are quality wine merchants, not agents for commercialized standard brands, we customarily import under our own label only the choicest wines and spirits, usually not produced in sufficient quantity for broad exploitation. However, there are certain outstanding specialties, bearing a deserved reputation for quality, that are distributed exclusively by us in America.

CHÂTEAU AUSONE

The St. Emilion beloved by Edward VII

THE GLENLIVET SCOTCH WHISKY

The most famous straight malt Scotch

AYALA CHAMPAGNE

PERRIER-JOUËT CHAMPAGNE

Two great English Market Champagnes

*Sixty-seven East Fifty-second Street
New York City*



PORGY & BESS

Album — Recorded by
Lawrence Tibbett — Helen Jepson
with the original chorus, and orchestra
conducted by Alexander Smallens

All America is excited over this extraordinary new Gershwin masterpiece—the most successful popular opera ever written by an American composer.

Based on the famous play of Negro life, "Porgy and Bess" is not only one of the most intensely-absorbing musical dramas ever staged—it is also Gershwin at his best, Gershwin with hundreds of new ideas and scores of haunting new melodies.

In this specially-planned Album, the lovely lyric soprano of Helen Jepson contrasts with the colorful brilliance of the greatest living operatic baritone, Lawrence Tibbett. Here are the dramatic highlights of the entire opera . . . Tibbett singing *The Buzzard Song*, *It Ain't Necessarily So*, *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'*, *Where is My Bess?* . . . Jepson singing *Lullaby* and *My Man's Gone Now* . . . Tibbett and Jepson together in the Summertime scene and crap game, with *A Woman is a Sometime Thing*, and *Bess, You is My Woman Now*.

4 12-inch Red Seal records—5 great scenes in all—\$6.50. This special album of Gershwin's greatest work makes a marvelous gift . . . to yourself or any other music-lover you know!

VICTOR



RECORDS

RCA Victor Division, RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

xiv



Despite the abundance of weighty material on this month's record lists, the first appearance in permanent form of Kirsten Flagstad's voice is an event to overshadow the importance of any other release. As the nearest contemporary approach to the extraordinary female singers of the Nordica-Lehmann-Fremstad-Ternina type, her advent has been an educational as well as merely a pleasurable experience for music-lovers of this generation. Both in the *Liebestod* from *Tristan* (R. C. A.-Victor, two sides, one 12-inch disc, \$2) and Brünnehilde's *Yo-ho-to-ho* from *Die Walküre* (Victor, one 10-inch disc, \$1.50), Flagstad's art has been reproduced at its best, with a fullness of voice that may not long survive her present intensive concertizing. The *Walküre* excerpt is backed by Strauss's *Allerseelen*. Hans Lange is the conductor for both the Wagnerian excerpts, and the orchestra is of reasonable size. Also a singer who should have a brilliant American future (though her art is at the opposite end of the scale from Flagstad's), is Miliza Korjus, a coloratura soprano of extraordinary qualities. She makes her debut singing Alabief's *Die Nachtigall*, and the Proch *Variations* (Victor, one 12-inch disc, \$2). For purity of sound and perfection of vocalization, this can only be compared with the early records of Melba or Tetrizzini. It is impossible to tell, however, what Korjus' more musical qualifications may be from these showpieces. The recording is splendid.

For musical forward-lookers Columbia offers the latest addition to the literature of American music on records, Roy Harris' *A Song for Occupations*, on the Walt Whitman text (two 12-inch discs, \$3). I can profess no vast admiration for the work either as pure musical pattern or as a setting of Whitman, but Harris has utilized the resources of the *a cappella* chorus shrewdly. It is well performed by the Westminster Choir (for whom it was written), directed by Dr. J. F. Williamson.

Though Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony* has been twice-recorded before, it has been chosen for the first American phonograph performance of this composer's works by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Orchestra (Victor, eight 12-inch discs, \$15). It presents the usual mixture of distinction and banality to be found in Bruckner's symphonic music. The Adagio is fairly unflawed, however, occasionally approaching the eloquence of the slow movement in choral symphony of Beethoven. Ormandy has performed the work in thoroughgoing fashion, and his orchestra

RECORDED MUSIC

continues to be admirable. Also a re-recording, though merely a duplication of an earlier set, is Kreisler's performance of the Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto* (Victor, three 12-inch discs, \$6.50). Kreisler's technic is no longer of the brilliance to permit a comparison on these grounds with the playing of other contemporary virtuosi, but his performance has internal distinctions which none of them can match. Tonally, of course, it is superb, especially in the Andante and the lyric portions of the first movement. Ronald's work is no more than undistinguished. The recording is a vast improvement on the earlier set. No less is the latest version of the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven (Columbia, eight 12-inch discs, \$12), made by Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic. Though the finale is still a formidable reproducing task, the success of this recording (sung in German) cannot be gainsaid. Its other qualities will be discussed here next month.

However the performing talents of Marcel Hubert may be wasted on the lengths of Rachmaninoff's *Cello Sonata* (in G minor), the records serve to demonstrate the possibilities for the reproduction of chamber music when the engineers put their minds to the matter. Both tonal quality and balance have been re-created with impressive fidelity. His partner, Shura Cherkassky—once a pianistic *wunderkind*—makes a return to records with this set (Columbia, four 12-inch discs, \$6), and does his job with considerable competence. On the eighth side is the *Intermezzo* from Granados' *Goyescas*, in the transcription by Gaspar Cassado. Harold Dart is the pianist. Also a superior performance of chamber music is the Budapest String Quartet's recording of the Brahms *Quartet* (in A minor). Though there is more ardor in the previous recording of this work by the Lener Quartet, this new version (Victor, four 12-inch discs, \$8) is superior in rounded excellence, both of musicianship and executive skill.

The list of Beethoven piano sonatas on records is augmented this month by another performance of the F minor (*opus 57*) — *Appassionata* — this time from the hands of Edwin Fischer (Victor, three 12-inch discs, \$6.50). There is more of pure pianism in this interpretation than in the standard one by Artur Schnabel, but the other distinctions are too much in the realm of personal taste to warrant a decision in favor of one or the other in this place. Fischer's performance, certainly, is the product of a discrimination no less elevated than that of the illustrious Artur. The recording is unusually satisfying. To the credit of the family Schnabel, and particularly to the son Karl Ulrich, is an able performance of Bach's *Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother* (Victor, two 10-inch discs, \$2). The work is particularly interesting for its singular place as descriptive writing among Bach's keyboard compositions. It receives considerate treatment from the younger Schnabel.

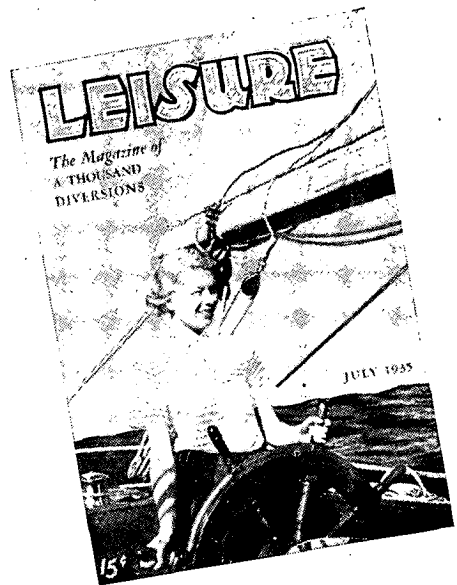
BRING LEISURE

INTO YOUR HOME

for less than

7¢ A MONTH

Spend your spare time to greater advantage. Get the most out of life—in health, in pleasure, in self-improvement, in happiness. Accomplish this by reading **LEISURE, the magazine of a thousand diversions**. Every month it's crammed with new and interesting things to do. You'll find new introductions to sports, games, music, travel, handicrafts, photography, creative arts, nature studies;—a few of a variety of activities. . . . Clip the coupon below. It will be the first step to a richer, fuller life.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER To Readers of American Mercury

Fill in your Name and Address, send Bill, Check, Stamps or M. O. (Canadian or Foreign Post—50¢ extra.) AM

LEISURE, 683 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Please send me your special 15 months' offer—\$1.00 enclosed. (Please Print.)

Name

Address

City State

Stories That Win Prizes

THE reading matter in HARPERS MAGAZINE is so invariably good that one is not surprised to learn that the stories which were the first and second O. Henry prizes for 1935 both appeared in Harpers. The first prize was given to Kay Boyle for "The White Horses of Vienna," the second prize to Dorothy Thomas for "The Home Place."

As it happens, another story by Miss Boyle—"Major Alshuster"—is in the December issue of Harpers, and "Christmas Day in the Morning" (a continuation of "The Home Place") by Dorothy Thomas is in the January Harpers.

In case you do not already know the excellence of Harpers Magazine, we should like to send you an introductory six months' subscription at *just half price*. Use the coupon below at once to enjoy

More than 90 Brilliant Features Including:

THE FALLACY OF CONQUEST, by Nathaniel Peffer
IS THE GOVERNMENT GOING BROKE? by Guy Greer
I'M ON RELIEF, by A College Graduate
TEACHERS' OATHS, by Carl Joachim Friedrich
SHOOT TO KILL, by Howard McLellan
INSIDE A SENATE INVESTIGATION, by Senator Hugo L. Black
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, by James Stannard Baker
BIOLOGICAL MODELS, by George W. Gray
MUSSOLINI, by John Gunther
PROGRESS AND CATASTROPHE, by Stanley Casson

Harpers

MAGAZINE



SIX MONTHS
for only
ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER

M 1

HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

Here is my dollar. Please send me your six months' trial subscription.

Name

Address



FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE IN NEW YORK

The importance of the Fifth Avenue buses as a means of transportation is appreciated by many thousands of New Yorkers and by visitors from all over the country.

Since the days of long ago the policy of a seat for every passenger has not been changed. A ten cent fare is charged.

Known as the motor car for shoppers, the Fifth Avenue buses deliver a large number of people directly to the leading department stores and specialty shops. The figures below, showing the number of passengers delivered directly to the door of various stores, are interesting:

Lord & Taylor's	378,000	passengers per year
Altman's	423,000	" " "
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400	" " "
Best & Co.	184,500	" " "
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700	" " "
John Wanamaker	284,290	" " "

Let us send you our presentation and rate circular. An advertising agency commission of 15% and a 2% cash discount are of course part of our program and have been for 15 years.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Caledonia 5-2151

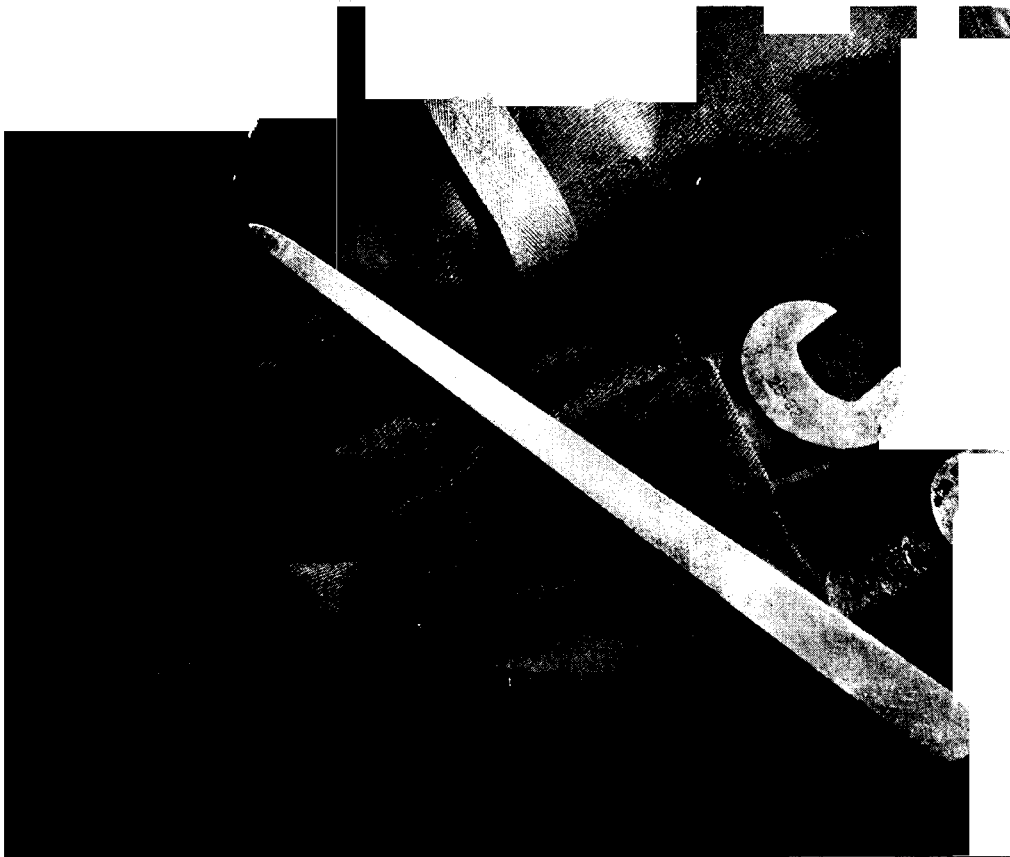


(Times World Wide Photo)

This is the first of a fleet of new streamline buses, which will shortly be put into service on routes of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, as it appeared near City Hall recently. Here it was inspected by city officials and a vast throng, anxious to see this latest, most modern vehicle which will gradually replace the familiar old buses.

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN, INC.
CAMDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE PASSING OF THE NAIL FILE

TWENTY YEARS AGO, the wise car driver carried a nail file to clean the platinum points in the distributor.

Today, the nail file is banished from the automobile tool kit. Tungsten points, developed in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, N. Y., have replaced soft and expensive platinum. There is little need to file tungsten points. Hidden away, requiring no attention, they break electric circuits half a million times an hour and save car owners millions of dollars a year.

Is this all G-E research has done for 24 million car owners? No! It has given new welding methods—and a stronger and safer car at lower cost; Glyptal finishes—and the expense of repainting your car is postponed for years; headlights and highway lighting—night driving becomes safer for motorist and pedestrian.

Every product that carries the G-E name has built into it the results of G-E research. Other industries—and the public that buys the goods of those industries—have benefited by this research, that has saved the American people from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric.

96-186

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED